The Saturday Evening
POST
January 26, 1957 — 15¢

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THE MEANING OF THE '56 ELECTION

Can the GOP Win Again in '60?

By SAMUEL LUBELL

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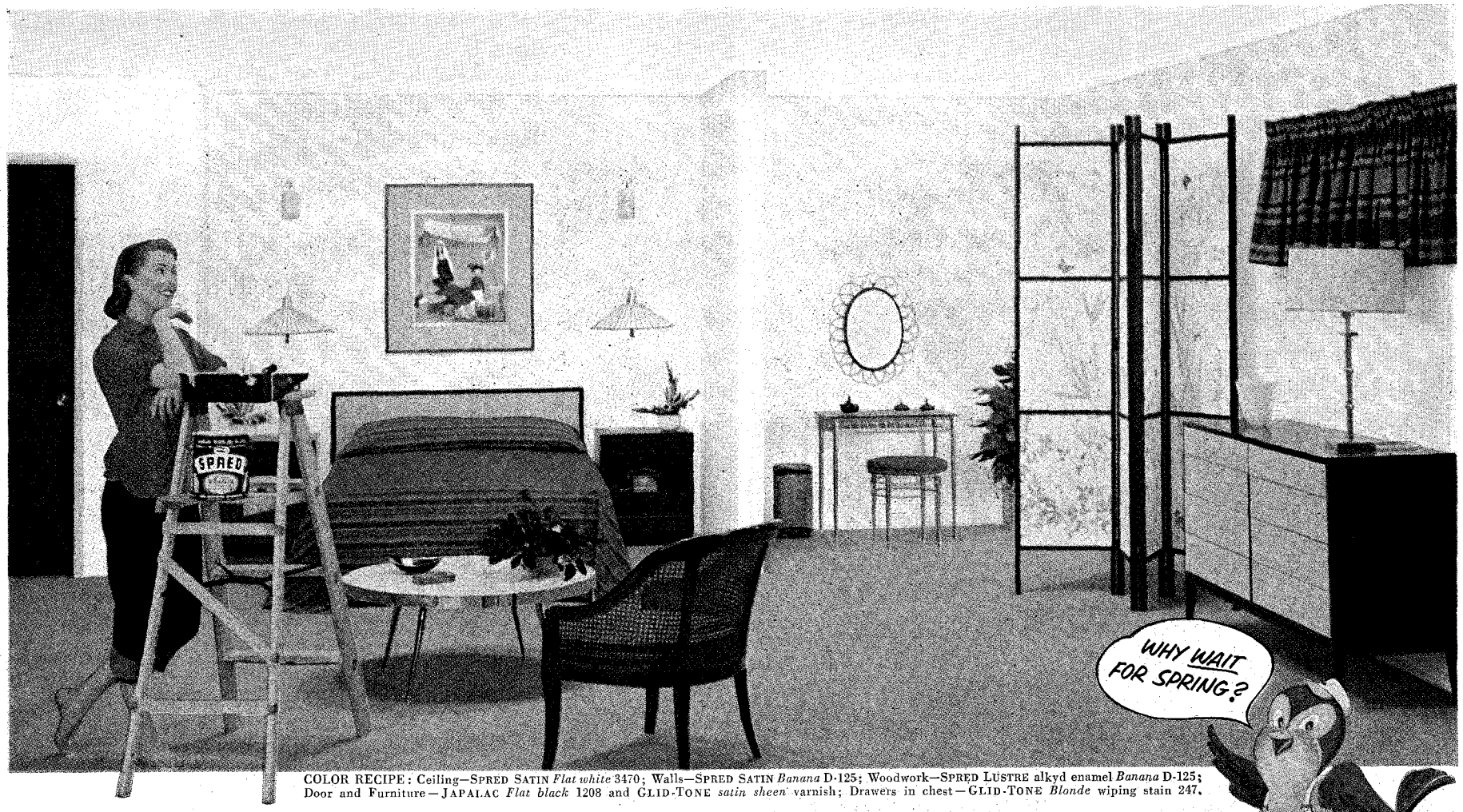


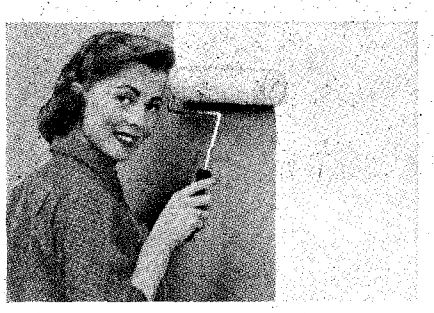
COLOR RECIPE: Ceiling—SPRED SATIN *Flat white* 3470; Walls—SPRED SATIN *Banana* D-125; Woodwork—SPRED LUSTRE alkyd enamel *Banana* D-125; Door and Furniture—JAPALAC *Flat black* 1208 and GLID-TONE *satin sheen* varnish; Drawers in chest—GLID-TONE *Blonde* wiping stain 247.

It's easy to get spring-bright colors into your home *NOW*

with SPRED SATIN the 100% Latex Wonder Wall Paint

Spring's more fun with painting done! SPRED SATIN lets you paint *now*, in closed rooms. No need to "air out" rooms, no objectionable odor.

SPRED SATIN dries in 20 minutes—your rooms return to use quickly. You get no sags, brush marks. You can touch-up after painting; touch-ups blend in, won't show.



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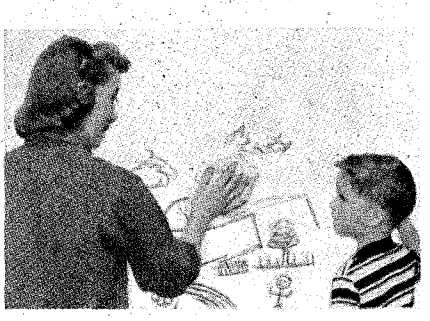

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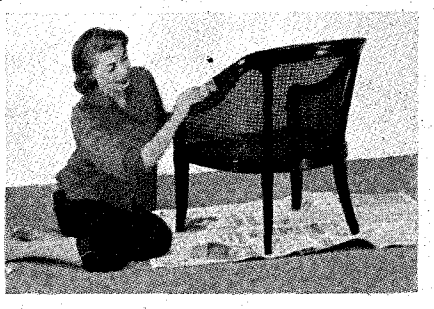

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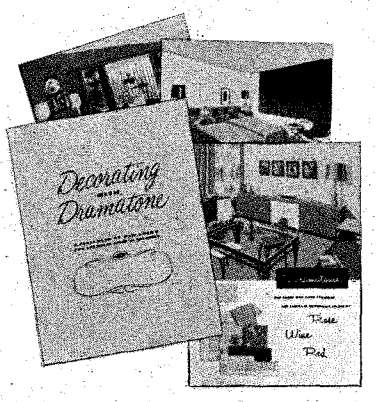

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Over-indulgence frequently causes headaches. When this happens, it's the perfect time to take Bufferin because Bufferin acts *twice as fast* as aspirin to bring prompt relief.

If you take aspirin for any of these ailments, remember

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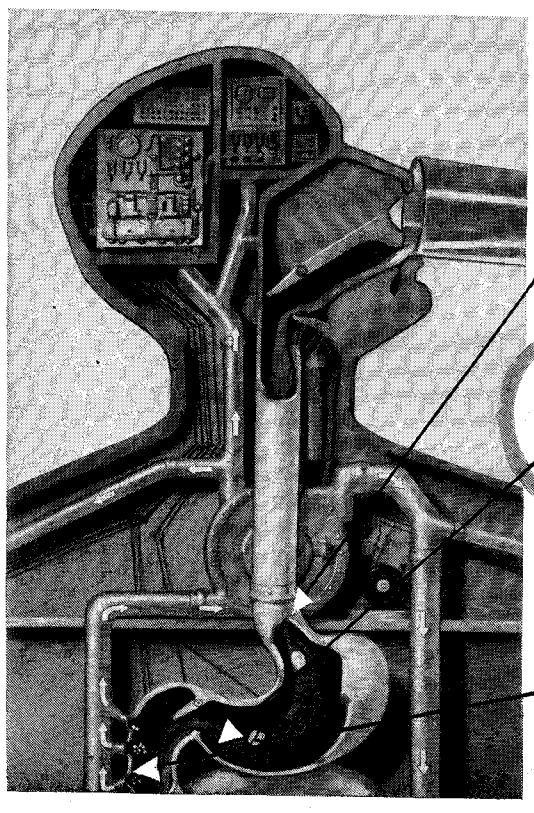
and won't upset your stomach the way aspirin often does



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

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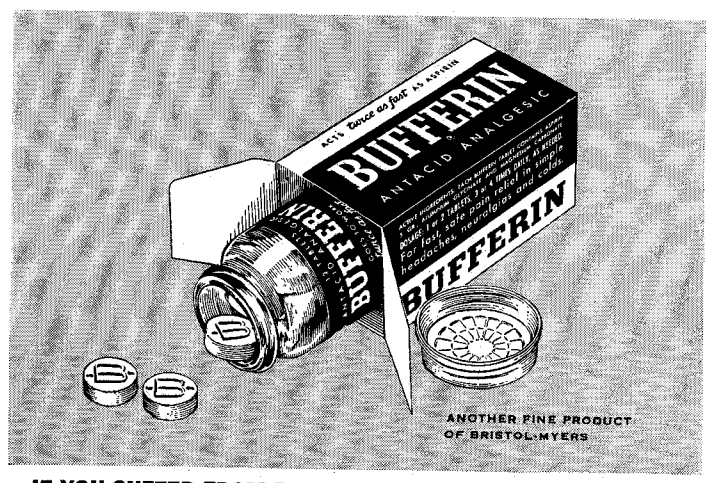

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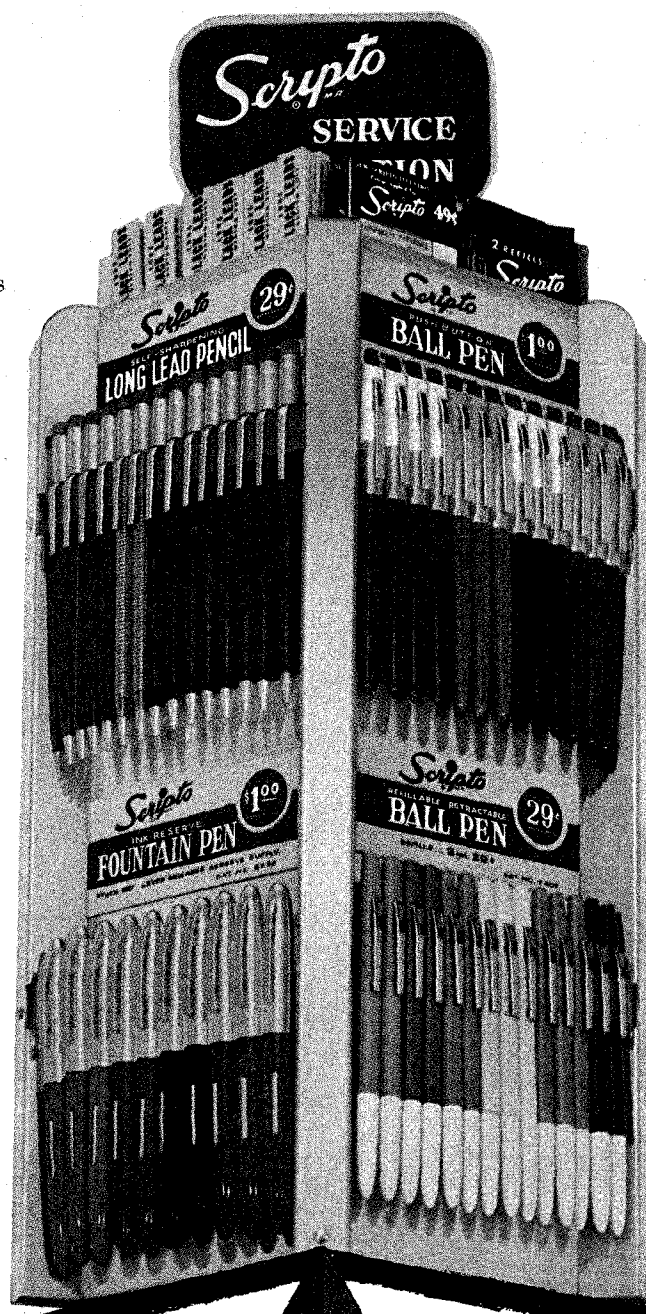

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THE COVER

Ah, the lighthearted, light everything-else years when Mrs. Portleigh was constructed like that! The Size 12 on her dress form means she was perfection embodied—or would you prefer a 10 or a 14? To make a frock her size nowadays, first the lady would have to wrap a quilt around the dummy. Maybe she will elect to use her head instead of her digestion, embrace a diet, and emaciate herself just enough to be lovely. But alas, she may lack the gumption; she seems wistful, an adjective Mr. Webster defines as "evincing yearning with little expectation of gratification." Amos Sewell borrowed that dress form in Westport, Connecticut, walked to his car with it under his arm, and nobody gave him the raspberry. In artist colonies people evidently become shockproof.

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The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 218

The greatest star of the screen!

"Oh Robert, I want to live eagerly, passionately . . . but only because life means you!"

★ ★ ★ ★

These words come in a flood of fervent love at the emotional climax of M-G-M's magnificent new motion picture, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

★ ★ ★ ★

And they are movingly spoken by Jennifer Jones, as Elizabeth Barrett, to Robert Browning, the fiery poet who had saved her life simply by forcing his way into it one fine, now famous day.

★ ★ ★ ★

How alive that day becomes in the spirited performances of the "Many Splendored" Jennifer Jones and of her

two brilliant co-stars, the distinguished John Gielgud and the exciting newcomer, Bill Travers!

★ ★ ★ ★

As filmed abroad in CinemaScope and MetroColor amid the actual storied locales, here is far more than a radiant re-creating of a justly immortal love-affair.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here is drama so filled with striking contrasts, so marked by outrageous but real coincidence, that only *life* would have dared to write it.

★ ★ ★ ★

No other teller of tales would expect to be believed.

★ ★ ★ ★

Here, too, is a virile new maturity for the screen.

★ ★ ★ ★

For we see, precisely and with quickened pulse, the full dimensions of the fate from which Browning saved his beloved.

★ ★ ★ ★

He did not snatch her from a burning building or the path of a runaway horse.

★ ★ ★ ★

He snatched her from the despair into which her own father's twisted love was pushing her!

★ ★ ★ ★

Gielgud's portrait of this subtly brutal man is a triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Travers' Browning is ablaze with the fire and laughter of a man absolutely unable to take No for an answer . . . from man, woman or life.

★ ★ ★ ★

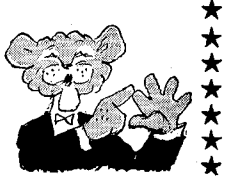
Virginia McKenna heads an inspired supporting cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

Excited thanks to producer Sam Zimbalist, director Sidney Franklin, scenarist John Dighton and to the famed Rudolf Besier play.

★ ★ ★ ★

How will you love M-G-M's "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"? Come count the ways! —*Leo*



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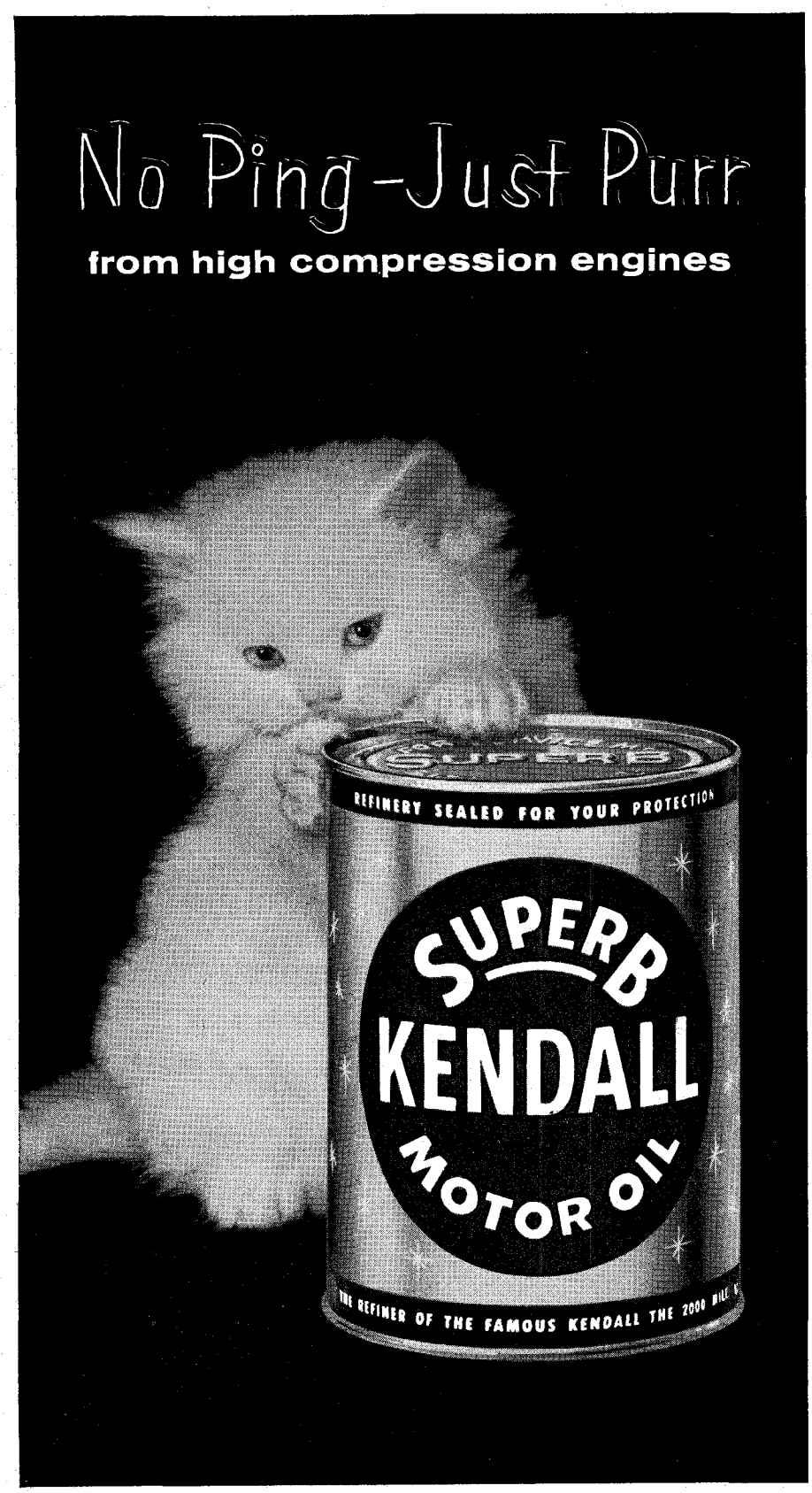

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Letters

Mistaken Identity

Dear Sirs:

Over a period of years I sent you some good verse. All I get is these damn rejection slips.

When I was a lad in the Kentucky hill country, a young man, drunk on hard cider, came by our place on horse back. Shot and killed my dog without cause. His name was Ben Hibbs.

A few years later, his brother, Charlie, a moron, shoved me down the high-school steps, causing me to break my collar bone in the fall.

So, you see, I'm sorry I had anything to do with a Hibbs. . . .

ZENO T. WILSON
Salt Lake City, Utah

● *Editor Ben Hibbs does not like hard cider and his brother is not named Charlie.* —*ED.*

The Trouble With Trains . . .

Dear Sirs:

I read your article, So You Don't Ride the Trains Any More?, by Harold H. Martin, Dec. 22, with interest and some skepticism.

Many people do not ride as passengers on trains because too frequently railroad employees just don't give a damn, and the customer soon senses it.

The train may be as modern as tomorrow, but the conductor is as rude as yesterday.

JAMES D. TILFORD, JR.
Palm Beach Shores, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

No! I will not ride the trains any more!

I resolved *that* upon returning to college last Thanksgiving. Every vacation finds the train from New York to Canton (St. Lawrence) and Potsdam (State Teachers College and Clarkson Tech) crowded . . . when I got on at Harmon there wasn't one seat.

I suppose people will say, "Ah, college kids can take it!" Well, this one can't.

We aren't asking for a glass-domed car or a de luxe sleeper—just a seat.

MARYDITH WEST
Hastings on Hudson, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I rode the railroads for a number of years and rarely did I find any courtesy or kindness on the part of porters, conductors or others when I asked for help. . . . Sleeping-car porters and those in the dining car always have their hands out and expect large tips. Food is generally poor and very expensive.

MRS. D. R. MURDOCK
Washington Court House, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Air lines are the most aggressive sellers of transportation in the travel industry; railroads, the least.

A ready-made sales network has been created in the form of travel agencies . . . the air lines use the facilities of these agents and pay them commissions on every ticket sold, be it for a short trip, a long journey, one way or round trip. Railroads pay commissions to travel agents, too, but these commissions are wrapped up in the most complicated set of restrictions known to man outside of the income-tax laws. Result: travel agents cheerfully sell air, and, if they must, they'll arrange rail transportation for their clients. . . .

ED GORDON
Corpus Christi, Texas

Dear Sirs:

A very fine article. I agree with Harold Martin that the Interstate Commerce Commission does not allow the railroads to compete with other carriers. I can remember when the ICC was a suggestive commission, but now it has become an autocratic, dictatorial organization. The ICC with its present powers is contrary to free enterprise. Free enterprise includes competition. . . .

E. H. KOCH
Pine Bluff, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

If the railroads continue to have to pay so many unfair taxes (while the air lines show millions in profit at the taxpayers' expense) the railroads will certainly pass out the back door. . . .

The same level of taxation should apply to all modes of transportation.

VERNON REID COOK
San Antonio, Texas

Kindly Truant Officers

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you upon your excellent article on school social work entitled The Truant Officer Learns to Smile, by Morton M. Hunt, Dec. 15.

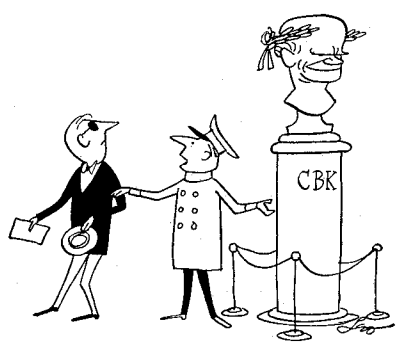
One of the chief problems is to find people qualified by training, experience and personality to fill these positions, and another is to persuade schools to employ enough social workers so that case loads can be reduced to the point where effective work can be done.

JOE M. YOUNG, *Director*
Dept. of Guidance and Counseling,
Tucson Public Schools
Tucson, Ariz.

Readers' Choice

Dear Sirs:

I have read and reread the letter from Frank Leon Smith [Letters to the Editors, Dec. 15]. Shame on you, Mr. Smith. I, too, have read the Post for fifty



years and was I shocked to find (definitely after the third reading) that you had not mentioned the Noblest Roman of them all, Clarence Budington Kelland.

H. A. CLEMENT
Cassopolis, Mich.

● *Mr. Smith listed the Post authors he has enjoyed over a 50-year period.* —*ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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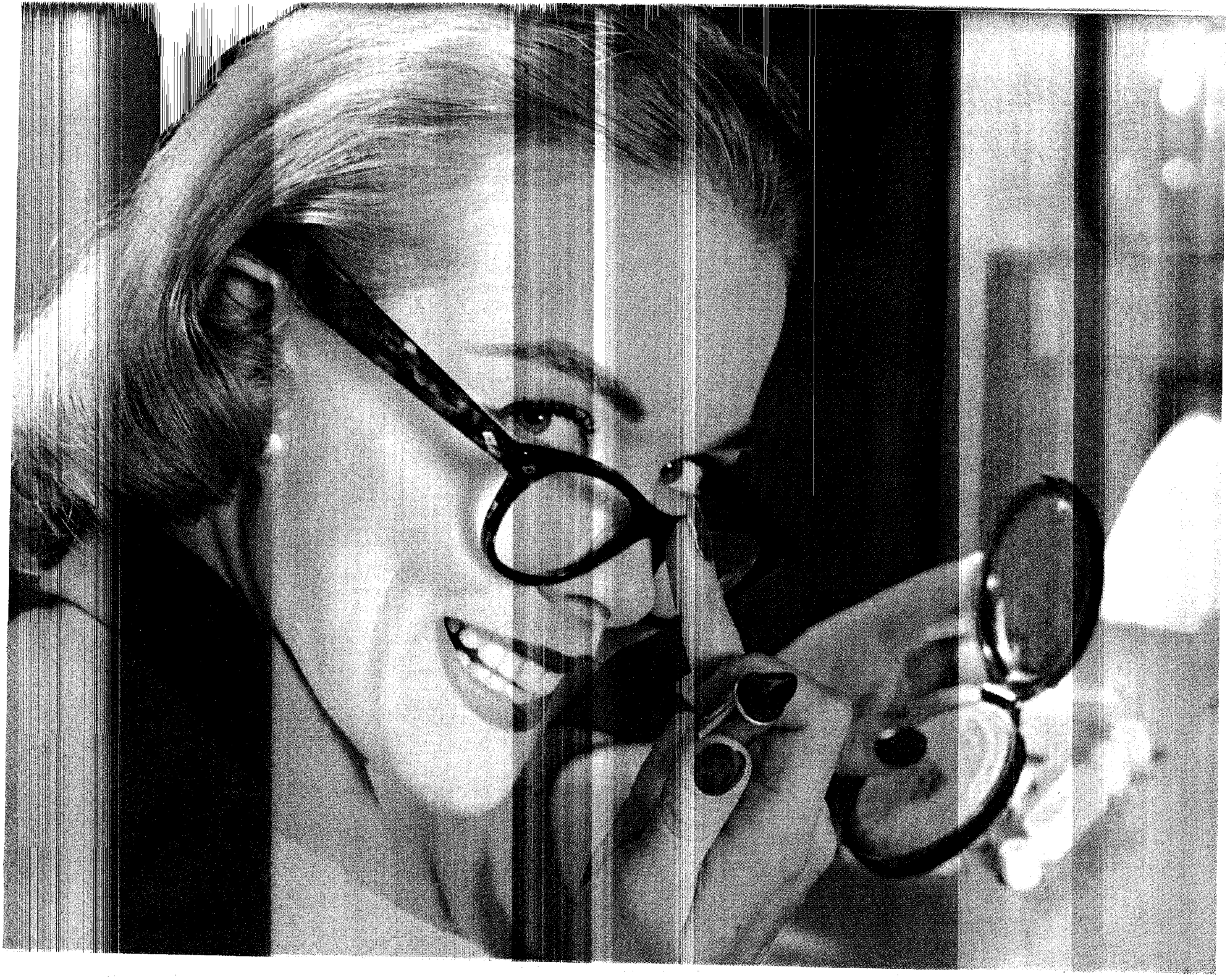
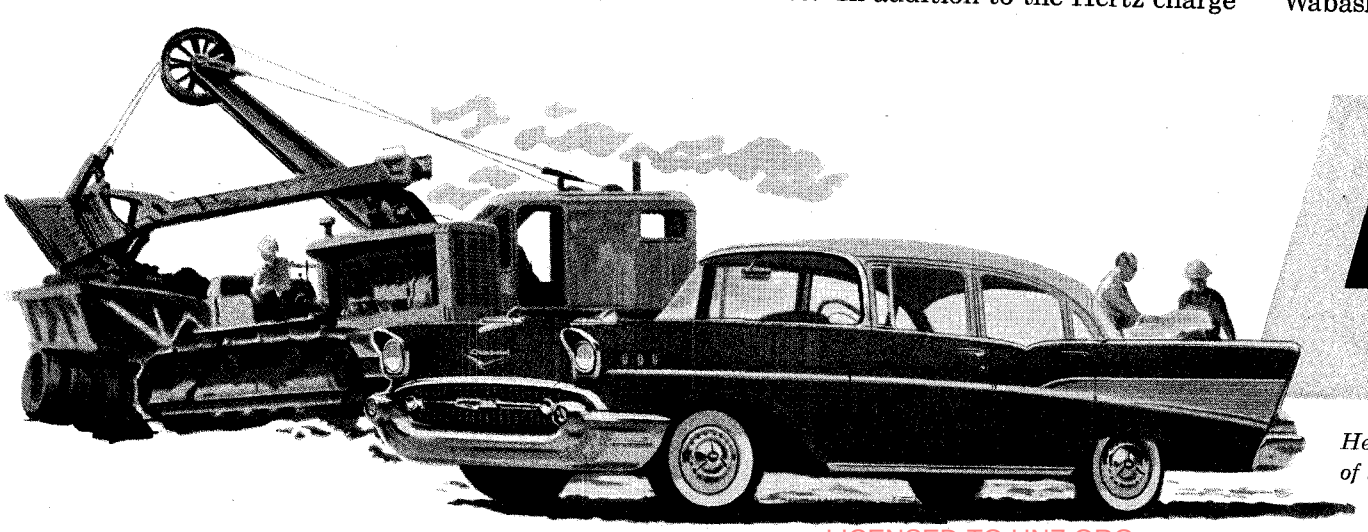


My boss gets around! He's got The Hertz Idea

Right! Her boss has found you can save time on business trips when you leave your car at home, go faster by plane or train, then rent a Hertz car when you get there!

That's The Hertz Idea. You can make more calls, get back home sooner, too. What's more, you have a car to drive as your very own—a day, a week or longer!

All you do is show your driver's license and proper identification. You'll get the keys to a bright, new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine Hertz car. Cost? The low national average rate is only $8.00 a day plus 8 cents a mile (lower by the week). That includes all gasoline, oil and proper insurance. In addition to the Hertz charge card, we honor air, rail, Diners' Club and most all hotel credit cards. So to be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' free reservation service. Call your local Hertz office. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



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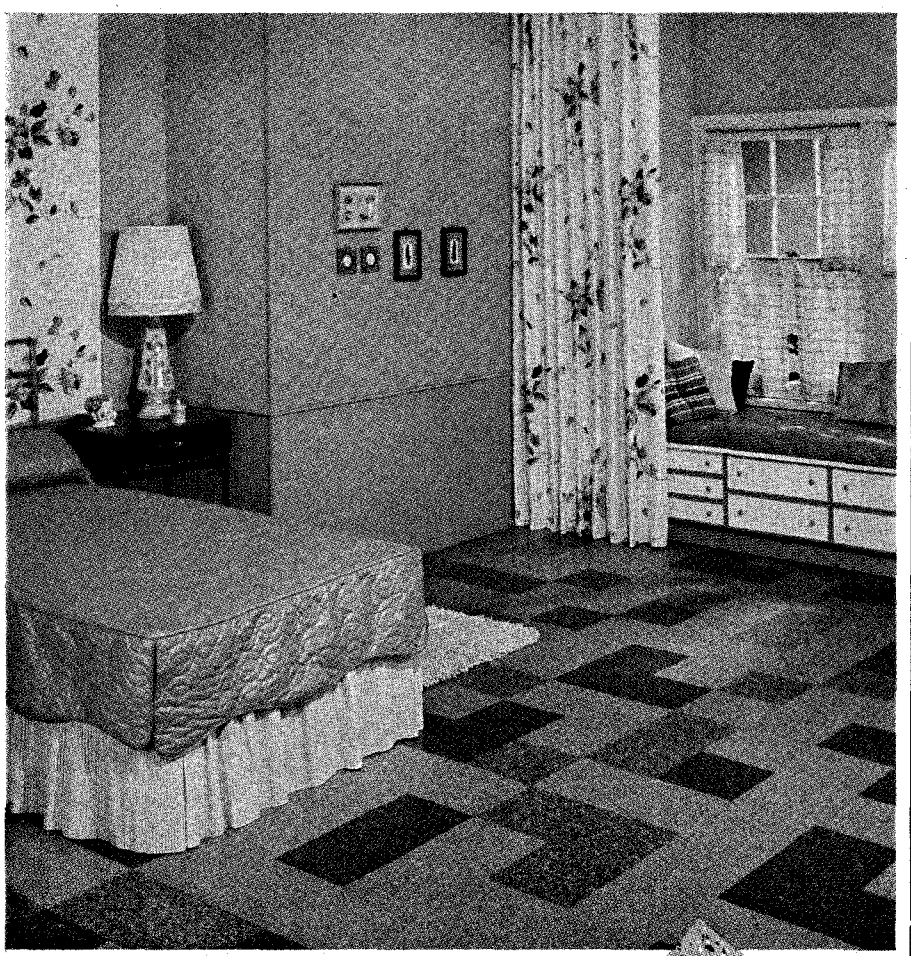


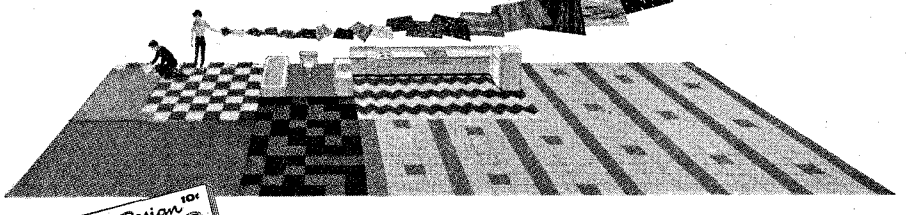
New Johns-Manville book shows how to design and install

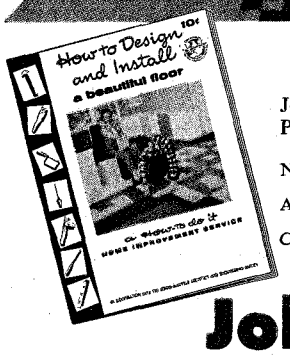
Terraflex

the original vinyl asbestos tile

THIS new "how-to-do-it" booklet tells you all about Terraflex® in bright new Spatter and Cork-type colors . . . shows you the beautiful marbleized colors and over 50 popular patterns to help you design your own floor.

Also included are easy-to-follow, step-by-step instructions for laying Terraflex. It tells you about special J-M Terraflex Adhesive which brushes on as readily as paint. This makes Terraflex Tile easier than ever to install. You'll see how it may be easily cut with scissors to fit. And you'll learn how Terraflex defies grease and dirt, stays first-day fresh for years. A damp mopping keeps it spick and span, shining bright. Send for this booklet now!





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Please send new Johns-Manville Terraflex "how-to-do-it" booklet.

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

I'm afraid I must buy me some new reading glasses. It isn't possible that Frank Leon Smith would leave out Charley Van Loan and Frank Condon.

JEROME BEATTY
Roxbury, Conn.

Sour Note

Dear Sirs:

The single sour note in your December 8th article on sweet California fruits [CALIFORNIA'S STICKIEST BUSINESS, by Andrew Hamilton] was the complaint of George Page, founder of Mission Pak, that he was fined $1000 in San Diego Justice Court for marketing a "deceptive package." . . .

Actually, the law under which he was convicted was never found unconstitutional [as Mr. Page maintains]. The California laws against marketing a deceptive pack of any fruit or vegetable are very much in effect. Mr. Page should try it again.

As witness for the San Diego County Department of Agriculture against Mission Pak in 1937, I do not recall local merchants instituting the complaint [as Mr. Page says]. One of the Department's stenographers purchased the package which led to prosecution of Mr. Page's company.

HARRY W. ROCHE
Chief Deputy Agricultural Commissioner
San Diego, Cal.

Policeman's Philosophy

Dear Sirs:

The devotion to duty of the late Capt. Eddie Palmer, New York City Police Department [THE LAST DAYS OF A COP, by Ken Purdy, Dec. 22] epitomizes the philosophy of thousands of law-enforcement officers throughout the country.

Captain Palmer said: "You do what you're paid to do, and you don't argue with yourself about it." The more than 5000 members of the Peace Officers Association of the state of California have evinced a similar spirit in adopting a code of ethics which begins: "As a law-enforcement officer, my fundamental duty is to serve mankind; to safeguard lives and property; to protect the innocent against deception, the weak against oppression or intimidation, and the peaceful against violence or disorder; and to respect the constitutional rights of all men to liberty, equality and justice."

MERRILL S. GAFFNEY
Sacramento, Cal.

Deadly Jet

Dear Sirs:

Frank Harvey's graphic article, DEADLIEST FIGHTER IN THE AIR, Dec. 15, was most enjoyable. . . .

The F-102A is, without question, a fine airplane, but to conclude that it is without peer is nonsense. Mr. Harvey neglects in his article to mention the North American F-100C, a very respectable machine, which TAC's 479th Fighter Day Wing is flying at George Air Force Base. . . .

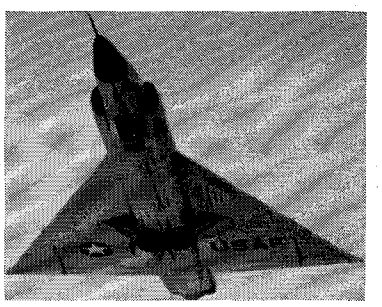
Security precludes comparison here between the F-100 and the F-102, so I can only suggest that Mr. Harvey talk to pilots in the TAC squadrons at George AFB regarding range and rate of climb.

JACK H. BAILEY
Representative, North American Aviation Co.
Langley AFB, Virginia

Dear Sirs:

Your story about the F-102 jet plane has 5000 people in the Duluth area miffed.

Frank Harvey wrote that the people at Convair are having a time naming the plane. The 5000 miffed persons are those



The name is Lancer

who sent in names to a contest conducted through my column in the Duluth Herald and News-Tribune. The name selected by a joint board of air force and Convair officials was Lancer.

SIINTO WESSMAN
Duluth, Minnesota

Unlicensed Boats

Dear Sirs:

Vice Admiral Alfred Richmond, Coast Guard Commandant, may be an expert in his field, but he is way off the track when he deplores the fact that any American can get in a pleasure boat and take it out on the Potomac or any other water without going through a batch of Government red tape, license registration, or what-have-you [Editorial, REGULATION LOOMS FOR THE GROWING RANKS OF YACHTSMEN, Dec. 22].

Most regular boaters attend classes on seasmanship . . . more and more of them are joining boating clubs that continually educate their members toward safe boating.

Under present conditions, any kind of registration or licensing for boats under twenty-six feet is pure poppycock; after all, admiral, we're not going to be operating any navy vessels.

ESTHER TALLENT
Norwood, Ohio

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6—Convair. • 17—Larry Keighley. • 18—Larry Keighley, three from collection of Mrs. Theodore Douglas Robinson. • 19—Larry Keighley, three from collection of Mrs. Theodore Douglas Robinson. • 20, 21—Coby Whitmore. • 22, 23—Jane Latta. • 24—Dick Stone. • 25—International, United Press, Larry Fried. • 26—Two from Wide World; United Nations. • 27—Black Star, Wide World. • 28, 29—Harold Von Schmidt. • 30—Sid Avery. • 31—Amos Sewell. • 32—U.S. Navy, Frank and Helen Schreider, Peter F. Petraglia. • 33—Frank and Helen Schreider. • 34, 35—Fred Ragsdale. • 36, 37—Edwin Georgi. • 38, 39—Sid Avery. • 45—Robert Meyers. • 52—Larry Keighley. • 100—Sid Avery, anonymous, Warren Rothschild.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Standing there in the rain, holding an umbrella over him, you feel very close to that youngster of yours. You want to protect him . . . and help him . . . in every possible way.

There are two important steps that you can take *now:*

1. Start on a Massachusetts Mutual educational plan tailored to your own situation, and be *sure* that when your child is ready for college the money will be ready too.

2. Give him a head start on a financial program of his own with a Massachusetts Mutual *Progressive Protection* policy. Every $1,000 of insurance automatically increases to $5,000 at age 21, but the premium *never increases.*

Ask a Massachusetts Mutual man to tell you about educational insurance and *Progressive Protection* suited to your plans for your youngster. Or call our General Agent listed under "Massachusetts Mutual" in your phone book.

Massachusetts Mutual
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS
1851
The Policyholder's Company

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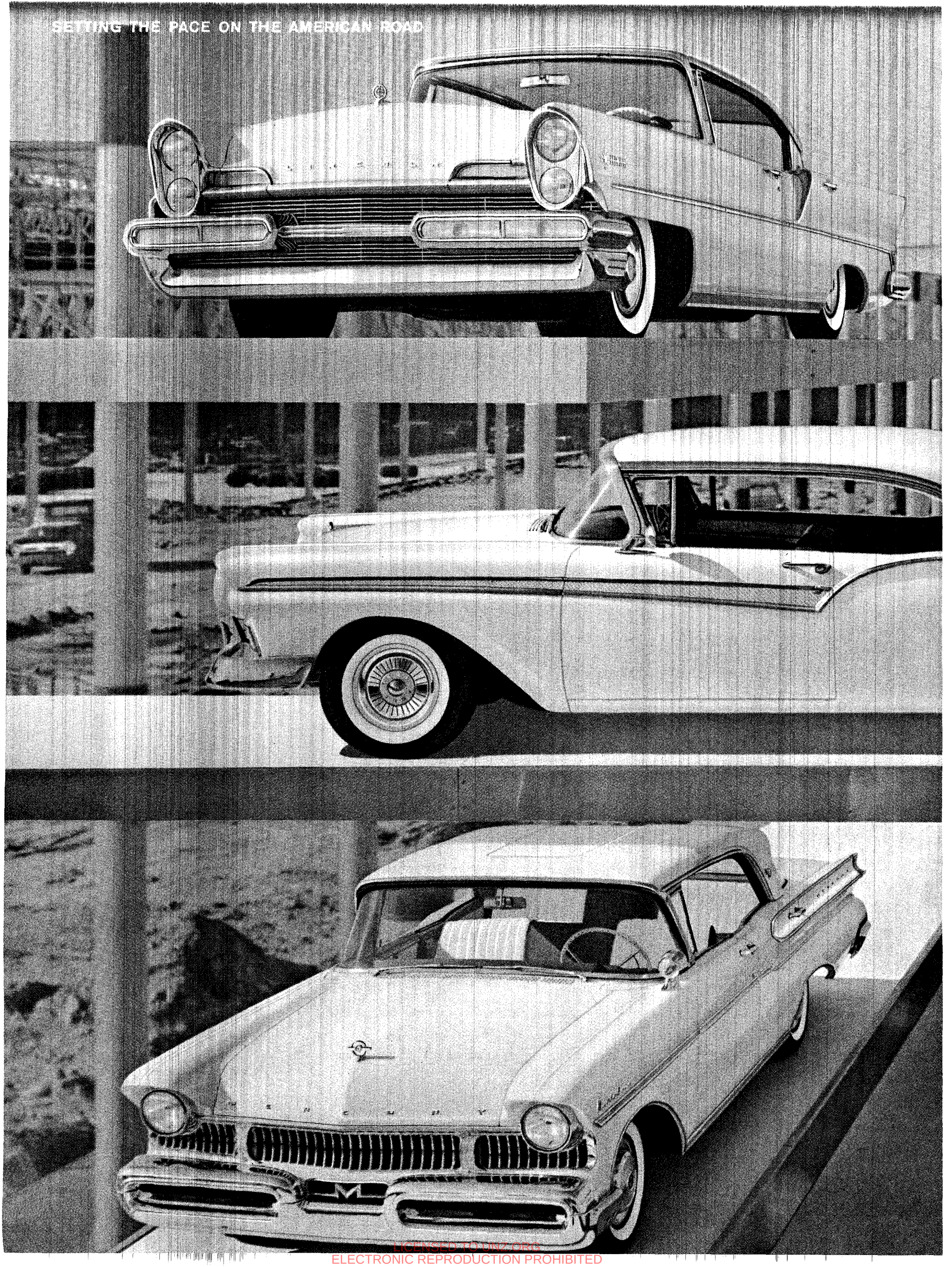
SETTING THE PACE ON THE AMERICAN ROAD



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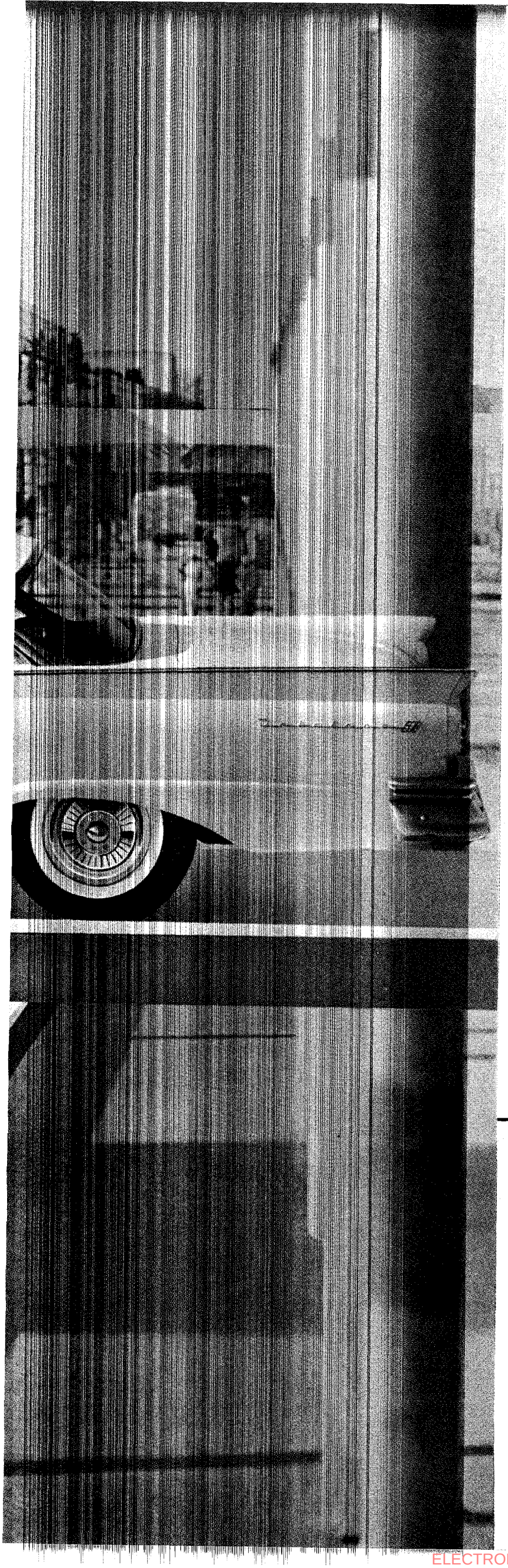
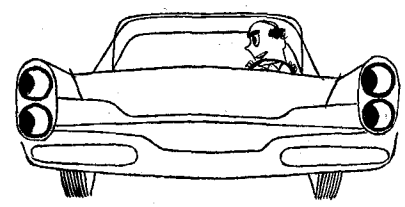


Ever-growing Value
in the Ford Family of Fine Cars

- **More beauty for your money**
- **Handsome payoff in performance**
- **Dollar advantages at trade-in**

The towers of steel keep rising at the Ford Motor Company. We're growing because we're the young-minded ones in the business. We know that we must keep building—not just new plants with new people, but also a new kind of value for you. Despite our 54 years, we're young-minded enough to know that giving you more and more value is the only way to get you into our new Fords, Thunderbirds, Mercurys, Lincolns, and even Continentals.

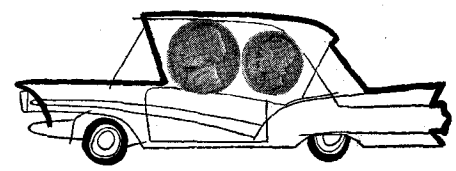
YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE. No need to waste too many words on beauty; your own eyes can tell you a great deal just by looking at the cars



at the left. Our stylists have come up with a Ford that is the first car in the low-priced field to depart from the low-priced look. Mercury's design comes straight from a dream car—and it's the biggest Big M yet. Lincoln has a lithe look not shared by any other fine car. Throughout the entire line, you see style that is not only setting the pace—it is also influencing the design of others. In a year or two you'll see the 1957 Family lines reflected elsewhere, just as many current cars mirror our Family look of a few years ago.

YOU CAN FEEL THE VALUE. This fresh young Ford Family viewpoint pays off handsomely in performance. You've never had such a wide choice of push-button comforts; among the new ones are seats that "remember," power side vent windows, push-button lubrication.

But the big, solid value grows out of the solid engineering throughout the line. Chassis have been lowered for a road-hugging ride and look—yet there's more room inside for heads, as

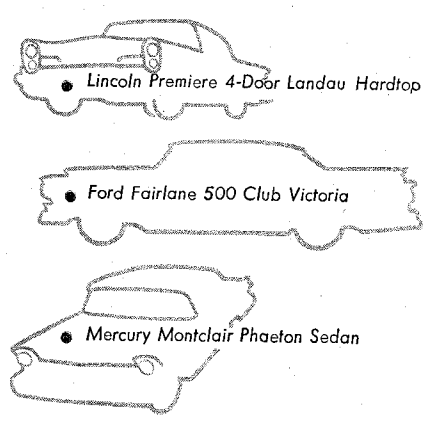


well as hips, knees, legs. Our young-minded engineering was also first to bring you ball-joint front suspension; others are just now getting the idea.

And look at the 1957 results of Ford Motor Company's *pioneering* in safety. Wherever you look in our Family, you'll find a new kind of value in protection: steering wheels, door latches, front-hinged hoods, optional padded panels and visors, seat belts—all these, and more, engineered for safety.

YOU CAN PROVE THE VALUE. The payoff in value comes at trade-in time. When this arrives for your Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental, get set for a pleasant surprise. For it stands to reason that a car which is ahead of its time—in looks and in performance—should command more at trade-in, when other cars are just beginning to catch up. This, you see, is the end result of young-mindedness, of being ahead.

So if you want to wing ahead—and if you want to be away out front in dollars, too—we suggest that you head like a homing pigeon for your nearest Ford, Thunderbird, Mercury, Lincoln or Continental dealer. He's ready to demonstrate the car—and the value.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY
THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

FORD • THUNDERBIRD • MERCURY • LINCOLN • CONTINENTAL

Background: The new Lincoln assembly plant, Novi Township, Michigan, where the finest of the fine cars will be built.

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Editorials

Let's Not Help Any Red Despot Get Off the Hook!

International communism is in serious trouble. This explains why President Eisenhower has been and will continue to be besieged by communist dictators and the leaders of "uncommitted" countries for invitations to visit him and explain how the United States could settle things. The general idea, as hinted by Mr. Nehru, is that this country should press for negotiation of issues which are supposed to be crying for settlement. High on Nehru's agenda is United States recognition of Red China and abandonment of Formosa.

In this country, Walter Lippmann, who thinks that the "Hungarian tragedy is that the rebellion tried to bypass the first stage, Titoism, and in so doing challenged the whole Russian position in Eastern Europe," wants Secretary Dulles to get on the ball and propose some sort of negotiation with the Soviet Union. The people of Western Europe, he advises, "should be given hope. They should be convinced that the cold war is not going to be resumed and then allowed to degenerate into a shooting war. They should be given something to think about."

Of course the people of Eastern Europe have had plenty to think about, and the thought uppermost in their minds is how long it will be before the Soviet tyrants can be overthrown. If Mr. Lippmann is familiar with Hungarians, Czechs, Rumanians or Poles, he must know that their concern with the cold war is dread lest the forces of freedom lose it by negotiating with despots whom they have had the courage to challenge and resist. To millions in Europe and Asia who live under the communist dictatorship, it is a matter of secondary importance whether the cold war "deteriorates into a shooting war." They want out.

We, who are not compelled to live under such conditions, which make war and death seem preferable to life itself, naturally have other ideas. We are reluctant to do anything which might tempt the Soviet masters to start throwing bombs around. But that does not mean that we must betray the victims of Soviet communism by foisting upon them more communism under new management. Whether it is called "National Communism" or "Titoism," none of the captive peoples wants it. To welcome a few thousand refugees from Red tyranny to our shores would not excuse us for doing anything to strengthen the communist hold upon millions in other lands. Nor would it lessen the danger of war. Such a maneuver would be the real tragedy of the time: that, even with international communism on the ropes, free America put its fears before its principles.

Presumably we shall have to endure more of these visits by crypto-communist and "uncommitted" dictators who sententiously quote Thomas Jefferson amid deafening cheers, and then, like Mr. Sukarno, of Indonesia, go home to practice their dictatorial arts as if nothing had happened. Journalists with more enthusiasm than historical perspective can be relied on to tell their readers that "America has won a new friend," etc., etc. But the thing to keep in mind is that the Red empire is on the spot, and the national—and Free World—interest is to keep it on the spot. The possibility of destroying with a stroke of the pen what others have won, or may win hereafter, with their blood should not arise at all.

Should Foreign Firms Equip Our Vital Hydroelectric Dams?

In principle, most people are in favor of more trade among nations, not only to create better relations but to raise the standard of living both for this country and for the nations with which we deal. Whereupon, along come half a dozen difficult exceptions.

For example, the turbine industry, which makes the machinery for the vast hydroelectric installations at various water-power sites, is complaining that Austrian, British and Italian firms are now underbidding American firms in the American market by as much as 20 to 50 per cent. The free-trade reply is that, if foreign manufacturers can supply comparable equipment at lower cost, why should the American taxpayer pay more merely to keep domestic firms in a business where the competition is too tough?

The hydroelectric-turbine industry raises, first of all, the matter of national defense. Ought we to permit vital hydroelectric installations to be set up by foreign engineers who would not be around when and if a foreign bomber knocked one of them out? We might find ourselves at war with the country whose nationals had built the turbines at one of our great water-power sites. Would it be a good idea for the hostile power to have in its files the plans of that installation, not to mention a monopoly on the parts and know-how necessary to repair damage, an operation which could take as long as two years?

Finally, international exchange, in the installation of turbine machinery as in everything else, cannot be a one-way street. Evidence of the British attitude toward outside competition is indicated in the report of a Parliamentary Committee of Inquiry set up to investigate the electric-supply industry. It was brought out that the Central Electricity Authority regarded it as "unwise for the electricity-supply industry to be dependent upon foreign manufacturers for spares and maintenance." And while the committee contended that the action of the Central Electricity Authority did not constitute national government policy, it did agree that the problem of dependence upon foreign manufacturers for spares and maintenance "is a perfectly proper factor to take into account." In short, American turbine manufacturers have little chance of selling their product in England.

The so-called Buy American Act, which formerly gave American bidders a 25 per cent allowance over outside bidders now provides only a 6 per cent differential and is so hedged about with exceptions and loopholes as to afford American producers little protection. The current governmental interest in efforts to broaden international trade and support the economies of our allies tends to lessen interest in the national-defense side of the case.

In all fairness the position of foreigners in our market should not be more favorable than the position of Americans in foreign markets. The defense argument rests on a question of fact: Are power dams essential to national defense, and is their construction and equipment by foreigners inconsistent with the national interest?

Winter Has its Pleasant Sounds, as Well as Sights

There are many sights and sounds of winter which beguile us with their beauty or stir in us the feeling that we are involved with each side of our turning world in due season.

Most of us, perhaps, think first of the "sights" of winter: green candelabra of spruce and pine on a tablecloth of snow; the street's steel engraving of bare trees etched in twilight; the lonely curving track of the small boy who was the first to cross the powder-sugared pond; and the snow-feathered limbs of the maples, like great birds' wings; the flashing silver and gold of sunlight on an ice-crusted field, and black-velvet nights behind the stars.

But the "sounds" of winter are just as distinctive and memorable in their way. There's the rifle crack of deep-freezing ice on ponds and lakes; the hushed rustle of clinging oak leaves; the cawings of crows bouncing like their shadows over the meadows; the rhythmic singing of skates against hard ice, and the squeaky crunch of snow underfoot.

There's still in some parts the quickening rumble of a fast, kid-loaded "double-runner," or "ripper," and the grinding flash of sound as it rushes over a bare spot—and maybe in some farm woodlots the echo of the old jingle-jangle of sleigh bells. There's the rumble and roar of snow sliding down steep roofs, the faraway chime of church bells in the falling snow, and the clank of a broken tire chain late at night on a bare city street.

There's the shivering timbers of old houses, the lash of sleet against new picture windows, the hissing of radiator valves in bitter-cold spells—and maybe the loudest winter sound we hear is the quiet of the snow and the silence of the night.

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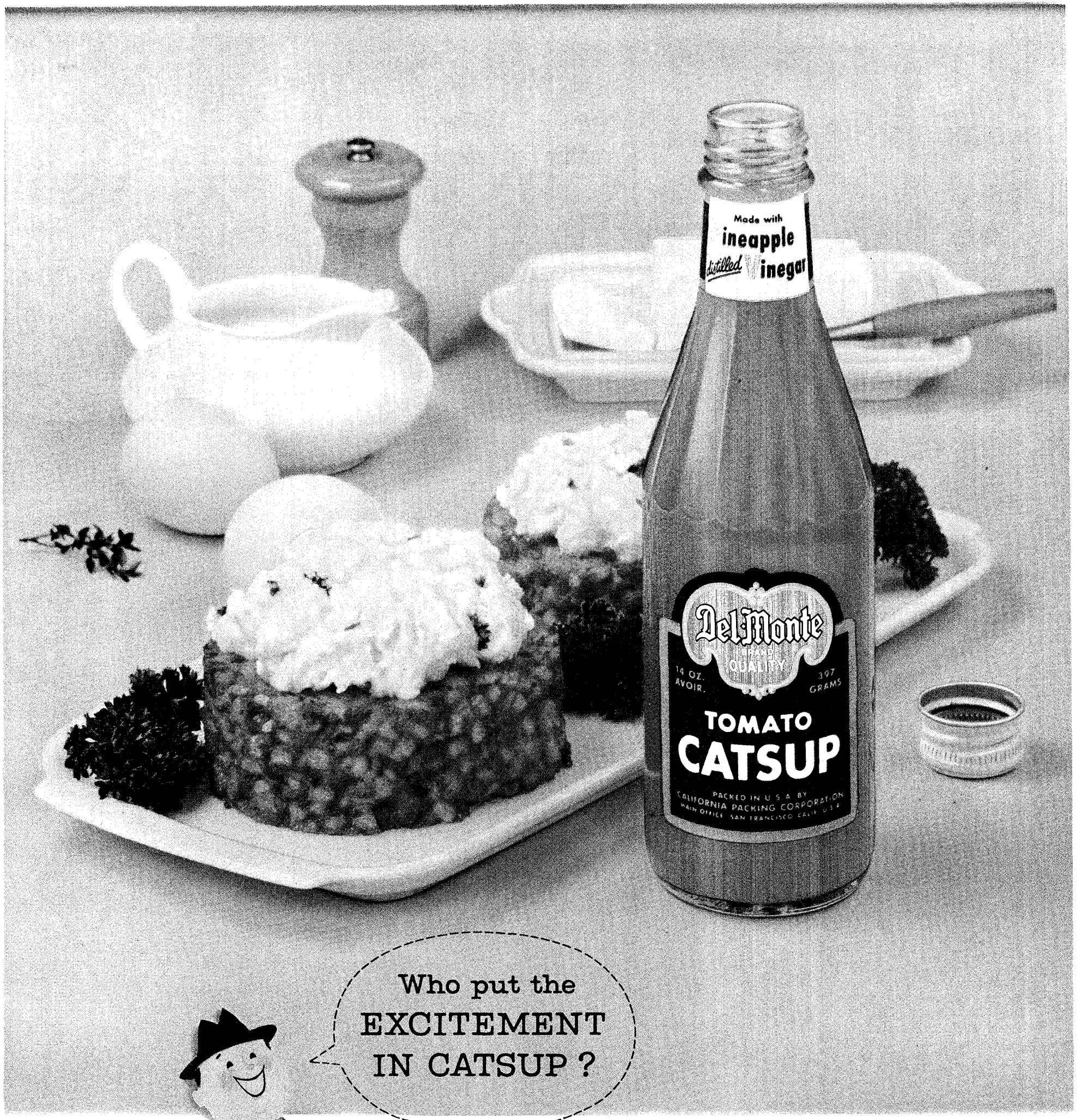

Who put the
EXCITEMENT
IN CATSUP ?

Great for breakfast! Scrambled eggs, corned beef hash and Del Monte Catsup.

Del Monte® chefs did ... with pineapple distilled vinegar !

The better the vinegar, the better the catsup! And DEL MONTE Brand is the catsup made with Pineapple Distilled Vinegar—the superlative vinegar that teases out the liveliest flavor from plump, red-ripe tomatoes . . . persuades sugar and spices to do their utmost for catsup. The result? The most exciting tomato catsup that ever found its way to your table . . . DEL MONTE!

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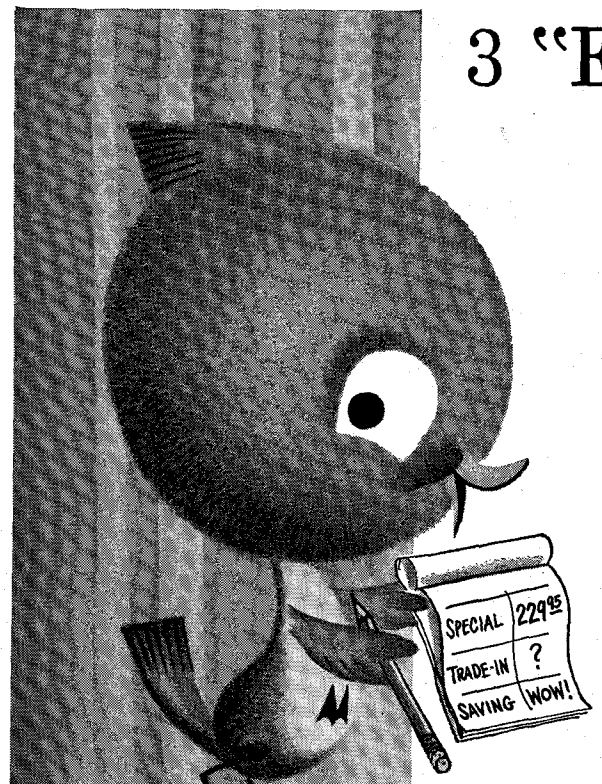
3 "Early Bird" Trade-In Specials...

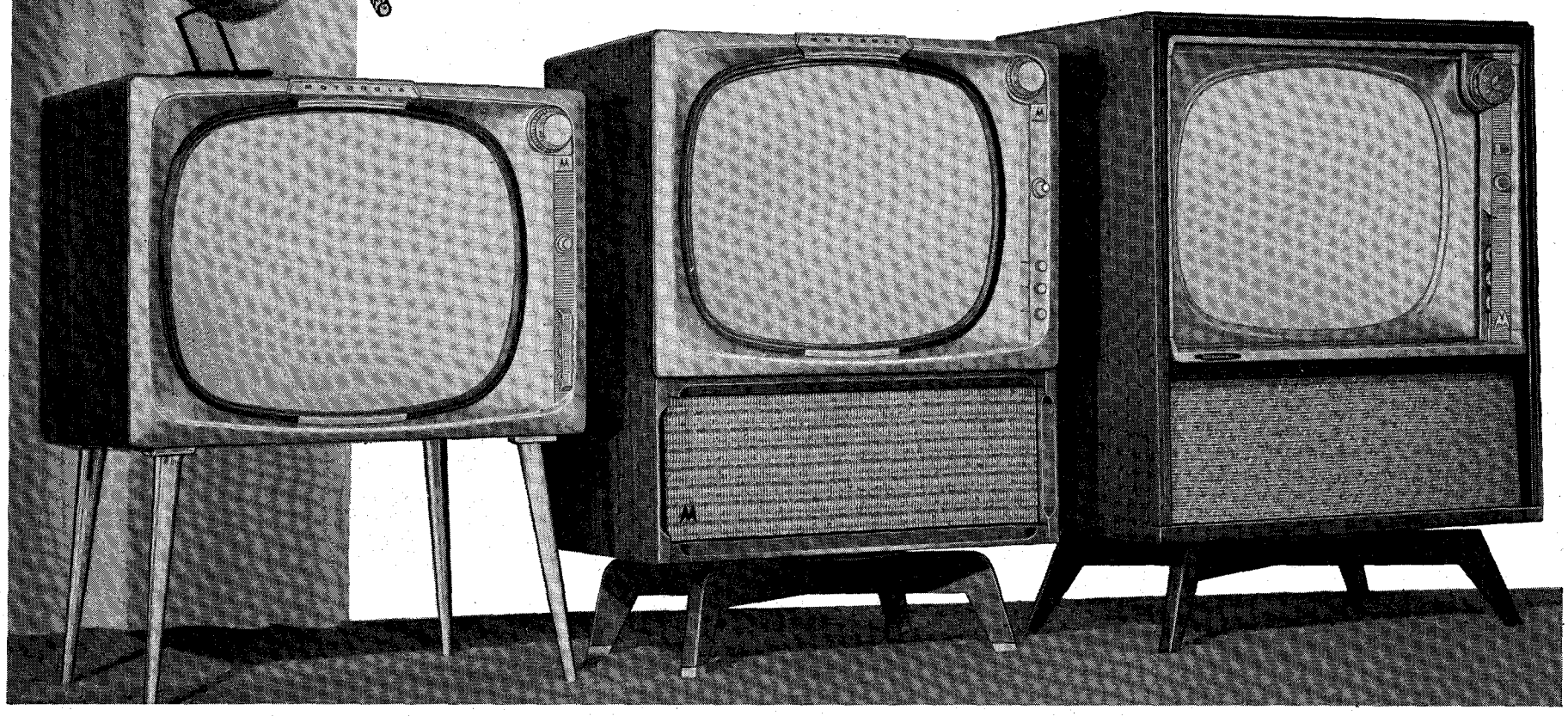
NEW '57 MOTOROLA TV



Motorola greets the new year with three trade-in specials ... all new models with the features you want at prices you'd *expect* to pay.

But here's what you didn't expect. You get a special "Early Bird" trade-in on your old TV ... an allowance that brings the price way, *way* down.

First come, first save! So why not hurry to your Motorola Dealer for a value-giving, money-saving "Early Bird" deal?



Consolette, on trim, solid brass legs. An outstanding buy in sight, sound, and convenience. Right-Up-Front tuning, big screen, aluminized 90° picture tube. Here is console quality at table model prices. Ask your Motorola Dealer to show you Model 21T33M, Mahogany (21T33B, Blond, slightly higher).

Swivelette. Yes, it turns 360°. And wait till you turn on those big, sharp, clear pictures. Big 8″ speaker with sound out front! Right-Up-Front tuning, aluminized picture tube, maximum picture power. "Zero-in" Tuner pulls in distant stations. See model 21C6M in grained Mahogany (21C6B, grained Blond, slightly higher).

Console. Big screen. Big performance. Big console that looks good both on and off, swivels 360°. Famous Motorola features like Right-Up-Front tuning, pushbutton on-off, aluminized picture tube, signal sound filter, "Zero-in" Tuner. See model 21K68M, Mahogany (21K68B, Blond, slightly higher).

$229.95 $259.95 $329.95

LESS BIG "EARLY BIRD" TRADE-IN ALLOWANCE

229 259 329

Your Old TV Set Is Worth More Right Now

MOTOROLA® TV

World's Largest Exclusive Electronics Manufacturer

Prices slightly higher South and West, include Fed. Tax and 1-year warranty on picture tube. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.

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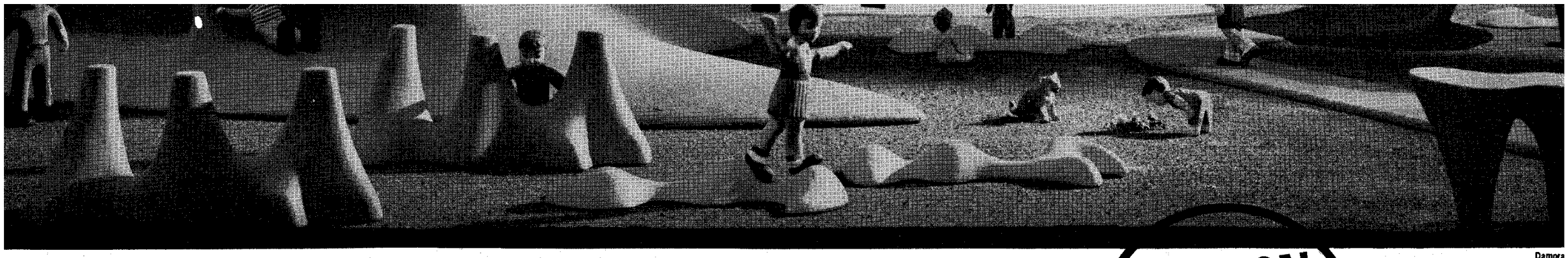


Damora

TOMORROW'S PLAYGROUND: built for fun and safety with concrete

"In this new kind of playground, colorful concrete forms become the play equipment. Here, built to a safe child scale, are mountains to climb, deserts to explore, caves in which to find adventure, a jungle for gymnastic feats—and there are many restful, shaded nooks. This child's world is designed for group or individual play and easy supervision. It takes up less than the area of an average residential plot. Recreation planners find it requires virtually no maintenance. It is another new idea expressed in concrete—America's versatile, creative building material."

DAVID AARON, *Design Director, Creative Playthings, Inc., New York City*

If you'd like to know more about this concept for developing creative play as part of modern education, write Universal Atlas, 100 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

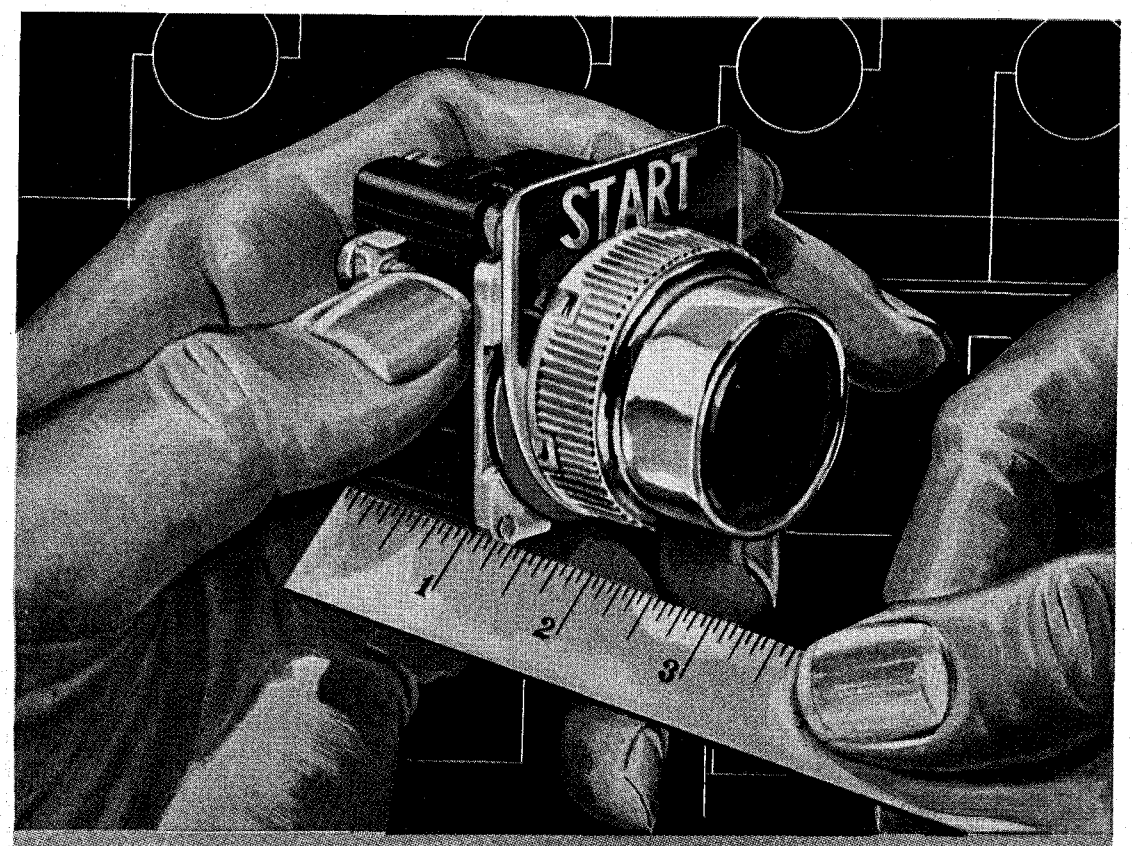
UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENTS

USS

UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY—MEMBER OF THE INDUSTRIAL FAMILY THAT SERVES THE NATION—**UNITED STATES STEEL**

☆ ☆ ☆

Machine designers say these new heavy duty pushbutton units have no equal and prove it by adopting them as standard equipment



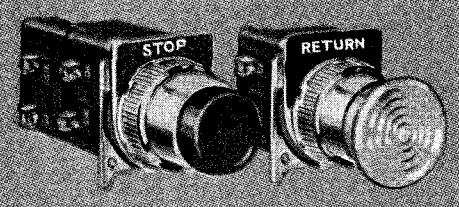
These are the world's smallest heavy duty pushbuttons. They require a behind-the-panel depth of only 1 3/32". This is 40% less space than needed by the next smallest units on the market. Double-pole contact blocks are available in all combinations of normally open and normally closed contacts. Each control circuit is electrically and mechanically isolated from the other. Each circuit is clearly identified and all terminals are color coded. Rapid on-the-job circuit additions are obtained by stacking contact block on contact block.

☆ *they install easier*

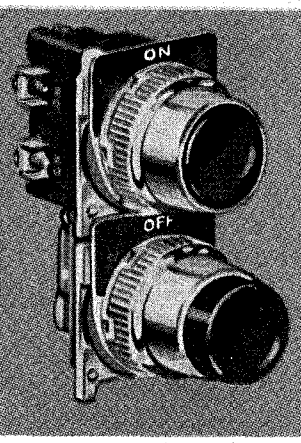
☆ *they work better*

☆ *they last longer*

Design engineers are quick to recognize that these new heavy duty pushbuttons have *everything*. There is nothing on the market like them. They are amazingly compact to require the least back-of-panel depth. They are one-hole mounting and they are oil tight. They easily provide for as many as eight separate control circuits per pushbutton, eight completely isolated heavy duty contacts either normally open or normally closed. The buttons may be flush type, the extended type or with mushroom heads. They can be black, red, yellow, green or gray. See the new one-button control station, C-H Roto-Push. See the easiest-to-install maintained-contact pushbutton attachment and the means for padlocking any of the standard pushbuttons. There are both knob and key operated selector switches in this complete line. Also matching indicating lights and the new automation safety light, PresTest. Be sure you have complete information *now*. Write today on your company letterhead for a copy of the new Cutler-Hammer Panel Builders Handbook Pub. EE-120. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1259 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

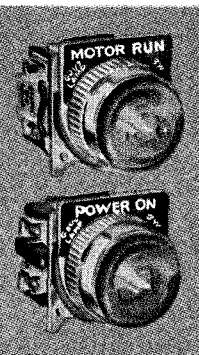


These pushbuttons may be flush type, extended type or with mushroom heads . . . in a wide range of colors for quick control identification. Standard, large, and jumbo size legend plates fit every type of operator and indicating light in the entire line.

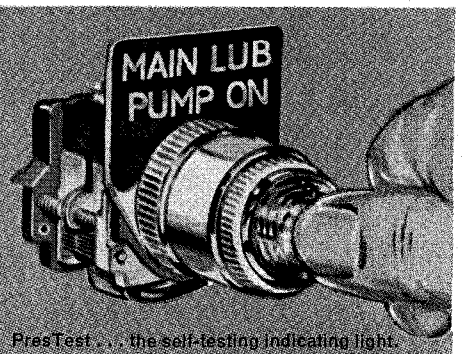


A maintained-contact pushbutton assembly that saves more than its entire cost by installation savings. New attachment with its pushbuttons mount in minutes; no fussy adjustments. Neither alignment nor spacing of units is critical. Pushbuttons will not bind or stick; always operate perfectly.

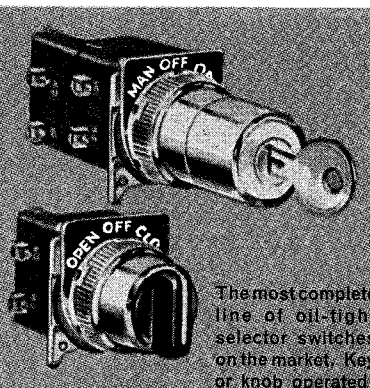
CUTLER-HAMMER
☆ ☆ ☆
MOTOR CONTROL
C-H



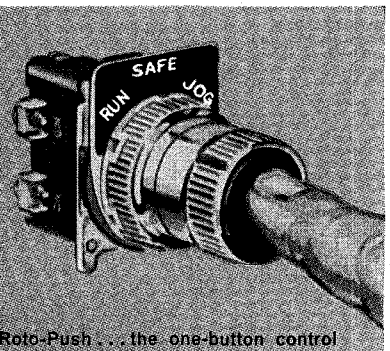
The C-H one-hole mounting oil-tight indicating lights with new wide-visibility lenses are the most visible from all angles by actual light meter tests. Available in either transformer or resistor types. Lenses offered in six different colors.



PresTest . . . the self-testing indicating light. Vital to safety and proper use of machines, particularly in automation. PresTest now permits instant proof light is NOT off because of burned-out bulb. Merely pressing on the light lens disconnects bulb from its normal circuit and checks it on a test power supply. Resistor and transformer types available.



The most complete line of oil-tight selector switches on the market. Key or knob operated; two or three position. Positions may maintain contact or have spring return. Three standard contact blocks provide a wide range of circuit combinations with the use of just a single block. Unlimited circuitry by adding blocks.



Roto-Push . . . the one-button control station. One Roto-Push can provide all the control functions for which two or three separate pushbuttons would be used normally. Available in a wide range of selector and button operators. Roto-Push simplifies panel design and saves installation time to cut costs. Improves machine-operator efficiency.

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Now! $2,500 of Term Life Insurance for only $1.90 a month! (AT AGE 30)

The remarkable "Ratemaster" policy is issued at LOWER annual rates than those of any leading non-participating company in the United States*... Usually without medical examination.

No Salesman Calls...You Examine the Policy Without Cost or Obligation

HERE, surely, is one of the most attractive life insurance offers ever made. Think of it! You can now have $2,500 of term protection for only $1.90 a month at age 30—or $5,000 for only $3.80 a month. Whatever your age, the annual rate is lower than that of any leading non-participating company in the United States.

No salesman calls on you. You deal directly with Patriot . . . America's largest company offering you life insurance this convenient way. You alone decide how much insurance you want. You receive the actual policy to examine for ten days without spending a penny or obligating yourself in any way!

Remember: The greatest protection need of most men is a guaranteed cash fund for their families. The lowest-rate kind of life insurance you can buy to meet this need is term insurance—*pure protection* for the years your family needs it most. Patriot's RATEMASTER Policy now offers you this protection at remarkably low rates.

Here Are The Benefit Highlights of Patriot's Ratemaster Policy

★ We will pay your family $2,500 or $5,000—whichever amount you select—if you die within the next fifteen years.

★ We will pay your family double the amount of your insurance in the event of your accidental death as defined in the policy.

★ You may continue your insurance after the fifteen year protection period . . . regardless of the condition of your health at the time . . . simply by changing your *RATEMASTER* policy to a straight life policy at the premium for your attained age. (For example, Patriot's present premium for $2,500 of straight life at age 30 is $4.10 a month; at age 45, $6.95.) This is important if you want all the insurance protection you can afford now when it is needed most . . . but may want to make such a change later on.

Here's How You Obtain The Ratemaster Policy On Patriot's Ten-Day Approval Offer!

Now you can see for yourself—without cost or obligation—exactly what this RATEMASTER policy contains, and how it meets your needs. You pay nothing until after you receive your policy and decide you want to keep it.

Here's all you do: Simply fill out the application printed on this page, and return it to Patriot with the special Approval Coupon. If you're accepted we'll send your policy promptly on a 10-day no-obligation basis. After you have read it, either return it within ten days or send in your first premium payment.

Surely you owe it to yourself to investigate this unusual offer . . . particularly when you can do so without cost or obligation. Mail the coupon and application now while you're thinking about it!

Rates for $2,500 Ratemaster Policy with Double Indemnity

(For $5,000 multiply these rates by 2)

Four Convenient Payment Plans —Select The One You Prefer

**Age	Annual	Semi-Annual	Quarterly	Monthly
1 to 19	Ratemaster not issued at these ages. Write for information about special plan available.			
20	$ 16.10	$ 8.20	$ 4.35	$ 1.60
21	16.20	8.25	4.40	1.60
22	16.30	8.35	4.40	1.60
23	16.45	8.40	4.45	1.60
24	16.65	8.50	4.50	1.65
25	16.90	8.65	4.60	1.65
26	17.20	8.80	4.65	1.70
27	17.55	8.95	4.75	1.75
28	18.00	9.20	4.85	1.80
29	18.50	9.45	5.00	1.85
30	19.05	9.70	5.15	1.90
31	19.70	10.05	5.35	1.95
32	20.40	10.40	5.55	2.00
33	21.25	10.85	5.75	2.10
34	22.25	11.35	6.00	2.20
35	23.25	11.85	6.30	2.30
36	24.40	12.45	6.60	2.40
37	25.70	13.10	6.95	2.55
38	27.15	13.85	7.35	2.70
39	28.75	14.70	7.80	2.85
40	30.50	15.55	8.25	3.00
41	32.35	16.50	8.75	3.15
42	34.40	17.55	9.30	3.35
43	36.60	18.65	9.90	3.55
44	39.05	19.90	10.55	3.75
45	41.70	21.25	11.25	4.00
46	44.55	22.75	12.05	4.25
47	47.70	24.35	12.90	4.55
48	51.20	26.10	13.85	4.85
49	55.05	28.10	14.90	5.20
50	59.40	30.30	16.05	5.60
51 to 65	Ratemaster not issued at these ages. Write for information about special plan available.			

**Your age on your nearest birthday.

**Based on published rates for similar policies issued by the top 50 such U. S. companies, ranked according to amount of insurance in force.*

Facts About Patriot

1. A Legal Reserve Company operating in 46 states (not Kansas or Wisconsin), the District of Columbia and Hawaii.
2. Over $900,000,000 of reinsurance and insurance in force.
3. Capital and surplus over $10,000,000.
4. More than $3,000,000 paid out as death benefits last year.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY APPROVAL COUPON TODAY WITH YOUR APPLICATION

Patriot Life Insurance Company
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the Patriot Ratemaster Policy requested on the enclosed application. I understand that if I am accepted I have the privilege of examining the policy without cost or obligation. Within 10 days, I will either return it to you or remit my first premium payment.

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

(Use this application for ages 15-65 only. Please print answers.)

Your Name ..... Male ☐ Female ☐
first middle last

Home Address .....
number and street city, zone, state

Employed by ..... Duties or job title .....

Height ..... Weight ..... Date of birth .....
ft.-inches pounds month, day, year

Kind of Policy **RATEMASTER** With Double Indemnity Amount of Insurance ☐ $2,500 ☐ $5,000

Premium Plan: ☐ *Annual* ☐ *Quarterly* ☐ *Semi-ann.* ☐ *Monthly* Amount of Premium $..... Patriot policies now carried $.....

Name of Beneficiary ..... How related to you? .....
first middle last

Has any life insurance company ever offered you a policy at higher than standard rates, or refused to insure you? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you ever had or been treated for heart trouble or high blood pressure; cancer, diabetes, tuberculosis, epilepsy or nervous disorder; stomach trouble or any ailment of the kidneys, gall bladder or liver? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Have you been examined or treated by a doctor during the past two years? ☐ Yes ☐ No

Please explain fully any "yes" answer. Include date, reason, doctor's name and address.

.....

.....

.....

.....

The above answers are complete and true, and any physician who has examined or treated me is authorized to disclose any information thereby acquired. I agree that the insurance will become effective only when, while I am in good health, a policy is delivered to me and the first premium is paid in full and accepted by the Company. If the policy delivered differs from that applied for, this application shall be for such policy, except that no change shall be made as to amount, classification, plan or benefits, unless agreed to in writing by me.

Date ..... 19..... Signed: .....

10-127 326

☐ PLEASE SEND ME ADDITIONAL APPLICATIONS FOR AGES .....

PATRIOT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

ONE PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK

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TWO TREADS ARE SAFER THAN ONE

THE GENERAL DUAL 90's two treads permit 28% more rubber on the shoulder ribs. Car stability is greatly increased at highway speeds. Cornering is safer. You get quick, "action-traction" stops.

Tremendous body strength is the result of General's exclusive Nygen Cord—the strongest cord material known and, pound for pound, stronger than steel cables.

To appreciate all the advantages of the Dual 90 with two treads, see it at your local General Tire Dealer's.

GENERAL DUAL 90

THE TIRE WITH TWO TREADS...SO STRONG IT WILL SAVE LIVES

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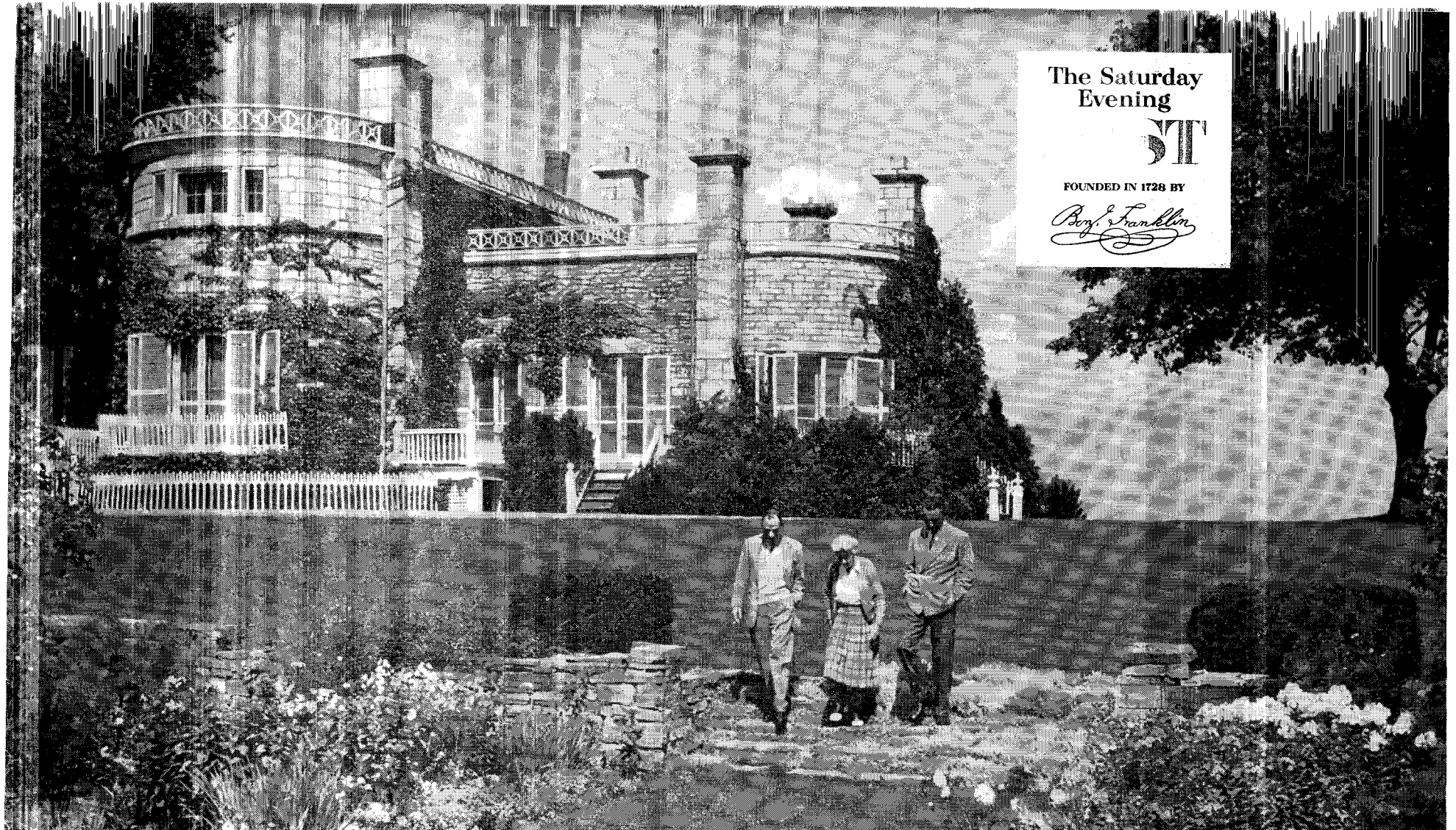

Joseph and Stewart Alsop at Henderson House with their aunt, Mrs. Theodore Douglas Robinson, owner of this mellowed "experiment" in Scotch baronial architecture.

Lament for a Long-Gone Past

The authors spent their boyhood summers in an unusual 125-year-old mansion, whose inhabitants and visitors rocked the last century with their accomplishments and scandals.

By JOSEPH and STEWART ALSOP

In modern America, the scale of our lives is constantly contracting, the pattern of our lives is being progressively mechanized, and our houses show the sad effects. They are bright, cozy and easy to keep clean. They are full of the hum and whir of wonderful devices. They have dream kitchens and patios and open floor plans and picture windows. But they are altogether lacking in mystery and romance. They will never generate a single tribal legend; for surely no child of the future is likely to thrill to the proud announcement: "That was your great-grandmother's washer-dryer!" And above all, our modern houses have no trace of the bold individuality, the happy, natural, unashamed oddity, that good houses acquire by being lived in for a long time.

To us, this seems a great loss. Yet perhaps we are prejudiced, since we spent the golden summers of our youth in what must surely be the oddest tribal fortress still surviving in America. It is called Henderson House, and it stands today, as it has stood for nearly a century and a quarter, on a high headland gloriously overlooking the whole wide Mohawk Valley in upper New York State.

In our childhood, Henderson belonged to our mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, and in those days it was not only the house that was odd. The people were odd. The life they lived was odd. By present-day standards, even the mode of arrival was odd to the point of being agonizing. A dawn-to-dusk rail journey, involving three nightmare changes, would bring the little Alsops to Herkimer, New York, which was the station for Henderson. But this was only the beginning of the great hegira. Our grandfather, an old-fashioned man, was convinced that burning

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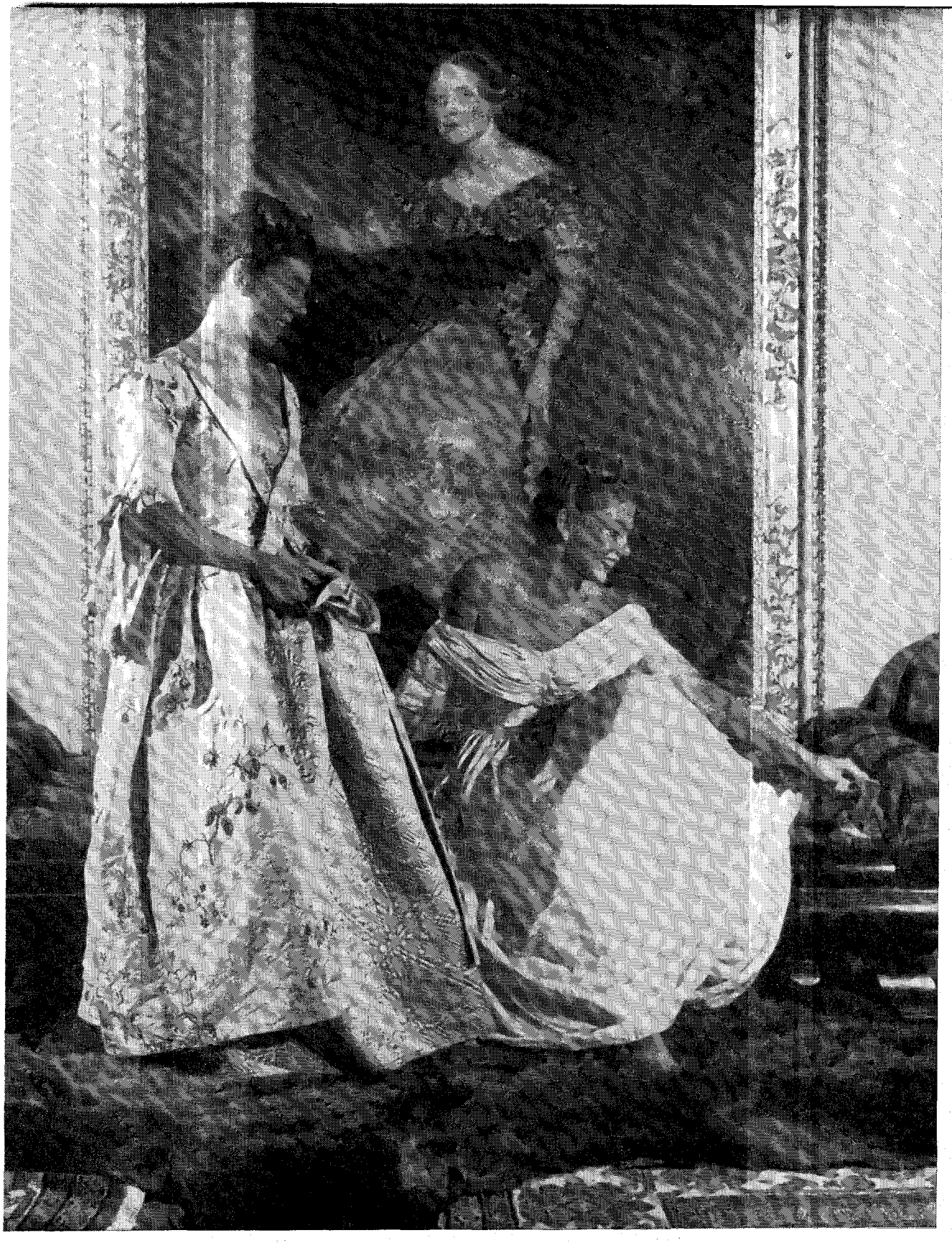


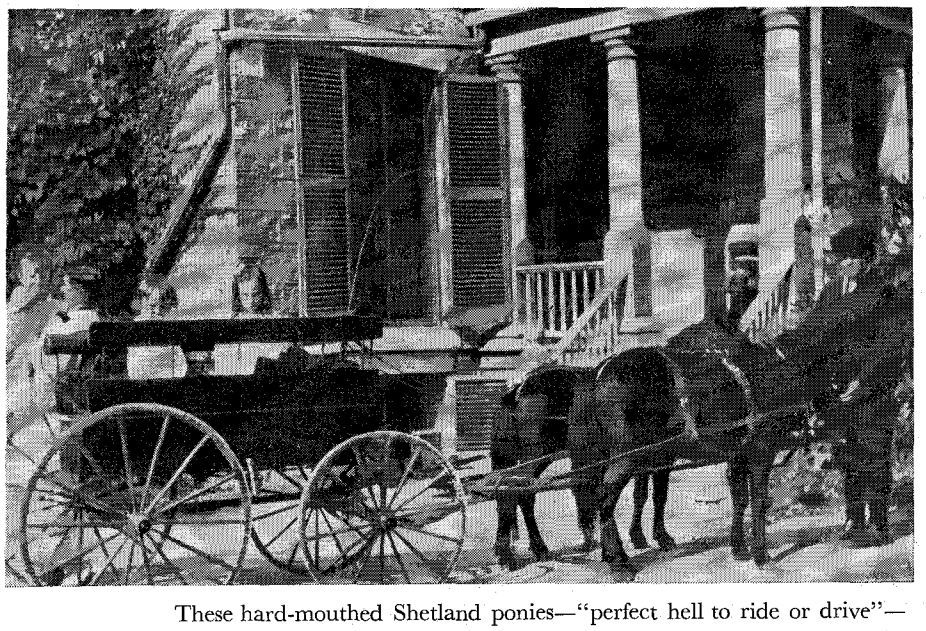
Robinson granddaughters Nora and Lynne before Aunt Harriet's portrait and couch made from her wedding bed.

gasoline was the last excess of wild extravagance. So we would be met at Herkimer station, at least in our very earliest years, by a primitive conveyance known as a democrat.

For the benefit of later generations, a democrat was an open two-horse wagonette seating nine. In gathering darkness, with the democrat piled high with luggage and crawling like an ambulatory anthill with restless, hungry young, we would set off for Henderson's distant headland. The horses would have lost their edge already, and they had before them a nine-mile pull, almost straight uphill. It took anywhere up to four and a half hours. Toward the end it would begin to seem as though there would never be an end—as though we were eternally condemned to sniffing the night smells, and watching the flicker of the carriage lamps on the dusty road, and listening to the clop-clop of hoofs and the slow creak of the wheels and the flick of the groom's whip spurring the tired horses, and, above all, to wondering when the insubstantial sandwiches of the journey would be supplemented by a good hot supper. But then would come the Henderson gates, and the paddock, and the garden, and the old cottage, and finally the big house itself, with light flooding out of the wide door, and our grandmother and grandfather waving a welcome from the steps. Beyond, in the great portrait-hung, lamplit cavern of the hall, there would be delicious supper on the table. And so another Henderson summer would begin.

Not only at those moments of arrival but at all times, Henderson seemed beautiful to our childish eyes. Alas, however, except for its magnificent site, the house has no real claim to beauty, being a decidedly singular experiment in what used to be called the Scottish baronial style of architecture. Its considerable bulk of silvery stone is vaguely shaped to suggest a castle. Its chimneys are improbably crenelated. It has a very nearly authentic great hall, sixty feet long and high in proportion. Even its bedrooms, pleasantly full of fine old mahogany and bright chintz and nineteenth-century steel engravings, also have splendid tartan carpets to strike the note of "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The Scotch note, which proclaims the tribal origins, in turn suggests our mother's family's



These hard-mouthed Shetland ponies—"perfect hell to ride or drive"—threw one of the brothers nearly every morning. Their sister tamed the cantankerous beasts by breaking raw eggs over their coal-black heads.

THESE SCENES THE ALSOP BROTHERS REMEMBER FROM THEIR CHILDHOOD . . .

Joe Alsop in Great-Uncle William's court-presentation costume.

Stewart (second from left), brother John (second from right) and cousins learned grandmother's style of breast stroke.

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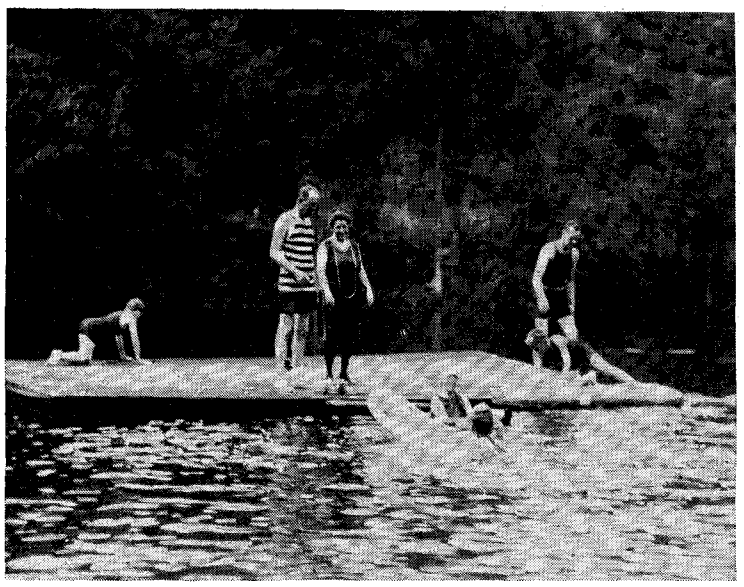
Dinner in the great hall today: Mrs. Robinson (center) entertains the clan at the scene of Gargantuan repasts. A portrait of the estate's founder hangs over the mantel.

most marked peculiarity. To be honest about it, they were a peculiar family in many ways. They had such a marked tendency to violence, for instance, that our mother's chief memory of her visits to her diminutive grandmother, outwardly a miniature edition of Queen Victoria, was the thunderous sound of doors being slammed by the tiny, furious-tempered old lady. This constant door slamming was perhaps a needed emotional outlet, since the fiery old lady's handsome, half-extinguished but still obstinate husband had the habit of rising daily at four A.M. to write about the lost ten tribes of Israel in his wife's bedroom. But the same violence also recurred without the same unusual provocation in later generations, along with a tendency to shout rather than talk, a great liking for fierce animals, and other fairly alarming traits. All the same, both the most marked and the most peculiar of all the numerous family peculiarities was a passion for commemorating the tribal past. In this respect, our Henderson family went almost as far as the New Guinea tribespeople, who still use their forebears' skulls as household ornaments and while away their evenings chatting to the skulls in happy intimacy.

Not only the architecture of Henderson is commemorative but also very nearly all its contents. Some of the portraits are charming, some of the furniture is really admirable, and some things at Henderson are the very opposite. As our grandmother would say, "It made no matter" either way. What the family liked was mementos; what they conserved was mementos; and occasionally this practice produced truly astonishing results. Who would not be astonished, for example, by a presidential waffle iron, complete with the great seal of the United States as the pattern for the waffles?

Yet just such a waffle iron is propped against one of the grandiose marble eagles of the fireplace in Henderson's hall, waiting to be used to poke the fire or even cook a waffle. It belonged to that careful, shrewd, long-headed, rather dull man, the last of the Virginia dynasty in the (Continued on Page 52)



The Alsops' father and their grandmother, who is dressed in the voluminous black silk dress in which she daily swam a dignified 300 yards through the icy water of the ravine's spring-fed pool.

During World War I wounded French officers recuperated at Henderson House while on missions in this country. The Alsops' mother is second from right.

At left is Grandfather Robinson, patriarch of the mansion which often accommodated more than 30 inhabitants at a time.

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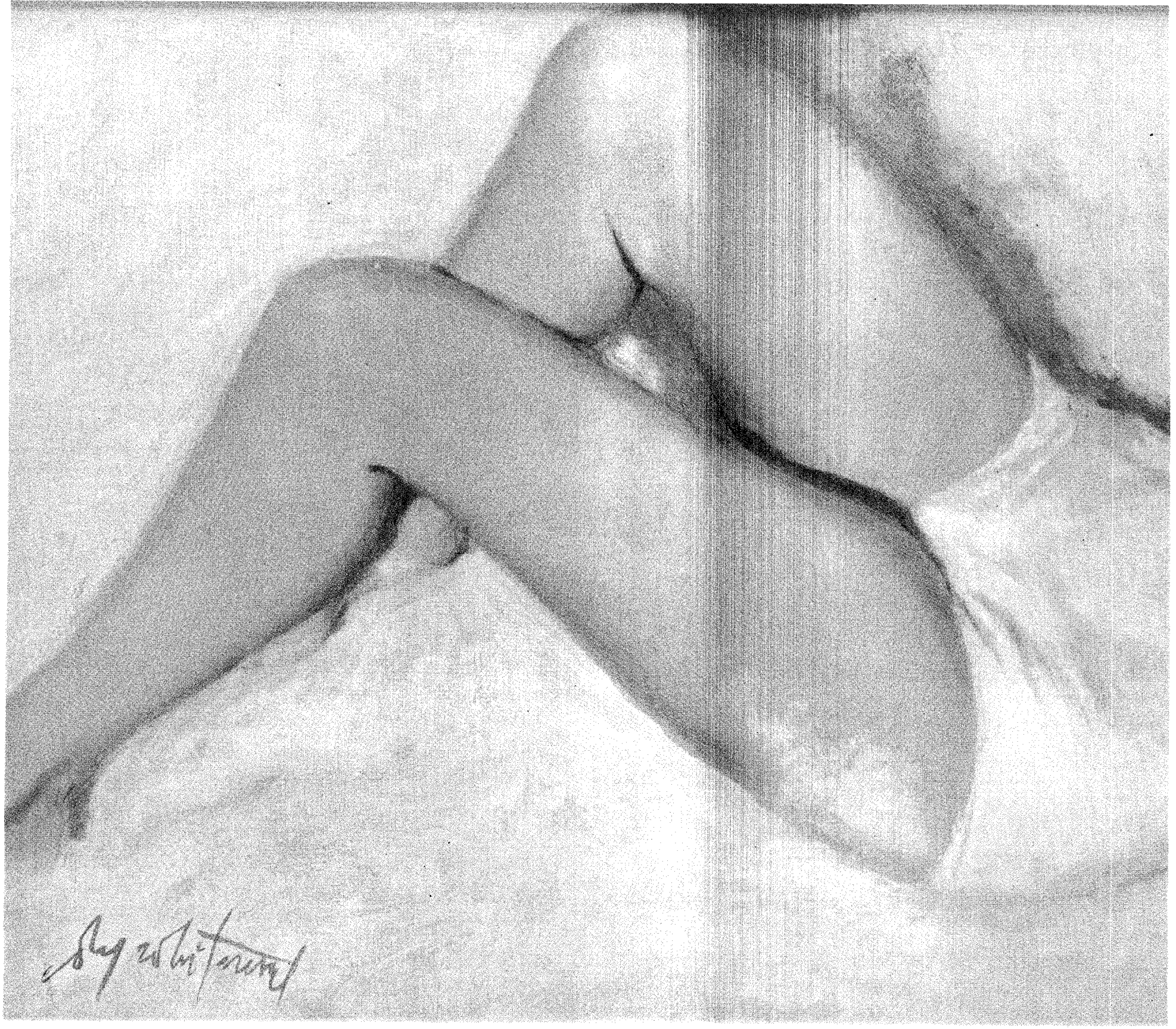

SUDDEN AFFAIR

She was the most extraordinary—and the most beautiful—girl he had ever met. And she wanted to marry him.

By WALLACE T. HOMITZ

Michael Theodore Browning was not a young man given to superstition, but he had a strange, vaporous feeling that something was about to happen to him. Ever since the train had left Copenhagen, almost an hour ago, he had been reviewing his life, planning his future, even as he watched the rolling Danish countryside pass by in the mid-June sun. And that was an omen.

Only three times that he could recall had he ever made the effort to pause and give thought to where his life was going, and each time a major catastrophe had descended upon him. The first time was the night of his high-school graduation, when he had sat talking under the stars with Paula, planning their life together. The next day his parents were killed, in a plane en route to New York, and with them his dreams of college and a life with the girl who had been his first love. The next time he had

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She was the color of honey, straight and firm, but yielding to roundnesses that seemed cleaved from soft-blown silk.

planned a future was outside a foxhole on the Pusan perimeter, and a communist daisy-cutter had punctured his dreams and given him a shattered leg for his trouble. The third time—and he thought of this with another stab of poignant sorrow—was the night before he was to marry Sally Worthington, when she had called to say she couldn't go through with it, that there had been someone else all along.

Yet he could not resist the urge to question himself. Where was he? Almost twenty-eight, two years out of college, with the grant for a year's study abroad almost over; no past, no prospects, no future. Except the promise of a job in the language department of a tiny college in the Midwest, with a short endowment and an even shorter salary schedule. But then, he thought, at least that was order, a real start; and he had had enough of disorder, false starts, frustrations. If only he didn't become involved, if he could work and wait, keep free of commitments, perhaps ——

"Roskilde!" he heard the conductor shout, and he felt the train lurch, then start rolling smoothly again, finally grinding to a halt.

He took his coat from his lap and started to put it on. Then he stopped. He was taking no chances. He waited until everyone had left the compartment, and only then did he rise slowly, throw his coat over his shoulder and start out. He took another reassuring look up and down the passageway before he began to walk deliberately toward the end of the car. He was almost there when it happened.

A blond head shot up from the doorway of a compartment on his right, hit his flexed, outstretched elbow, and sent him reeling with pain against the floor of the companionway. He whistled a shrill, agonized whistle and began massaging his elbow furiously.

When he had sufficiently recovered to right himself and appraise his assailant, he found himself looking into the most artless blue eyes he had ever seen. She was perhaps twenty at the most, with long, honey-colored hair, dressed in white, a white, wide-brimmed straw hat held precariously on her head with one hand while she rubbed the instep of her cocked foot with the other. She was barefoot, and her small, pink mouth was opened wide in a grimace of pain and astonishment.

"Terribly sorry," he said. "I didn't see you."

She stopped massaging her instep long enough to give him a searching glance. He was still sitting on the floor of the passageway, and as she straightened up, she said pleasantly, "You are an American?"

"Yes. But I don't wish to fight with pretty young ladies to prove it." He went on rubbing his elbow. (Continued on Page 87)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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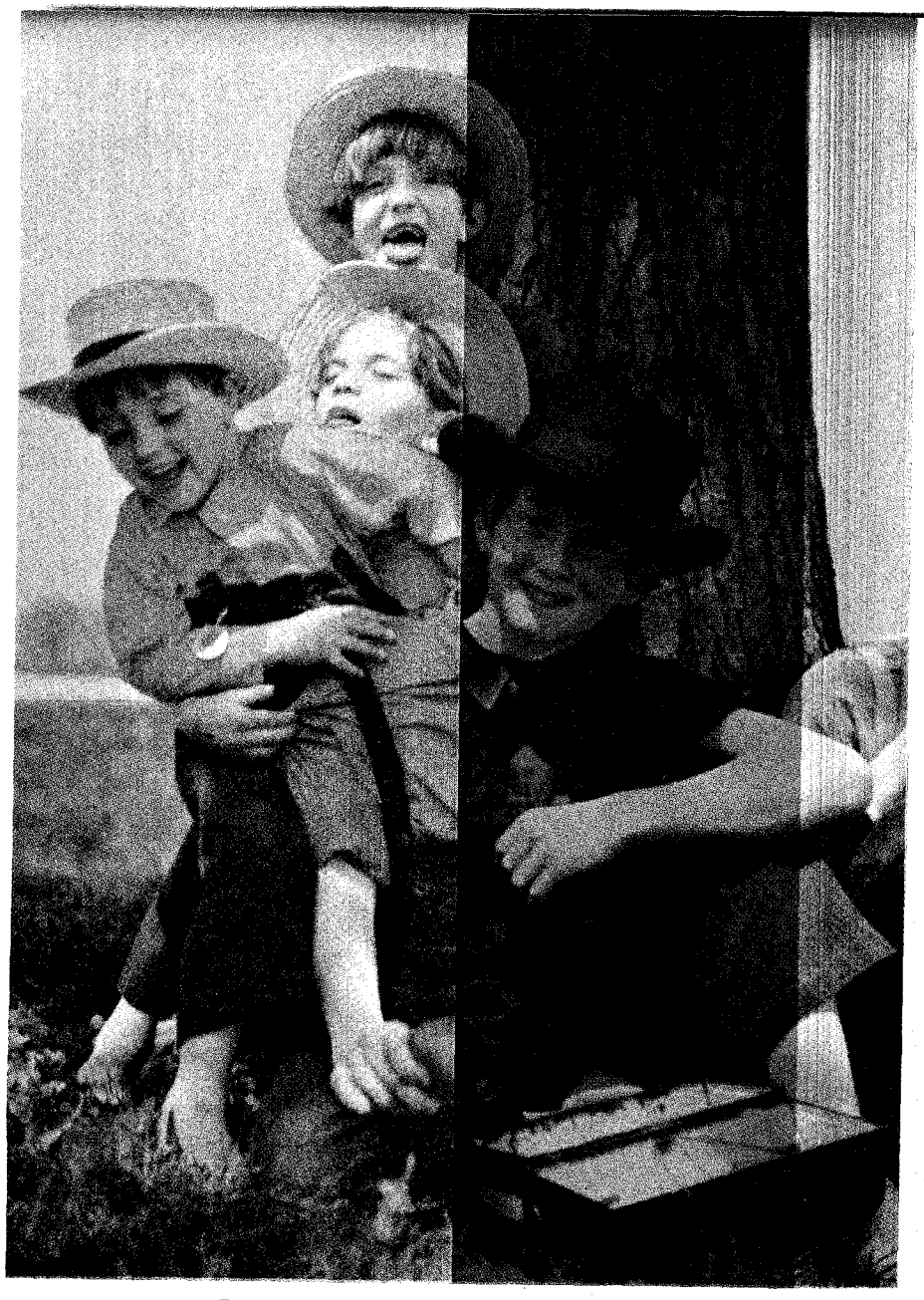
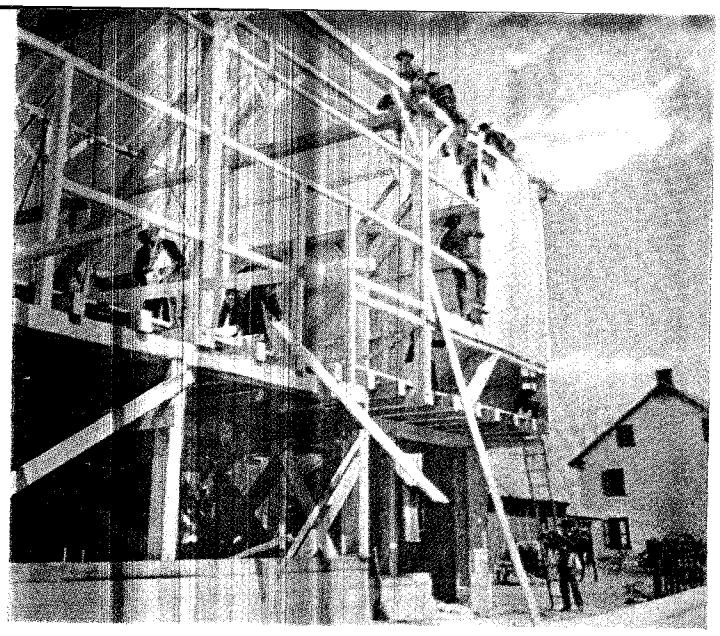


The good things in Elam Zook's lunch box tempt his playmates during the noontime recess at their one-room school.



Friends and neighbors by the buggyload turn out to raise a barn for a fellow farmer—all in just a single day's work.

A puppy and a goat bask by a barn wall "whitewashed" the favorite Amish shade of blue.

A boy and his dog among daisies. He's picking a nosegay for mother.

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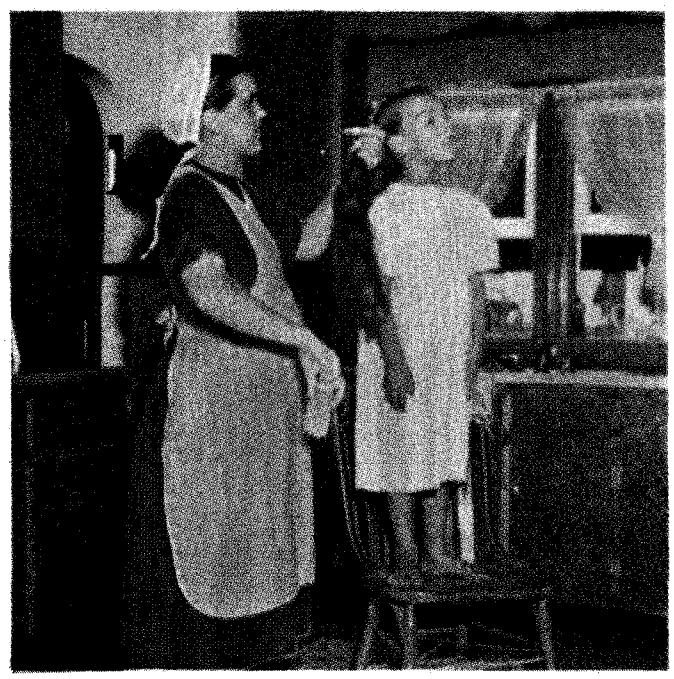
A Post Picture Story Complete on These Pages

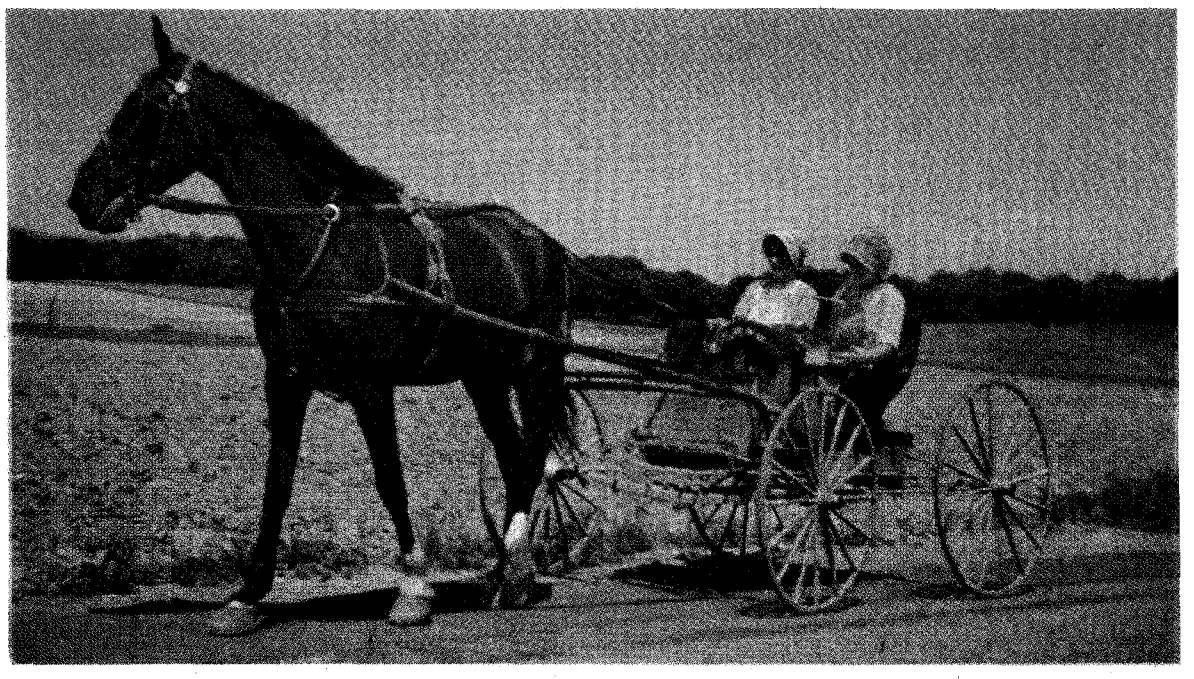
BONNETS and BROADBRIMS

The placid ways of the Pennsylvania Dutch continue in the midst of a hectic world. There are no happier people anywhere.

Photographs by Jane Latta



Part in the middle, comb back, braid and wind into a knot — every day, and all life long.



Lancaster County, Pennsylvania: Two Old Order Mennonite girls, neighbors of the Amish, ride off to town in their brother's open-top courting buggy to peddle strawberries.

During recess at a one-room country school, the girls jump rope while the boys play ball out back.

The Amish, though one of the smallest in numbers of Pennsylvania's "plain people," are much the best known. This is because they blossom like a garden and array themselves in royal blue, bright purple, wine red and the lively green of a wheatfield in springtime. Bonnets and broadbrim hats catch the eye too. But the Amish have home-keeping hearts, and to see them you must go to their part of the world. These pictured here live in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. The Amish are very much a country people; virtually every man jack of them is a farmer. They believe that God placed man on the earth to till the soil and that life on the land is the only right life for man. They have tilled their own soil to such good purpose that they have turned their section of the state into a land of milk and honey.

It is a primitive life they lead, but one that is beautifully simple and uncomplicated. No radio, no movies, no telephone, no television, and even — almost — no plumbing. But they have plenty of food, enough clothing, a good fire in the stove and a tight roof over their heads. They have children, too, in abundance, as roguish and charming children as any in America. And a fine, healthy family life to boot. To a surprising degree, the Amish way of life is the old American way: plenty of hard work, but time out for play, too — skipping rope for the girls, corner-ball or baseball for the boys, and Sunday-night singings for the youth of both sexes. Older people still turn a barn-raising into a frolic. And so intent are the Amish in keeping their friendships in good repair that they hold church only every other Sunday; the "off" Sundays are for visiting.

In this complex world of today the Amish way seems idyllic. Take the pattern of the Amish year. In spring when cardinals whistle from the treetops the Amish are plowing and harrowing the rich acres of their small, tidy farms. In summer they cut the wheat and stack it into sheaves the way it was done long before combines were ever thought of. In fall they harvest the broad-leafed tobacco and hurry it to the safety of shed and barn before frost descends on the land. In winter, come the first good snow, they hitch up their sleighs and go dashing forth along the country roads, headed for the general store in Bird-in-Hand or Intercourse or an auction over Blue Ball way. It's a simple life of peace, serenity and contentment. It is a miracle that the Amish and their way should have persisted into the middle of this twentieth century, and it's a further miracle that even now they show no signs of dying out.

— Fredric Klees.

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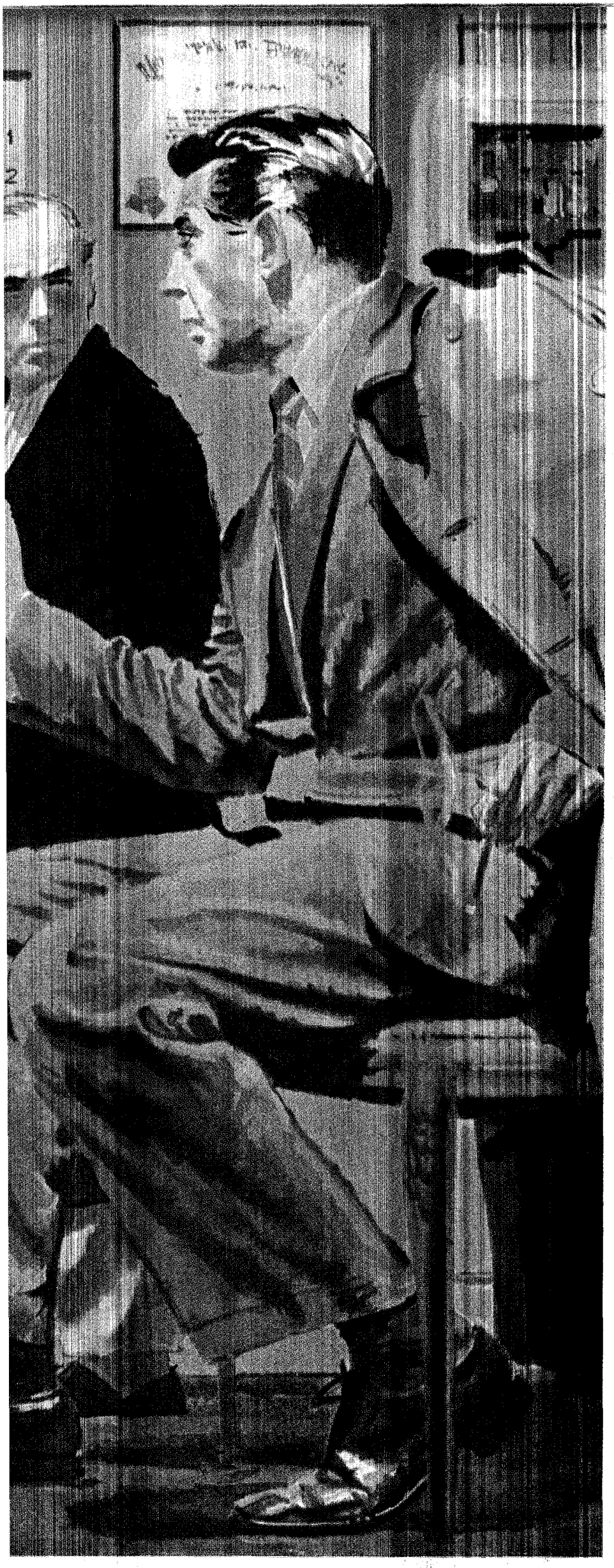

"You know that I could never think of doing what you ask," he said. Colonel Radea's lips curled. "And you, doctor, must know what will happen if you refuse."

DOCTOR'S ASSIGNMENT

The surgeon was ordered to let his patient die . . .

By ALAN JENKINS

Autumn sunshine came pouring through an open window, upon a breakfast table in Lowndes Square. Scrambled eggs, coffeepot, a rack of thin toast, a folded Times and a rumpled Express basked in it. London was fragrant on this Saturday morning. Thirlmere looked out of the window as a ripple ran through the trees in the square, then across the table at his young wife.

"There'll be a nice bit of breeze at Bosham," he smiled.

Clare smiled, too, but less confidently. "We can be there in a couple of hours if we start early," she said. "I've packed our food and everything; it's all in the boot. Did it last night."

"Good girl." He sighed. "How long is it since we had a weekend's sailing?"

"Weeks. Months. Finish your breakfast, darling. I can't wait to get to the cottage. I've almost forgotten what it's ——"

The telephone rang, sawing across their life as it so often did.

A look of pain crinkled her forehead. "Oh, no!" she wailed. "I couldn't bear it!"

Thirlmere walked leisurely over to the sideboard, putting on his professional frown. "Sir Godfrey Thirlmere," she heard him say, with that touch of pomp that was so unlike him. She could not make out what was being said at the other end of the wire.

"Yes. . . . Yes, I see." He turned to her awkwardly. "I'd better take this in the study." He left the room.

For a moment she struggled with the temptation to pick up the receiver and listen in, but finally replaced it on its hook. She stared at it worriedly for a few moments, and lit a cigarette. Ten minutes later, she chain-lit another.

The coffee was quite cold when he came back. She knew that expressionless expression of his. "What is it?" she asked. "You've been talking for twenty minutes."

"They want me to go to Cairo." He bent, touched her hair and kissed her guiltily. "Sorry, sweetie. Bang goes the sailing weekend."

"But, good heavens, you're not a house surgeon on call any more!" she exploded. "You don't have to ——"

"I do, I'm afraid." He looked down at the delicate oval of her face and sighed. He was remembering a photograph he had (Continued on Page 78)

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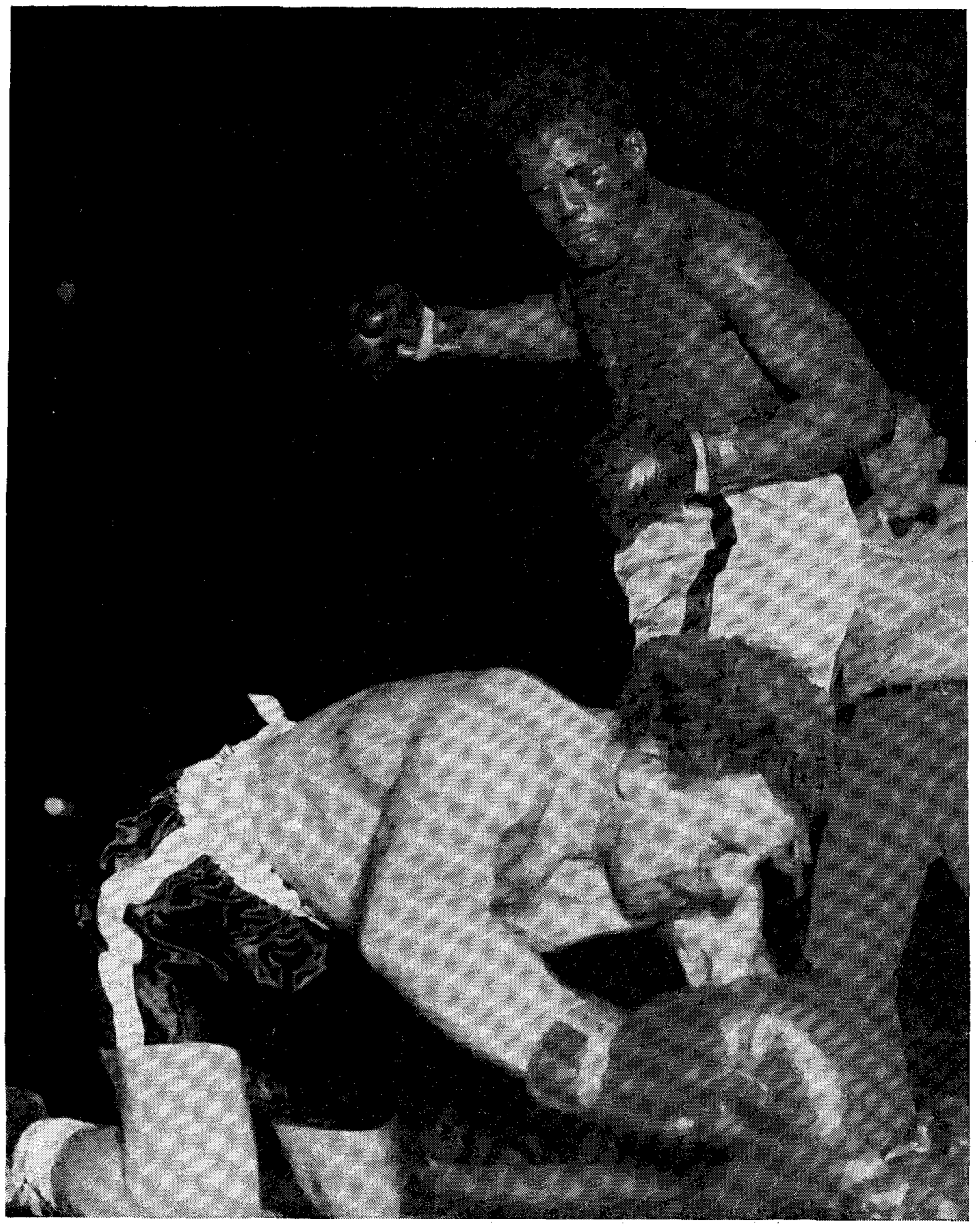
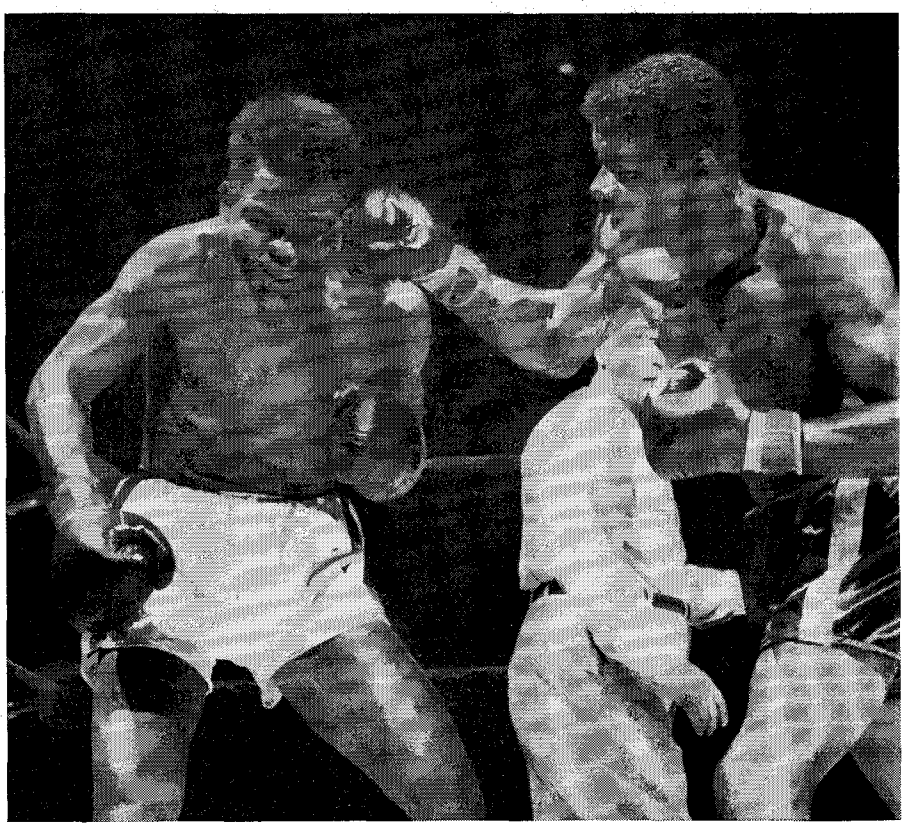


Victor: Jackson pummels ex-British Empire heavyweight champ Johnny Williams to the canvas. Hurricane floored the Briton twice in the third round to win on a TKO. His record—29 wins in 35 bouts.

Vanquished: Hurricane (left) lost this 12-rounder to Floyd Patterson last June on a split decision. Patterson later won the heavyweight crown.



Boxing's Human Windmill

Hurricane Jackson is the ladies' and children's favorite heavyweight. What is the secret of this unorthodox battler? "He doesn't knock people out," says one writer. "He drives them mad."

By W. C. HEINZ

In Lou Stillman's Gymnasium at 919 Eighth Avenue, New York, they refer to Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson as "The Animal." Jackson is a six-foot-two-inch, 192-pound heavyweight of twenty-five. In the opinion of ring experts, he ranks second among the boxing behemoths of the world. In the opinion of the sport's leading students of human behavior, however, he deserves the all-time top rating in any listing of eccentrics who have practiced the so-called manly art.

"In my fifty-two years of observing boxing," says Nat Fleischer, publisher-editor of The Ring magazine and dean of boxing writers, "Jackson is the most unorthodox fighter I've ever seen."

Fleischer, of course, saw the late Battling Siki, a former light-heavyweight champion who once tried to direct traffic in Times Square while wearing a top hat, purple-lined opera cape and white gloves, flourishing a walking stick and leading a monkey on a chain. He remembers Maxie Rosenbloom, who slapped and clowned to the same title, (Continued on Page 96)

Stubborn whim: At her son's insistence, Mrs. Jackson "submits" to a shooting lesson. Accepted rule for getting along with Hurricane . . . "Don't argue with him. Give him his way," says his trainer.

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Canadian Major General E. L. M. Burns, field commander of the United Nations Emergency Force, inspects Colombian troops at the Naples, Italy, staging area.

Sortie Into Suez

For the first time in history, a truly international army, flying no flag except the U.N.'s blue and white banner, stands guard over the world's tremulous peace. A Post editor reports from Egypt.

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

Clogged life line: A few of the unlucky 13 merchantmen bottled up in the blocked Canal by ships which the Egyptians scuttled. The vessel in the foreground is the Pote, out of Odessa, flying the flag of the USSR.

It was on the nineteenth day that this miniature miracle army, conceived in New York, born in Naples, and already deploying out of the Nile Delta, rolled to the left bank of the Suez Canal. Already they were calling themselves *Hammarskjöld's Afrika Korps*. Before the eyes of Latin Colombians from the Andes, Indian hillmen from the land of the three-leaved Himalayan pine, Norwegian ski troops from Mount Glittertind and tall, jocose Danes from wonderful Copenhagen, here was an amazing, symbolic scene. It spelled out its own story in the universal lingo of the obviously absurd. We laughed, we all laughed—because there wasn't anything else you could do.

Marooned there in the stagnant canal, north of the blown railroad bridge at El Ballah and just south of El Qantara, and in the south channel precisely, were thirteen frustrated merchant vessels and tankers, flying the limp standards of the maritime nations of the world. They looked as silly as large ducks in a narrow shooting gallery, except that they were silent and still, like painted ships upon a painted desert. If there is anything wackier-looking than 10,000-ton ocean-going ships lolling at anchor in the middle of the thirsty desert, their bored crews counting camels in passing caravans, it is thirteen of them in a row, a most unlucky number.

And yet there they were, as if some giant child had grown sullen, tired of his toy boats, and gone off to play marbles. A good look was for free—the Eli Knudsen and the Hektoria out of Tonsberg, Norway; the Brigitte and Dorado from Panama; the Statue of Liberty, a Cities Service tanker out of New York; the Pote from Odessa; the Eugenia from Liberia; and half a dozen others, including the Swedish ship Kyoto carrying Christmas bundles to the Swedish colony in Japan and 200 tons of Spanish grapes from Malaga.

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Indian paratroopers debark in Egypt after what was probably the longest troop airlift in history. A U. S. Navy plane flew them from India to be transferred to a Swiss plane in Italy.

Yugoslav soldiers with red stars in their caps eat a quick lunch after their arrival in Egypt.

Norwegian ski troops of the Combined Scandinavian battalion play leapfrog to keep fit on the hot Egyptian desert.

From the poop deck of the Statue of Liberty, there was one baritone American crewman who sounded off, every once in a while, with Down by the Old Mill Stream. A Swedish United Nations officer who had never heard it before thought it was "a very proper theme song, sir."

The costly presence of these ships in their languid lagoon underscored one of the most important reasons these United Nations Emergency Force troops are here. This is an army that will never need an Information and Education Officer, although, U.N. being what it is, it will probably send out several. But for the Canadian lance corporals, Jugoslav peasant riflemen, the Hindi paratroopers and Swedish ski troops who saw these ships, something became glaringly obvious—something that a harassed British prime minister had managed to forget. The technology of our modern world has become so intermeshed that neither the most advanced nations nor again even the most backward ones can any longer afford the luxury of modern war. The United Kingdom and France had blockaded themselves. And now the kids in the Swedish Embassy in Tokyo go without their Christmas marzipan, the Malaga grapes go sour, and in many countries many innocent people lack more important things than marzipan and grapes.

But this is not the story of the elephantine diplomacy leading up to the great disaster here in the Middle East. Rather, it is the story of the U.N.E.F. army that sprang out of the brows of the angry and startled delegates of many united nations in reaction to the disaster. The reader is familiar with the snarled and snarling political backdrop—of how our world hovered on the brink of total war because of events here and more terrible events in Hungary. It was in that tense atmosphere that this novel, yet symbolically potent army of blue helmets sprang into being. The paradox was that, while it required the goad of such events to sting the United Nations into action, the events themselves made the formation of that army perilous, and loaded the Middle East terrain with booby traps, real ones and otherwise.

Moreover, and in the beginning at least, there was the nagging reproof that in heading for Cairo rather than Budapest the United Nations were showing not only the blue patch but the white feather. There was indeed something of cant and hypocrisy in the U.N.'s flogging Britain and France for an action that was as much a blunder as it was a crime, and setting out to spank the Israeli David and not the Soviet Goliath. But, taking a second look, what has happened here seems to the advantage of the free human race. Today the world does have an international army, it is a flesh-and-blood thing in being, and if it succeeds here in Egypt, it may be ready for some future Budapest. Indeed, it must be ready. The Soviet leaders already sense this, hence their present great effort to force U.N.E.F. to disintegrate in the desert sands.

By the time I left the blue helmets in Egypt, they were already shaken down and beginning to shape up as a paramilitary force. It had been a turbulent month that was always hectic, often harassing, but somehow all along inspiring, and this is the record of that month. The day I left Egypt:

The combined Scandinavian battalion, tall Danes and devil-may-care Norskis of the Royal Norwegian Army, had already moved up gingerly into Port Said, to the sincere cheering of the Egyptian populace. ("The most happy fellahs," said an odd-ball correspondent who shall be nameless.) The Union Jack was slowly coming down, and for the last time, over the soft soil of Egypt. For a certain type of British officer, like commanding Lt. Gen. Sir Hugh (Merry Whanging) Stockwell, who always seem to carry a copy of Kipling in their kit, there was time now to ponder the real punch line in the words of the Bard of Empire: "Lo, all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre!"

Near Ismailia, the key military bastion halfway down the canal, crack Indian paratroopers, gaunt fellows and as lean as panthers, were taking no nonsense from anybody as they awaited further orders to move up to Le Cap and El Tima, between the cease-fire lines. Ismailia, where just two short years ago there was a mighty British garrison of 80,000 men.

Already across the canal were the Yugoslav riflemen from the elite Belgrade Division, wearing in their overseas caps the only red star that seems to shine best in the West. The first arrivals to come (Continued on Page 71)

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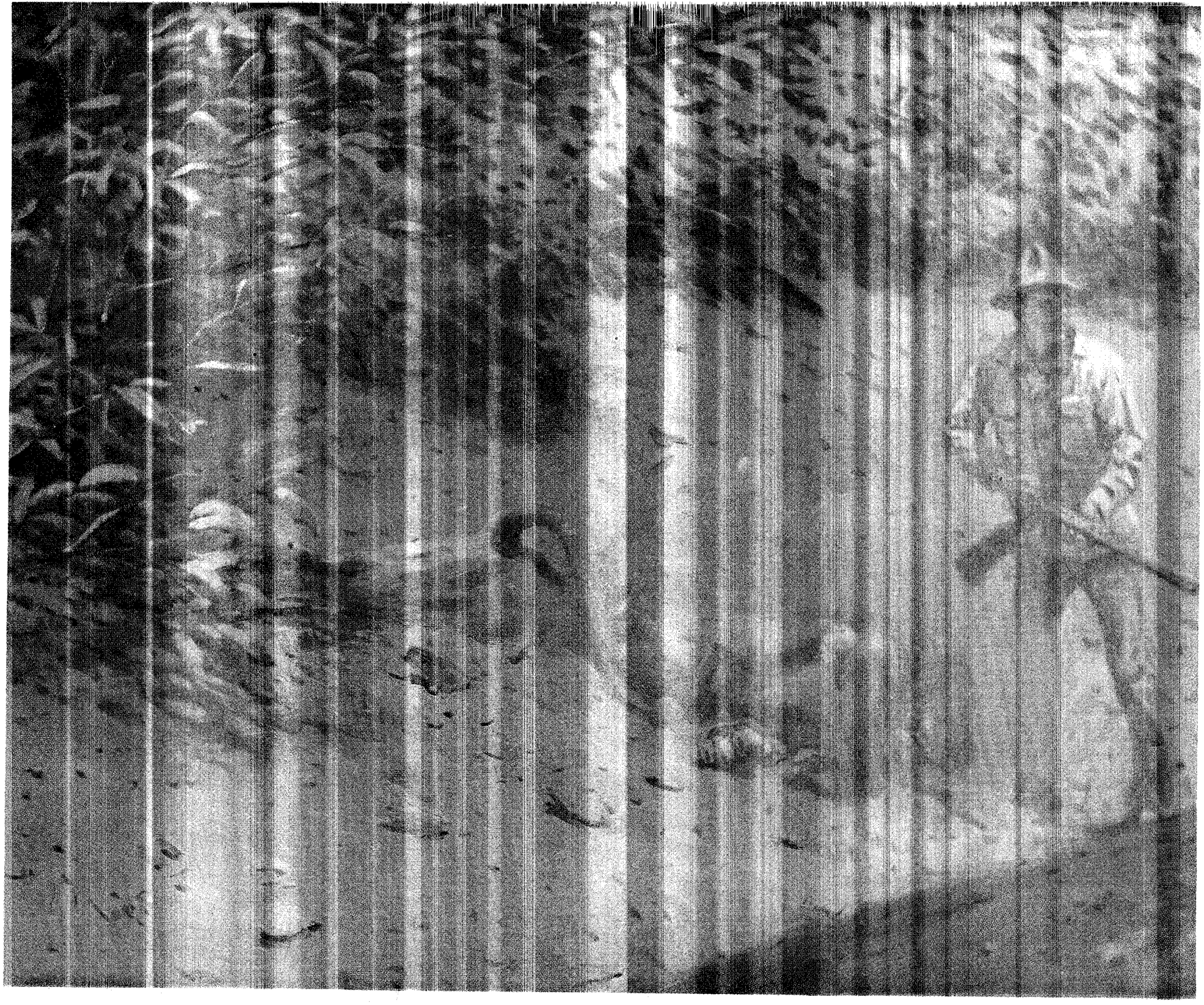

There is nothing
in the jungle to fear
more than an angry, wounded lion
that turns

Man-Eater

By JOHN BENJAMIN GEORGE

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

A rifle shot, distant but unmistakable, cracked on the far side of Pretorius Farm. Jan Pretorius, flat beneath the disabled pickup truck, dropped his wrench and cupped his hand behind an ear. There was a long pause, then another shot, followed quickly by a third. It was a short-barreled magnum, not a heavy double. He held still for another five minutes, ears cocked toward the zebra pasture higher on the slope of Kilimanjaro, expecting to hear a fourth report. Then he picked up the wrench, reading by the slant of the equatorial sunlight that it was 9:30 in the morning.

This would be the end of two lions, shot by the millionaire client of a Nairobi white hunter. The party had arrived yesterday with a note from the game warden asking Jan to let them shoot the two cattle-killing lions off license, as vermin. Jan looked at their new safari cars, their creased trousers and tailored bush jackets, and especially noticed their eagerness to kill two animals which—since they had been marauding on his farm—really belonged to him. And the game warden had

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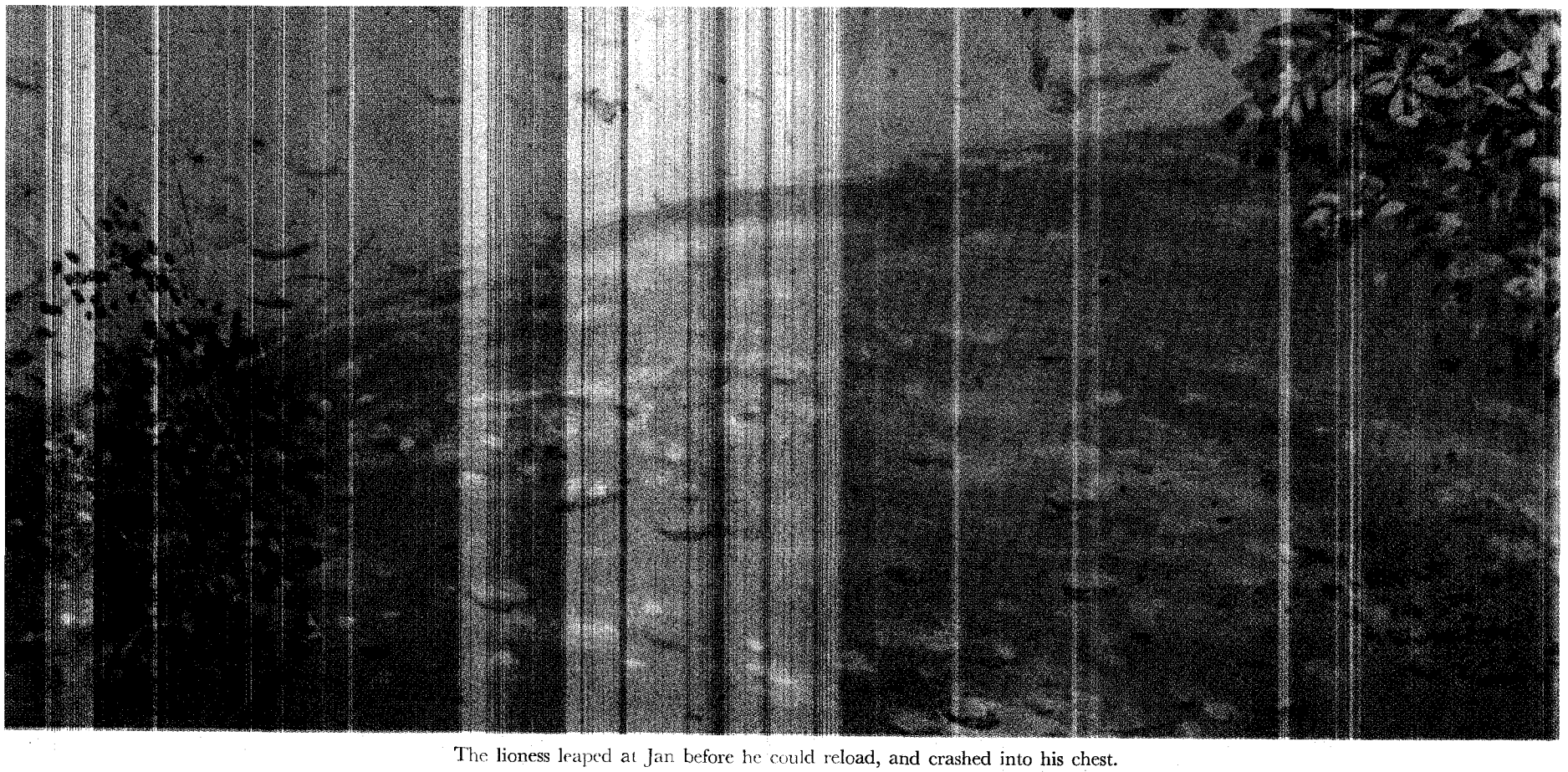

The lioness leaped at Jan before he could reload, and crashed into his chest.

called the lions, who killed only to eat, "vermin."

With usual East African hospitality, his mother put them up in the guest rondawel. And two hours before dawn he got up to direct them to the zebra pasture, where he had heard the lions kill at midnight.

He watched them load into the safari car. The hunter was Jim Wyett, senior partner of the oldest Nairobi outfitters, a big graying man with a jocular manner and a game knee. His reputation was international, his clients were usually royalty or movie stars. This one was a middle-aged American businessman, bespectacled, small and a little soft-looking. He carried his own rifle, a custom-remodeled Winchester .375 with a low-mounted telescopic sight. The reputation of Wyett and the familiar way the client fondled his rifle kept Jan from warning them to shoot carefully and to put in an extra shot to make sure each lion was dead. The damage a wounded, angry lion could do was known on all the farms.

As the car moved away in the predawn moonlight Jan felt lonely. Though young, with life stretching before him in the measureless space of the East African plateau, he felt confined and shackled. And now, as he lay under the truck and struggled with the corroded bolt heads, he mused unhappily on events of the past four years.

His father dead, ironically, of blackwater fever in the Abyssinia campaign. Himself too young for anything but the postwar occupation, a stripling in the uniform of the King's African Rifles. Then, with his mother, the grinding responsibility of the farm. An East African farm which, with decent rain, could make a fortune in three years, and without it could break a man, financially and physically, in the same time. Three years of misplaced and mistimed downpours, of drifting, sterile clouds, of parched seedlings and wasting herds. They were back where the locusts had put them in '40, and the bank owned two thirds.

The old safari life with his father, the walks through Buffalo Crater and the long annual treks for prize ivory were a dull memory. The Purdey .470 double and the Mauser .256 were almost in retirement, and the twelve safari porters had been converted to farm work. The only shooting was local—antelope for the pot, ivory purely for profit, and marauding animals around the farm. His boyhood hunting headquarters had become a place of boredom, drudgery and impending poverty.

And this wasn't all. Other things had changed, like that blasted Hines girl. She had no right, while he had been in Abyssinia, to change from an awkward, knobby-legged heifer into such a smooth-curved, rhythmic-motioned girl. It was torture to be near her. Every time he saw that flat waist, snug in the grasp of a carved-leather belt, he would hold his glance down like a cellar door. Then, in a controlled effort, he would whip it northward to her cool blue eyes without lingering anywhere between. To linger on the warm reshaping of those gingham shirts made him unable to say anything that sounded casual or disinterested. He remembered the last glimpse of her, day before yesterday, and swallowed. The wrench lost (Continued on Page 90)

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The Meaning of the '56 Election:

Can the GOP Win Without Ike?

An expert reports on his interviews with voters after the election, and tells why they formed a new force that may change both parties permanently.

By Samuel Lubell

Not long before the election, P. F. Harbiger, who farms in Southwest Kansas, received a letter from a friend in Colorado. With evident pleasure, the friend wrote of the enthusiasm with which officials administering the soil-bank program were spreading cash bounties among Colorado's farmers before voting time. As he read the letter, Harbiger suffered a slow burn.

"Those Colorado farmers were getting a better deal than us," he complained to me when I interviewed him after the election. "You know why? The people in Washington weren't sure they would win Colorado. Being solid Republicans like we are in Kansas, they forgot about us. I voted for Eisenhower because he'd be better in case of war," Harbiger continued, "but I went Democratic for governor and Congress. Things have been too one-sided in this state for too long."

That enough Kansans joined in Harbiger's protest to elect the first Democratic governor in twenty years was only one of the many curious developments which made last November's voting perhaps our most puzzling modern election. Only three Presidents—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe—have won a larger proportion of the electoral vote, and Dwight D. Eisenhower's 9,500,000 plurality can be interpreted only as an emphatic demonstration of popular confidence. But rarely has there been so wide a gulf between the vote for President and other offices. The puzzle remains: What besides Eisenhower were the American people voting for or against? Put another way, does the failure to sweep in a Republican Congress foreshadow a Democratic victory in 1960? Or can the Republicans renew their lease on the White House without a soldier hero as political collateral?

The Democrats, of course, have a simple answer to these questions. To them, Eisenhower's sweeps of thirty-nine states in 1952 and forty-one states in 1956 were "strictly personal" triumphs, which have not broken the old Democratic hold on the nation. Even the President appears to have accepted this explanation at least in part. Both in private and to newsmen he has said that the election results indicate the public still is not convinced the GOP has been genuinely converted to his "modern Republicanism."

The trouble with this interpretation is that it is not borne out in the (Continued on Page 74)

The author (left) puts his questions to one of the 62,025,576 voters who helped choose a President in 1956.

Elections are His Business

Samuel Lubell is unique among pollsters in that he has never been wrong in predicting the results of an election. In two articles for this magazine, last October, he forecast the Eisenhower victory, on the basis of doorbell-ringing surveys in California and Michigan. Now, following a five-week tour of the United States, he analyzes the reasons for the Eisenhower victory.

Mr. Lubell began analyzing election results in the Post after Franklin D. Roosevelt's third-term victory in 1940 and he has continued his surveys following each presidential election since then, with the exception of the war year, 1944.

—THE EDITORS

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As Babe and Little Joe watched, wide-eyed, the boy lit a cigarette and nonchalantly tossed the match away.

BABE AND THE BULLY

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Babe knew he wasn't a very nice boy, yet she couldn't help being impressed by his grown-up ways.

In the Star Store, in Sanford, Joe happened upon a full-length mirror and, with the self-conscious air of a man who never got more than a head-and-shoulders view of himself in the small looking glass at home, he paused to take stock of his appearance.

He thought he looked pretty smart. His blue Sunday suit was kind of tight through the chest and shoulders, but it looked good with the fancy red-and-gold tie which the kids had given him for his birthday. He had shaved before leaving home, and trimmed his black mustache carefully. As soon as he arrived in town he had got a haircut. It had left a band of white skin showing between his black hair and his sun-browned face and neck.

Joe was fussy about his appearance that morning because he was anxious to make a good impression upon the new banker. He had to borrow money to carry him until after harvest. As he resumed his progress toward the store's street entrance, carrying the bag of groceries and his empty egg crate, he frowned at the thought of the distasteful chore ahead of him. He always disliked having to go—hat in hand, so to speak—to ask for a loan, and the fact that the new bank manager was a stranger to him made it more of an ordeal than usual.

On the sidewalk in front of the store, Babe was trying out a new skipping rope which Joe had just bought for her. At the sight of her, Joe's frown vanished. She wore a summery, light-blue dress. Her cheeks were flushed and rosy, and her blue eyes sparkling. As she skipped, her fair hair tossed in the sunshine and her fluffy dress rose and fell rhythmically about her round bare legs. Joe paused in the doorway to watch her. Babe was the picture of her mom. He wished that Emmy could have lived to see her now.

Joe's decrepit old pickup was parked at the curb, and Little (Continued on Page 46)

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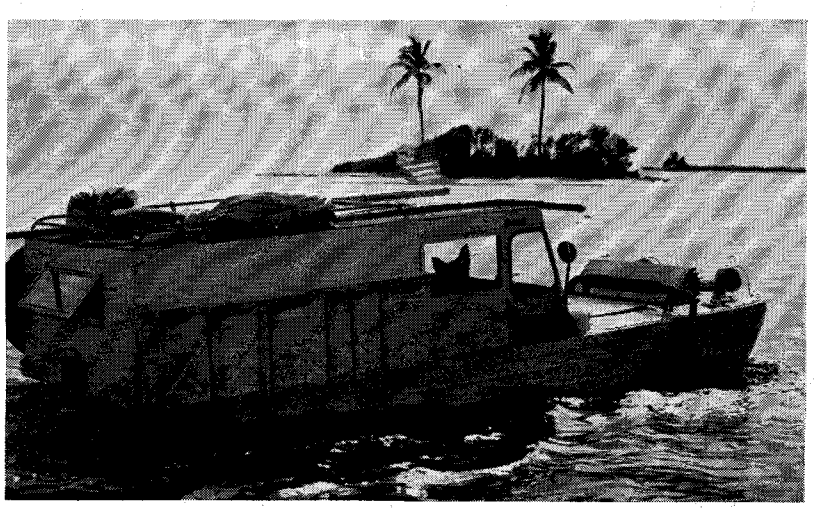
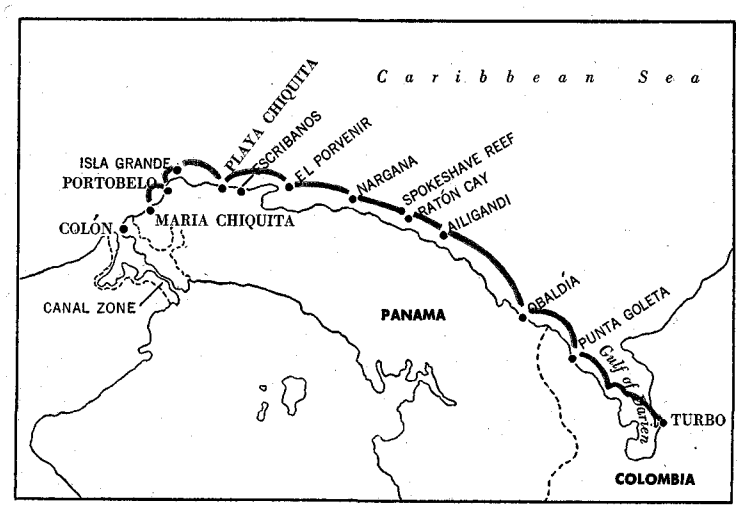
On this island superstitious San Blas Indians fled when the "sea monster" crawled ashore, then returned. Basketball court and backstops (top center) were missionary's idea.

WE MADE THE "IMPOSSIBLE" TOUR: *Part Three* By Frank Schreider

Island-Hopping the Spanish Main



La Tortuga cruises at 4 knots on a calm stretch of Caribbean, which was not always so kind. The jeep nearly foundered when violent storms sprang up.



Route of the Schreiders' month-long, 250-nautical-mile voyage by jeep around the impenetrable jungle between Panama and Turbo, Colombia.

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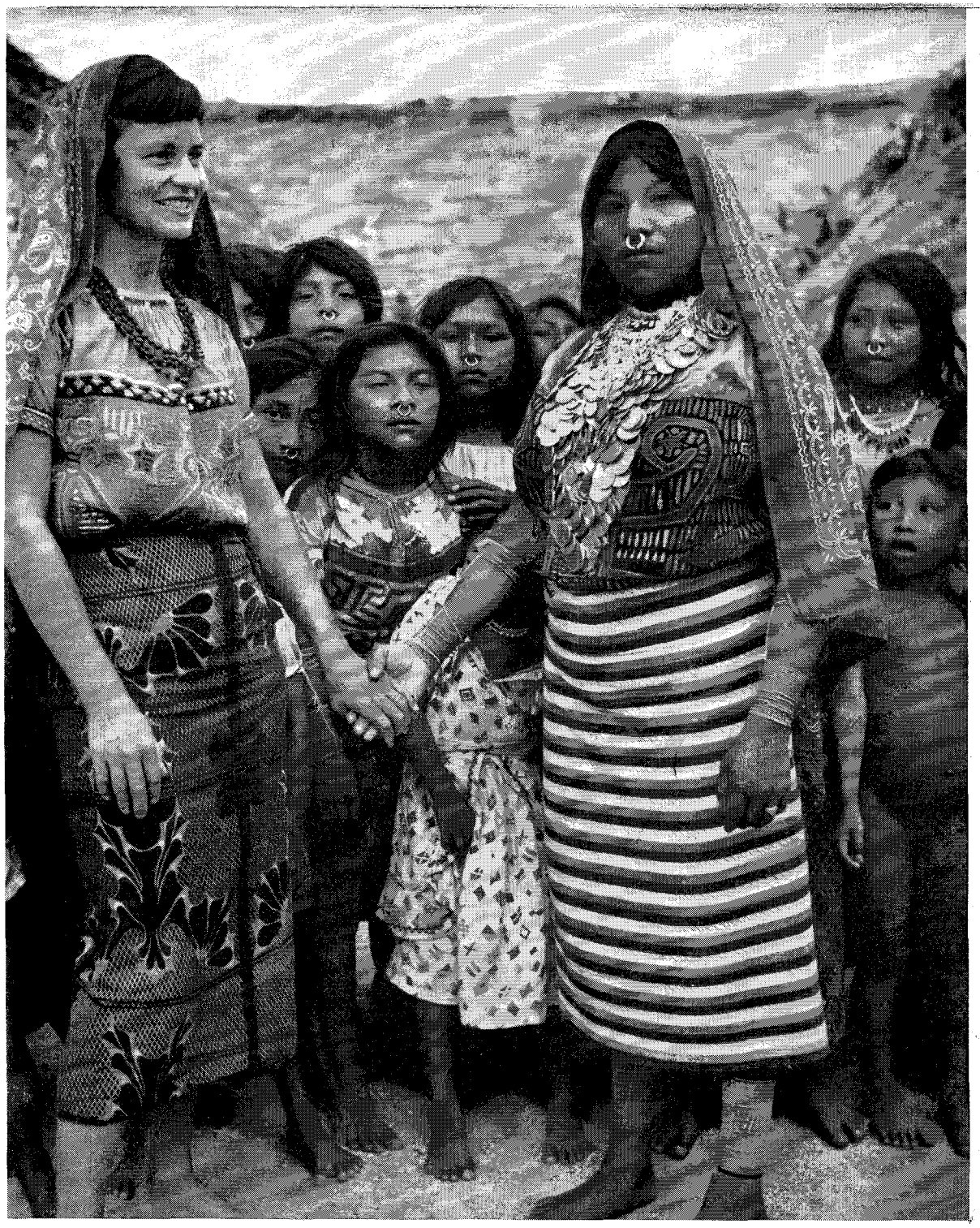
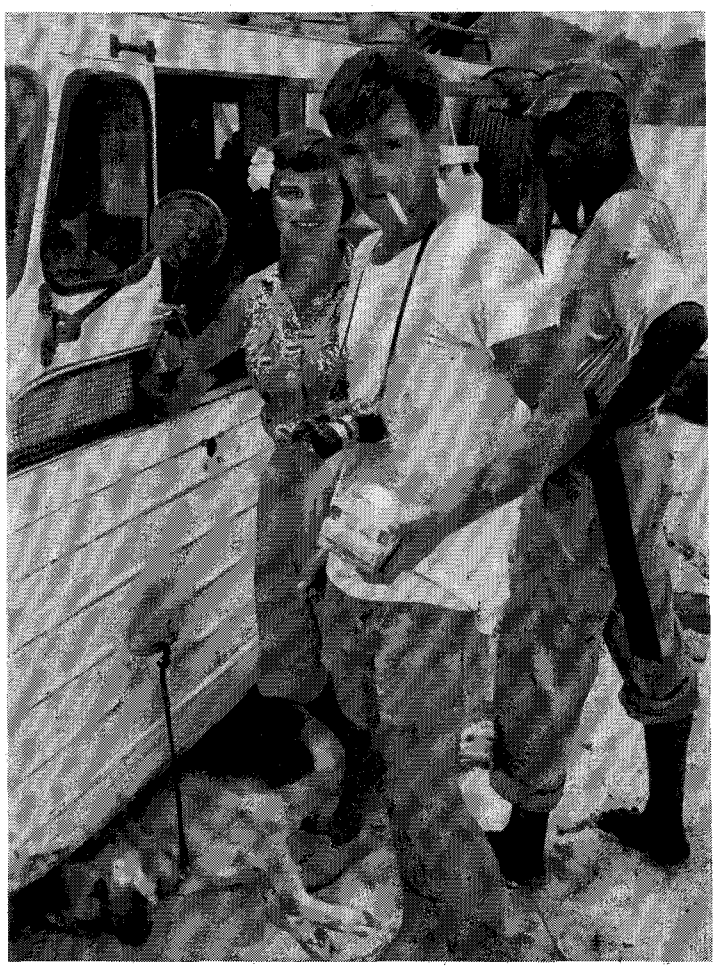


Helen sports San Blas Indian finery—minus women's customary nose ring and 4-inch hammered gold earrings.

NEXT WEEK . . .

Bandits and Breakdowns

"The guerrillas around here kill quickly," the Schreiders were told. But La Tortuga and her stubborn crew limped on to Peru.



Isla Grande: Frank, Helen, their dog and a local chief.

Copyright © 1957 by Helen and Frank Schreider

Marooned for days at a time, on islands inhabited by unpredictable Indians, the adventurers weathered the treacherous dangers of the Caribbean.

There was a light wind, and our amphibious jeep rolled with the ground swells. Far out in the Caribbean, big steamers were heading for the Panama Canal. Ahead, we saw a maze of reefs that could tear the bottom out of MS La Tortuga. It was dangerous to be navigating so near the coast line, but we had to be ready to run ashore if a storm blew up.

Our engine droned steadily, pushing us along at three knots. I handled the wheel, and Helen checked off landmarks on the chart. On this day, our first in the Caribbean, we planned to motor only from a point near Colón, Panama, to the ancient town of Portobelo.

In the seventeenth century, Portobelo was the foremost commercial center on the Atlantic coast. Spanish galleons called there for cargoes of Incan gold and silver. Now it is a forgotten hamlet with a shallow, muddy harbor. La Tortuga was the first vehicle to enter the place. A group of Negroes stared in awe as the jeep surged from the sea and bumped ashore.

We drove among tumbled ruins, with the whole population of a few hundred persons hooting and skipping behind us. This once-rich city had been reclaimed by the jungle; its inhabitants were descendants of the Negro slaves who had built it. The *alcalde*, or chief, was a slender, graying Negro wearing a white shirt and white cotton pants. He welcomed us and offered food. Thanking him, we asked to camp overnight in the ruins of Fort Geronimo, at one end of the village.

The next morning we headed south again. Helen was at the wheel, and our German shepherd, Dinah, was asleep on one of the bunks. I sat on the bow, watching for shallows and rocks. To our left, the sea foamed over Salmedina Reef; to our right, waves lashed the jagged coast. After three hours we sighted a small, hilly island with palms lining its eastern end—our objective, Isla Grande. We bogged down in soft sand at the water's edge, and had to deflate our tires to get sufficient traction to climb ashore.

The beach was swarming with excited Negro children. Little girls filled Helen's arms with fragrant tropical flowers—ginger, hibiscus, frangipani and *flor de India*. Little boys twirled coconuts by their stems and offered them to me. Following the children came the adults and the *alcalde*, who bade us welcome.

We set up camp under a palm tree and for the rest of the afternoon received a steady stream of visitors. The children brought more flowers, until La Tortuga (Continued on Page 93)

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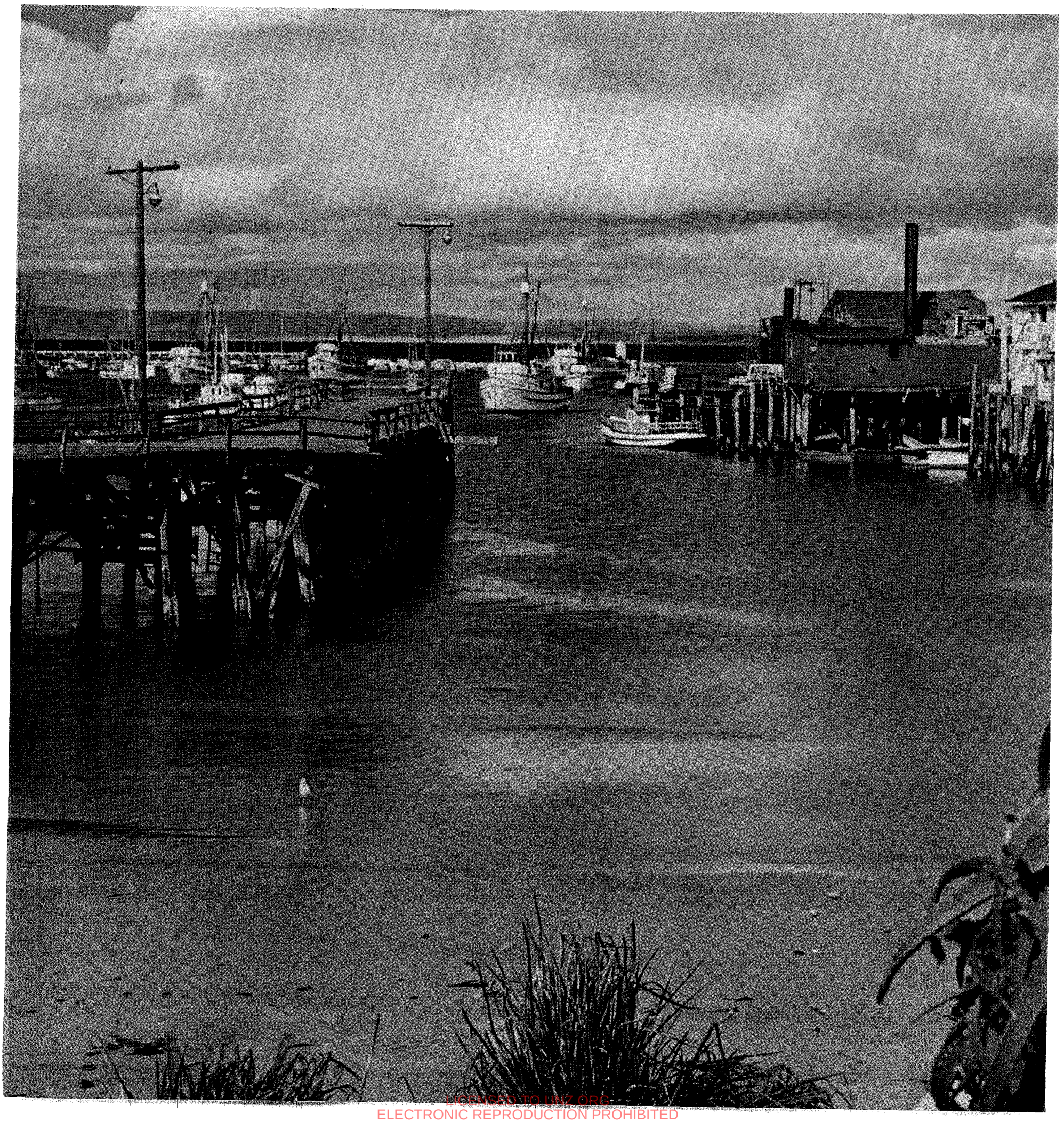
The Face of AMERICA

Fisherman's Wharf



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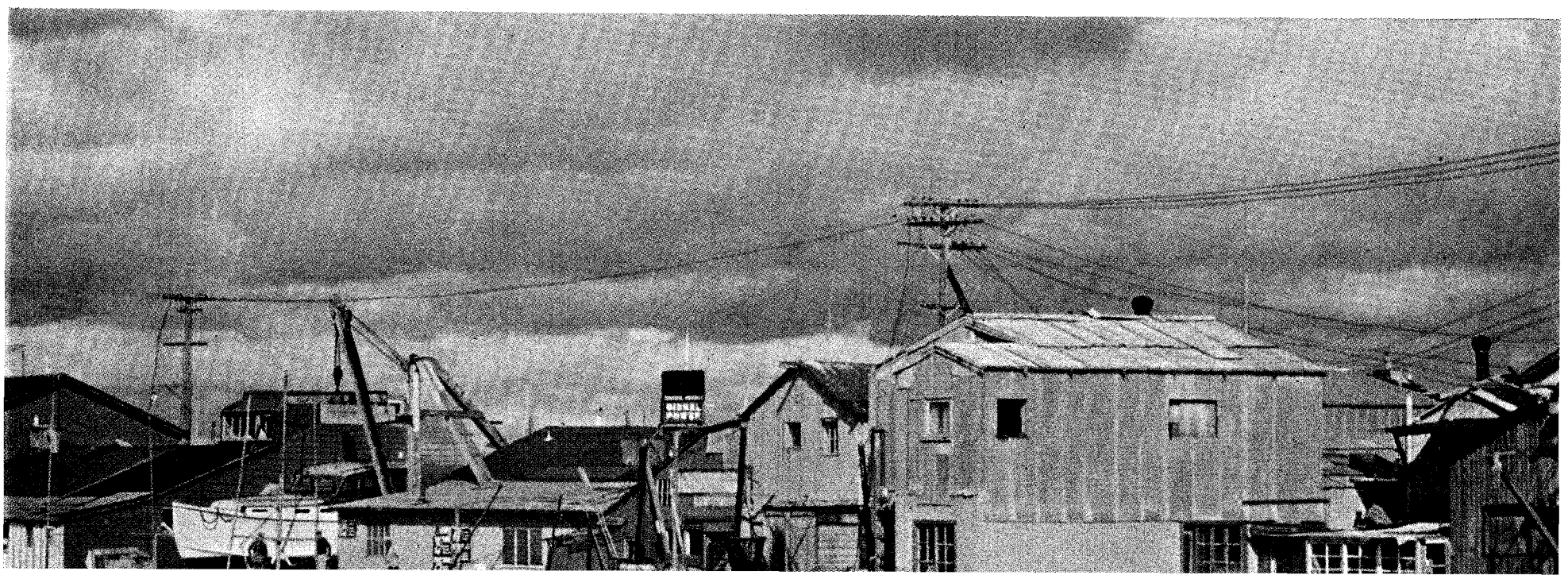
As befits a lady with a lot of history, Monterey's early record was one of continuous exploitation, but she was a glamour girl. In 1775, by royal Spanish decree, she was handsomely set up as the capital of colonial California. The revolutionary Mexican republic grabbed her from Spain in 1822 and kept her as its glamorous capital. (On the other hand, in 1818, a French pirate named Bouchard sacked Monterey and left without even tipping his beret.) The hated Yankee exploiters finally cooked her goose, transferring her franchise to Sacramento. She has been fishing for a living ever since, and taking life easy.

At high noon of a pleasant day, Monterey's Old Fisherman's Wharf dozes. Later in the afternoon foot-loose townspeople and tourists will eat at the wharf's fish bars. The air will be rent by the panhandling screams of terns, sea gulls and pelicans. And two mendicant sea lions from nearby Seal Island off Point Lobos will show up to perform slow-rolling acrobatics in return for fish scraps. ◉ Photograph by Fred Ragsdale



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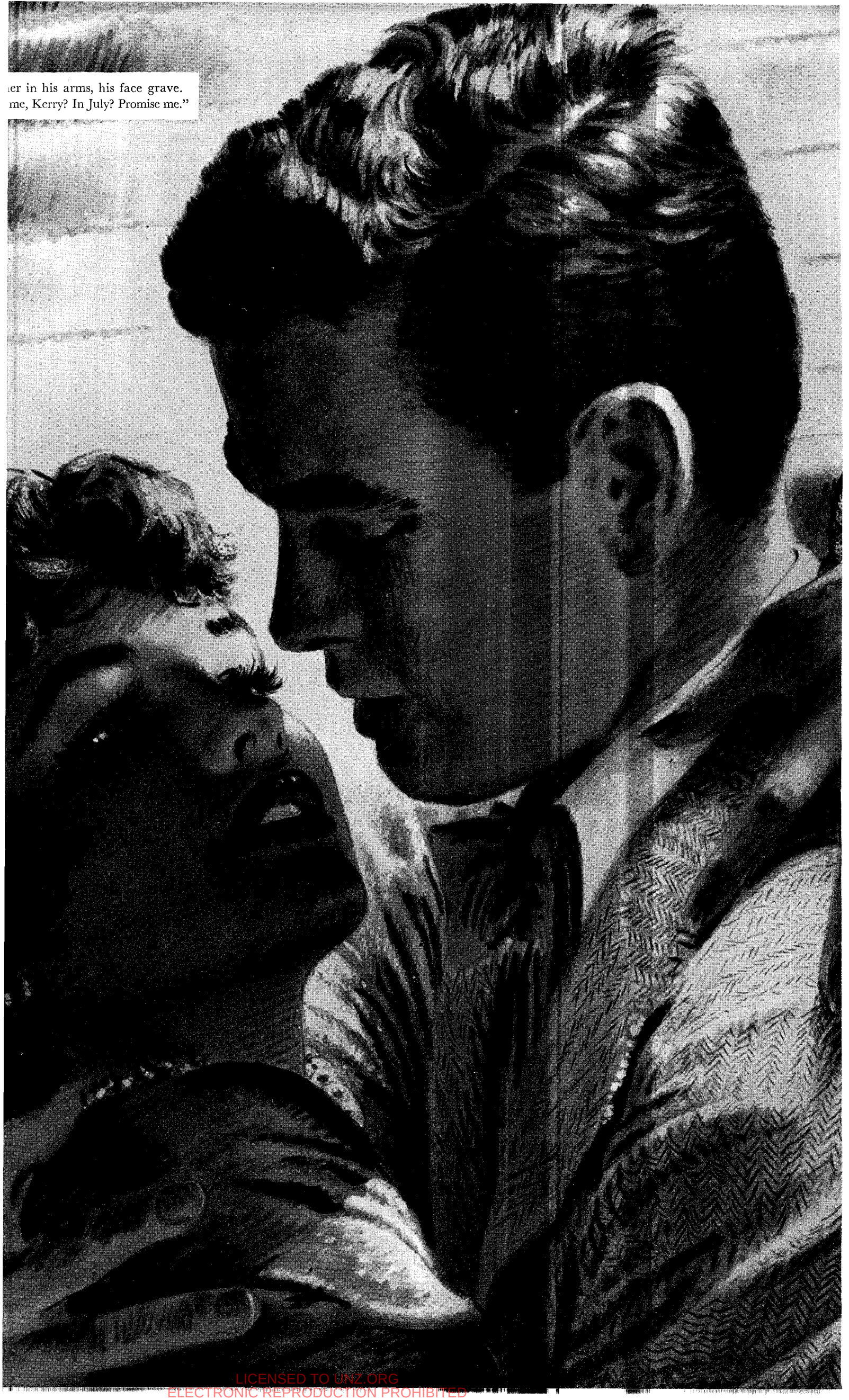
ıer in his arms, his face grave.
me, Kerry? In July? Promise me."



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Would he still feel the same after he learned the truth about her?

THE GIRL FROM THE MIMOSA CLUB

By LESLIE FORD Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

Johnny Brayton's grandmother glared at him, an angry flush darkening her cheeks. "If you have to fall in love, do it with somebody of your own kind," she fumed. "Do you want an open scandal?"

Johnny, the son of a prominent Baltimore doctor, had just started out as a lawyer. His first assignment was to represent a group of sitters and strippers taken in a police raid on a notorious night club run by a client of the law firm for which Johnny worked.

Despite himself, Johnny was attracted to one of the girls. He offered to drive her home. While the girl worked under the name of Miss Reeves, her real name was Kerry O'Keefe. Johnny had breakfast in her apartment. He found her completely different from the type of girl he had expected, and quickly fell in love with her.

Kerry said she had to leave town and could not see Johnny for a while. She gave him her number and told him he could call. On leaving Kerry's place, Johnny saw Sergeant Trumper, of the Rackets Division, outside. By the time Johnny returned to warn Kerry, she was gone.

Unfortunately, Camilla Anne, Johnny's sister-in-law, found out that he'd taken one of the sitters home. Camilla Anne had told his grandmother, Mrs. John Summerfield. She berated him for making a fool of himself.

Johnny himself was determined not to cause a scandal that would wreck his sister Lolly's marriage plans, and was anxious not to disturb his mother. She had enough worries with her husband, who was seeing entirely too much of a rich patient of his, Mrs. Ristwich.

Mrs. Brayton took the whole affair calmly. She and her son carefully skirted the subject of his affair. She dismissed him smilingly, then closed the door. Johnny heard the latch click, and then the bolt, as she locked it quietly.

II

Johnny Brayton went slowly up to the third floor. If his mother's locking her door behind him wasn't meant directly for him, the effect was the same—as what she'd said to him was, in effect, what his grandmother had said. His sister's happiness, her new confidence. *It'll break my heart if anything happens.*

At the top of the stairs he paused a moment, listening to the faint, incessant murmur of his aunt Miss Elizabeth Brayton's television in the room in front of his. The 1840 house had been solidly built or they'd all have been as somewhat more than fey as she was, sitting there glued to the TV panel, seldom coming out except to wander vaguely around the house at night, careful to tiptoe as she passed her brother's door. He went on into his own room. The air conditioner was on. It was cool and quiet, the storm passing over, the summer twilight touching the framed picture of his younger sister, Lolly, the changeling child. It had been taken when she was first engaged and the heart glow was in her eyes, dark like their mother's, the new confidence shining in her small, pointed face, very moving to Johnny as he looked at it.

"They don't have to worry. I wouldn't ever hurt you, baby." He said it aloud to her, and meant it.

Tap, tap, tap. He looked around, startled, and saw his door opening. If it had been a ghost he'd hardly have been more surprised than he was to see the wraithlike figure of Miss Elizabeth Brayton peering in at him.

"Nothing happened, did it?"

He looked blankly at her.

"At lunch. Your mother asked me to come down so there wouldn't be thirteen. I shouldn't wish to be responsible for a disaster. Your mother already has too much to try her. Excuse me now, dear; I'm sure the commercial's over."

She faded out as wraithlike as she'd appeared, leaving Johnny alone. Finally alone. Until the sunlit face of the girl in the yellow deck chair under the tree slipped back, the warmth and the loveliness returning.

Maybe she's home now. He picked up the phone and dialed the number she'd given him, holding his breath a little, waiting.

"Miss Reeves is not at home. This is a tape recording. You will have twelve seconds to give your name and telephone number. She will call you when she comes in."

He was still holding the receiver when the twelve seconds were gone and her voice was gone, the dial tone zinging in his ear, the iridescent image shattered into the tawdry dust of the Pine Street Police Station—dream stuff reduced to brutal reality, to Joe Anselo and the sullen crew being herded out of the cell block, into court, into taxis.

As she thrust her door shut behind Johnny Brayton, Kerry O'Keefe could see him through the disk of the one-way glass. He was still standing there, his heart with its tenderness and deep distress speaking to her more clearly than any of his words had done.

"Oh, Johnny! I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

She listened to him going along the hall to the front door. *If only I could have told him. He must think I'm horrible.* She pressed her head against the painted wood, swallowing back the ache in her throat, her mouth flooding with salt unshed tears. *I never knew you could fall in love all of a sudden. I've got to see him. Maybe I can tell him.*

She heard the other tread then, coming swiftly along the hall. Through the one-way glass in the door she could see the man in the brown linen coat, and opened the door before he knocked.

"Well, he caught me flat-footed." Sgt. Dave Trumper, assigned (Continued on Page 65)

Sergeant Trumper handed her the packet of papers. "Here you are. Your new credentials."

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs. Parks, prize vacuum in hand, inspects her husband, Halmond, wearing the new slacks she won for him. "Some people," he mutters, "say the only reason I have to work is to pay Nita's taxes."

Nita's family act as guinea pigs for a recipe in a cake-baking contest. Once she trailed after her son, Butch (second from left), for a week, taking notes on his opinions while he polished off 15 Popsicles daily.

So You'd Like to Win a Contest!

By RONALD M. DEUTSCH

Here's how Nita Parks has won mountains of merchandise, including a car and several washing machines and $25,000 in cash. She spends eight hours a day entering contests and gathering box tops.

Each year America's advertisers pour some $5,000,000 into treasure chests which—like Ali Baba's cave—can be opened with a few magic words. In fact, hardly a day passes without bringing some lucky contest winner anything from a flowing oil well to a year's supply of noodle soup.

With all this plunder lying around, it is no wonder that millions of Americans type or neatly print their names on entry blanks and take fliers at contests big and little. And it should come as no surprise that contesting, like any other sporting pursuit, has its own organized devotees, the National Contest Association; its own press, Contest Magazine; and even its own champions.

No one knows just who the world's champion contester is, but authorities agree that a forty-nine-year-old Pasadena grandmother named Nita Parks ranks as one of the nation's top contenders. So phenomenal has her success been that even the Wall Street Journal has been impressed by her financial achievements and has taken space to say so.

When Nita Parks wants a new washing machine, car or house, she doesn't ask her husband or save her money. She enters a contest. The list of her wins fills four closely typed pages, and an even better measure of their extent can be taken by describing part of a typical day in her life.

At 6:30 the strains of Oh, What a Beautiful Morning! sound in her bedroom, and a

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The queen of contestants displays some of her loot. The car was a prize, too, and even the house was bought with her cash take. Her winnings' total value—$35–40,000.

china dancing girl pirouettes out of the super alarm clock she won in the Pink Ice contest for naming a new perfume Pink Hazard. Mrs. Parks turns back the Pacific contour sheets (Aunt Jemima Home for All America contest) and rises from her Sealy Posturpedic mattress (provided by the limerick last line: "Rest assured, hums each bum vertebra!").

After scrubbing up with part of her year's supply of Sweetheart Soap, she dons her clothes (Sho-Curl contest) and hurries down the stairs of her big old home on a quiet side street (bought with money from seven words in praise of that Fabulous Fab).

In the kitchen, Mrs. Parks greets her black pedigreed cocker, Duke (Schiaparelli Hosiery and Fruit of the Loom Socks contest), feeds him a can of dog food from the year's supply that came with him, then cooks breakfast in her Ekco pots and pans ("I like Birdseye French-Fries and Peas, because . . .") and serves it on her complete pink pottery service for twelve (Queen for a Day).

At this point her eleven-year-old son, Butch, appears with his baseball and glove (Popsicle), and her husband, Halmond Parks, finishes drying himself with a Cannon towel (Lever Brothers), slips into a new pair of slacks (television station KTTV) and turns on the console radio (obtained in a swap for a Bel Air sewing machine—Nita had won two of them).

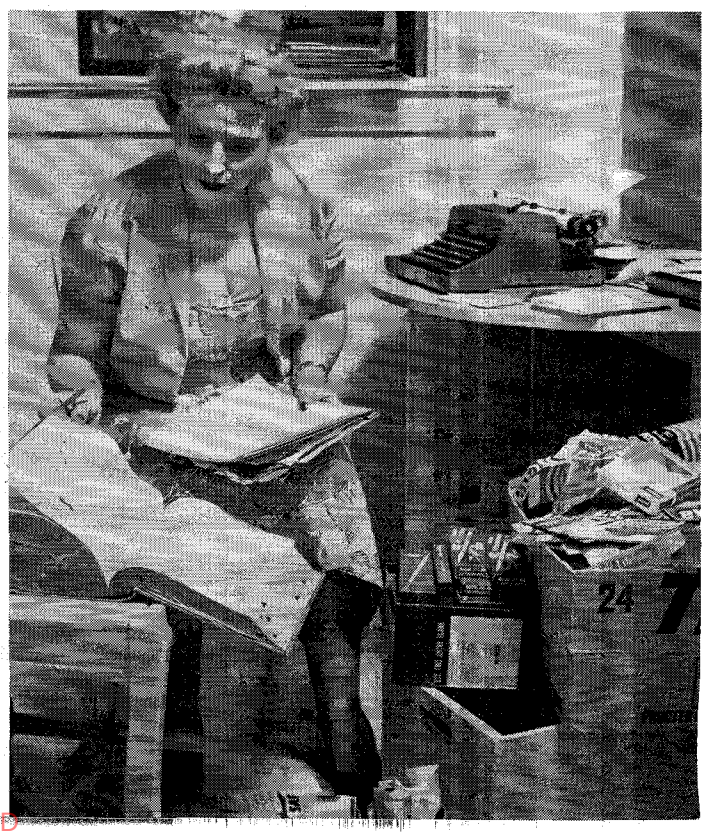
After breakfast, Nita starts the family wash in her big new washer and dryer ("I vote for Rinso, because . . .") using the last of a fifty-pound box of All detergent she won, and then drives downtown to shop in her new two-tone Ford complete with all extras ("I like Oxydol, because . . .").

Having selected her groceries, which always include large amounts of soap, she leaves the market without paying for them (she has a $250 credit from a local Market Basket contest). She stops to have the car lubricated (courtesy of a question submitted to a radio quiz show) and while she waits, lights a cigarette with a

(Continued on Page 62)

Photographs by Sid Avery

Nita at work. She bangs out 50 to 100 entries a week, sometimes raids trash cans for "perfectly good labels."



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Post Scripts

Feminine Standard Time

3:07 P.M.: "Heavens, George, haven't you napped long enough? It's almost four o'clock!"

7:12 P.M.: "You surely aren't going to turn on the TV now, are you? The Harknesses are due to arrive at eight-thirty. You only have a few minutes to dress!"

10:21 P.M.: "George, I'm worried sick! Do you realize it's nearly midnight, and Sue Ann isn't in yet!"

10:47½ A.M.: "All right, dear. I'm putting my hat on right now. After all, church doesn't start until eleven o'clock. We have plenty of time!"

MM PORTERFIELD

Movies are More Fattening Than Ever

The items at the Vendor's Stand
  In movies are increasing;
My yen for candy, sandwiches
  And ice cream is unceasing;
Suspense Shows used to take off weight,
  But now I just eat faster;
As screens increase in magnitude
  My appetite grows vaster;
I munch and crunch and lunch my way
  Through Spectacles and Creatures;
Just like the movies I attend,
  I'm showing Double Features.

LOYD ROSENFIELD

"It's a father!
I'm an eight-pound girl!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No more for Wally."

GALLAGHER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Car Salesman and the Lady

. . . Automobile manufacturers are now taking the time to translate into feminine language the features of their cars that are of particular interest to the fair sex. —News item.

"May I assist you, madam?"

"Well, I tell you. This heap's about had it, and if you can show me something that runs and maybe shade the price a little and sweeten the trade-in, I might get my husband to ——"

"Say no more, madam, but step this way! Here's your answer—not a car but a poem, a sonnet in steel—the Debutante Dreamliner! The tiniest touch of your tootsie on the pedal and away you'll ——"

"Well, shucks, I don't mind putting my foot through the floor if I gotta get somewhere, understand, but I like to know what's under me. How many horses?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Horses. Horsepower."

"Oh. A hundred and forty in your six-cylinder and—er —— That is, don't bother your pretty head! Here's the pure fluid music of motion attuned to today's living, a symphony of ——"

"Eight-to-one compression ratio, I suppose —— Look, how do you get under the hood? Isn't there a dingus that ——"

"Just press that knob, sist—I mean, one flick of a manicured finger and *voilà!* No nasty oil, no icky grease, everything dainty as your own boudoir."

"This the only color she comes in?"

"Heck, no, there's more colors than you can shake a —— Oops! Colors, madam? You hurt me! Today milady chooses her car color as she chooses her lipstick, to complement her own chic! Tonal duos of Passion-Pink-with-Maiden's Blush, Charcoal-with-Chokeberry, Starlight-with-Moonglow —— Did you have a particular shade in mind?"

"Peanut butter."

"What?"

"Peanut butter. You know, sort of brown. Inside and out. Here's the thing: we've got three kids, and you take three kids and some dogs and turtles and wet bathing suits and peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches and ——"

"Three kids? Say, that's what we've got, and believe me, this car's the real deal! All the go you need, safe as a church, a solid eighteen miles per gallon—and listen, lemme tell you what my wife does. First you take a couple of old Army blankets, see, and lash 'em down, front and back. Then you keep your scrub brush and soap and a bale of steel wool in your glove compartment along with plenty of paper towels, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

He Who Laughs First

You really ought to give him credit,
He knows a good thing when he's said it.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

News Events I Dream About

Torts University was disciplined today by the Big Thirteen Football Conference. President Doodle, the conference chairman, said the action was necessary because Torts had failed to pay its backfield a living wage.

Amy Willinglass, voted the most popular girl in the senior class by the boys of Fort Justin High School, declared in an interview, "I guess I won because I'm a straight A student and the boys were all grateful for the help I've given them in chemistry and solid geometry."

The Electronic and Chemical Mid-Century Corporation of Delveston, Texas, announced today the retirement of Fuddis Clarke as chairman of the board. He will remain in an advisory capacity just, as he put it to a reporter this morning, "To keep my hand in the profits."

Doug Bloom, a Harvard graduate and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bloom, of Inglenook Terrace, announced today the dissolution of his engagement to Miss Nancy Schmirtz, of Longmeadow. Said young Bloom in an exclusive interview, "It was nothing serious. I just got a good look at her in pin curls. Ugh!"

Jasper Quince was elevated today to chairman of the board of the Quince National Bank. His son, Kirk Quince, who has been serving as the freight-elevator operator since his graduation from Yale last June, was appointed president. His father explained, "He's my son, isn't he?"

Judge Krump Tettwillider dismissed a charge against Joe Numble in district court here today. Numble was charged with beating his wife with an old girdle. Explained Numble, "She kept saying 'vahz' all the time, instead of 'vase.' I couldn't stand it." Judge Tettwillider has been married three times to Smith graduates.

Bert Zoomer, of 11 St. Cloud Road, was delightfully surprised today when the Acme Zippy Auto Repair Company presented him with a brand-new '57 convertible. Said George Acme, of the repair company, "We did a crummy repair job on his old car and felt he should have a new one. We always aim to please."

ROBERT FONTAINE

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GOLDEN ROCKET 88 HOLIDAY SEDAN

Come on—live a little!

GOLDEN ROCKET 88

If you're the kind who won't settle for the ho-hum way of life . . . you're ready to join the circle of Oldsmobile owners. And the Golden Rocket 88 is for you! It's a mood-in-motion . . . with the bright new Accent Stripe, smart as the slap of skis on snow; it's the sweep of clean, low-level body lines. And above all, it's *power personified*—with the thrilling high-compression horsepower of the Rocket T-400.* Dashing "go" when you need it . . . wise economy when you want it! Today, let your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer show *you* the Golden Rocket 88 . . . value-car of the year!

*277-h.p. Rocket T-400 Engine standard on all models; Special Rocket Engine, with up to 312 h.p., available at extra cost.

OLDSMOBILE

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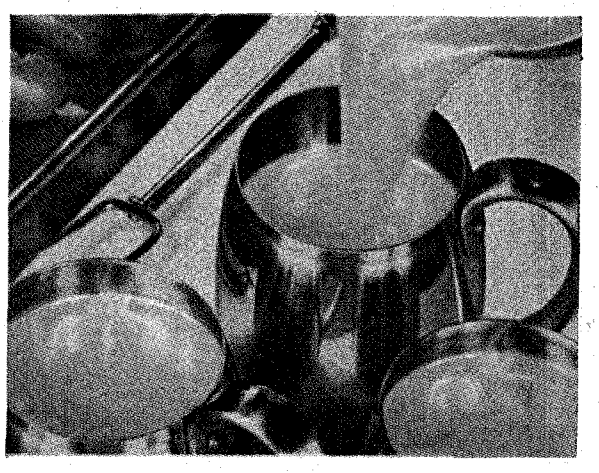
21 times for good hot soup

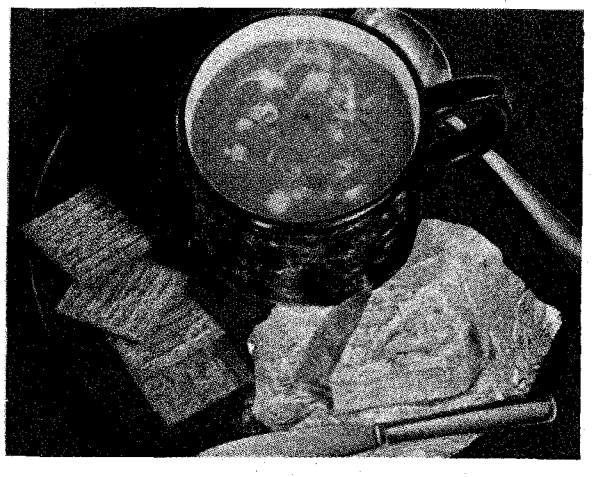
–and 21 *Campbell's Soups* to choose from!

Quick! Nutritious! Delicious!



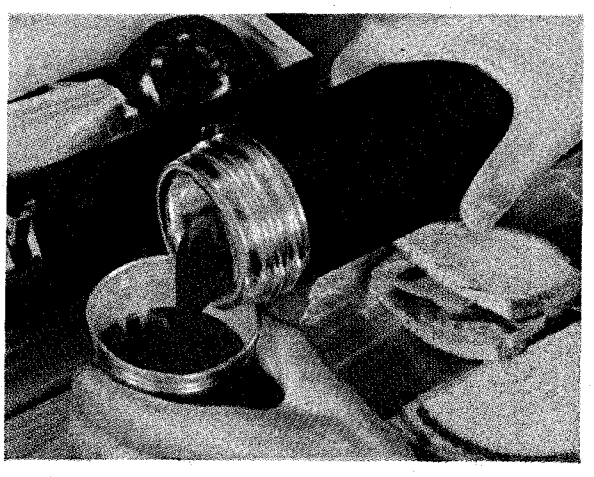
FIRESIDE SOUP

Barbecuing indoors tonight? Serve smooth, Campbell's **Green Pea** Soup in big mugs. Party-making!



SOUP-PLATE SNACK

While you watch TV, have a tray with cup or bowl of Campbell's **Clam Chowder,** crackers 'n' cheese.



LUNCH-BOX SOUP

Packed with lunch; something special in a vacuum bottle . . . hot Campbell's **Tomato** Soup!

NEIGHBORLY SOUP

When friends drop in, fill up pretty teacups with a friendly, warming soup . . . Campbell's **Chicken Noodle.**

SOUP FOR BRUNCH

Choose the Creole charm of **Chicken Gumbo** Soup ...the best of chicken and vegetables, delicately seasoned.

MIDMORNING SOUP

Take a Soup Break — have a pickup with hot, bracing **Beef Broth** (Bouillon)! Tides you over till lunch!

SOUP FOR SUPPER

All-vegetable meal in a bowl! **Vegetarian Vegetable** brings 15 garden-best vegetables to the table.

EARLY-BIRD SOUP

Morning eye opener — tangy Campbell's **Consommé,** Continental style. Warms! Tastes wonderful!

AFTER-SCHOOL SOUP

For the kids — have hot Campbell's **Beef Noodle** Soup waiting. Pep-up snack that won't spoil supper appetites!

4 O'CLOCK SOUP STOP

Make it a healthy, *happy* custom! An afternoon cup of Campbell's **Cream of Celery** — and crackers to nibble.

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AFTER-THE-GAME SOUP

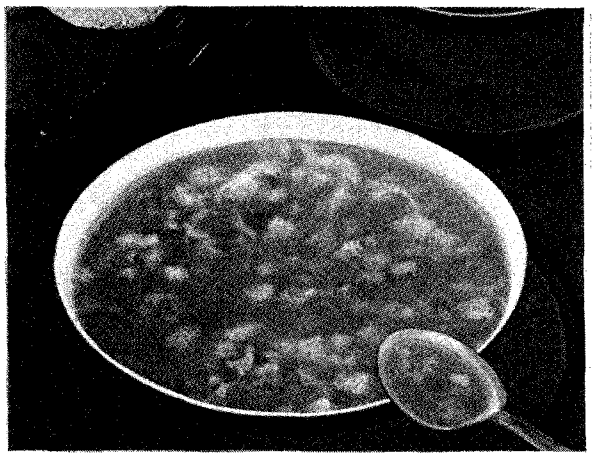
Pleasant way to snack and relax — have a bracing bowl of Campbell's **Scotch Broth.** Hearty, good fare.

SOUP THROUGH THE MEAL

Here's the easy way to enjoy a variety of nutritious garden vegetables — a mug of **Vegetable** Soup.

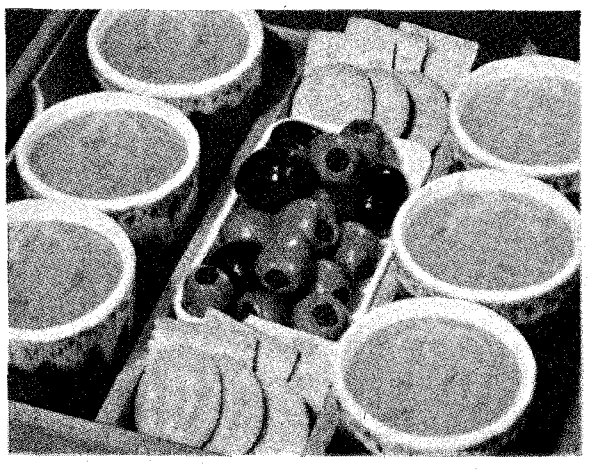
SOUP TO START THE MEAL

Try Melba toast and a spoon of Cheddar Cheese on rich, brown **Onion** Soup . . . a French-style treat!



SOUP FOR LUNCH

Pep up lunch with **Pepper Pot** Soup! Quick to fix — with spirited flavor and wholesome nutrition.

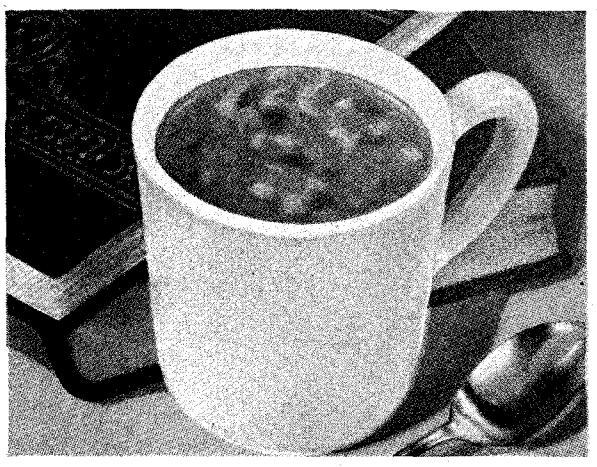


SOUP TRAY BEFORE DINNER

While dinner's cooking, have a soup tray in the living room! Serve **Cream of Asparagus** in mugs.

BUFFET-SUPPER SOUP

A great serve-yourself dish . . . **Beef** Soup in a handsome tureen! Make it a Sunday-night specialty.



HOMEWORK SOUP

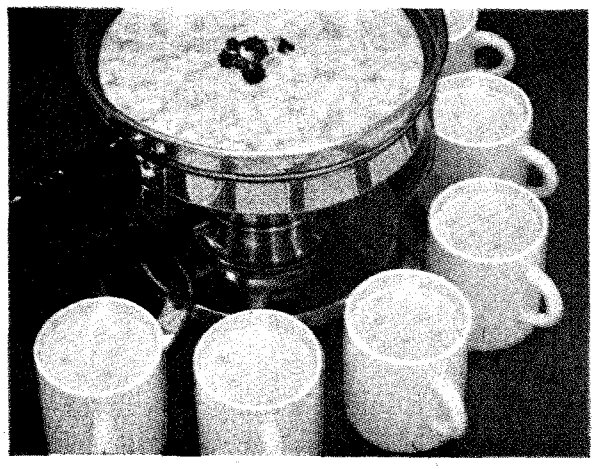
Arithmetic problems to tax returns . . . any home chore's pleasanter with a cup of **Vegetable Beef** Soup.

SOUP FOR BREAKFAST

New idea at the breakfast table . . . a hot and sparkling soup to start — Campbell's **Chicken with Rice!**

PANTRY RAIDERS' SOUP

From shelf to stove to bowl, only 4 minutes. Campbell's old-fashioned **Bean with Bacon** Soup—a raider's favorite.

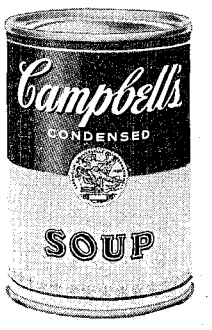


AFTER-THE-PARTY SOUP

Say, "Come on back to my house" — for scrambled eggs and Campbell's **Cream of Mushroom** Soup. Easy, fun!

OFF-TO-SLEEP SOUP

A good, warm drink before bed — that sweet dream of a soup — **Cream of Chicken** made the home-kitchen way.



SOUPS SUPPLY BASIC NUTRITIONAL NEEDS:
Vitamins, Minerals and Liquids—for general well-being.
Proteins—for upkeep and growth. Carbohydrates—for energy.

Once a day . . . every day . . . SOUP!

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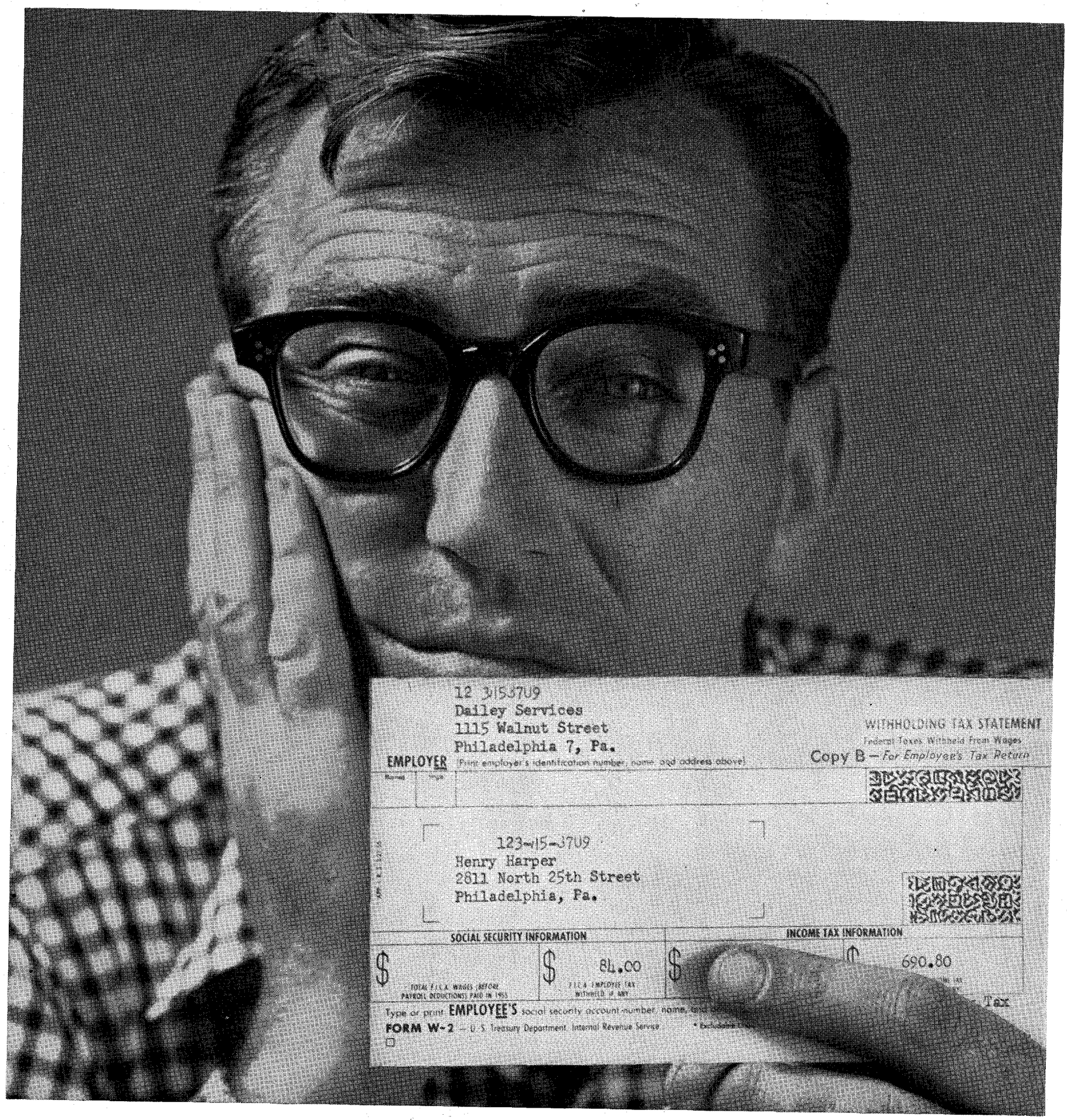

Where do your taxes go?

You may have a pretty good idea where taxes go. But did you know that some go to help pay other people's electric bills?

They're the families and businesses that get their electricity from federal government electric systems like the TVA.

While about 23¢ of every dollar you pay for electricity from your power company goes for taxes, those other people pay much less . . . only about 4¢ per dollar if their power comes from the government's TVA, for example. As a result, *you* are taxed *more* to make up for what *they don't have to pay.*

Don't you think this unfair tax favoritism needs thorough study and discussion? *America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*.*

** Company names on request through this magazine*

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The killer lined his gun at the girl. "Don't make me use this," he warned Speer.

Treachery at Rock Point

By PETER DAWSON

If it comes to a showdown, it'll be you alone against the two of them," said Speer, helplessly tied to a horse. "How about letting me have your Colt's, Kelso?"

Will Speer had returned to Rock Point, now site of a gold boom, after two years as a civilian cavalry scout. Meanwhile, a five-thousand-dollar gambling debt had forced Ned Oakes, who, prior to Will's period of cavalry scouting, had been his partner in the stage line, to take on the scheming Lyle Danbo, who then blackmailed Oakes into tipping him off on the local bank's gold shipments.

Speer had tried to get a stage through to Leesville. But Danbo and the hostlers Kelso and Worts pulled off a robbery in which Will shot down Worts. And Danbo, angry because the loot was less than he expected, resumed his blackmailing.

Then heavy rains washed out railroad lines to the east, and the bank's gold deposit began to mount dangerously. So Will decided to smuggle it downriver on the packet Belle. But Danbo caught on to the move and forced Oakes to act the part of a victim in his plot to steal the gold. When Will unexpectedly came on deck that night, Oakes slugged him. Then Danbo turned over both Speer and the gold to Kelso, who was waiting on the riverbank. Danbo hoped Will's disappearance would indicate his guilt.

Kelso, still angry at Worts' death, promised Will he would not live long. When the sudden appearance of two armed Indians terrified Kelso, Will, who recognized the braves as belonging to a friendly tribe, determined to play up the hostler's fears in the hope of somehow catching him off guard.

CONCLUSION

A quiet surge of elation and thankfulness gripped Will Speer as he eyed the four tall Piegan lodges sitting at the margin of the river cottonwoods. He could see three squaws working at a fire between the two nearest lodges. And suddenly, now, several dogs off there started yapping furiously. Two of them ran toward them, the hair along their backs bristling.

"Let's run for it!"

Matt Kelso was reining his bay horse hard around when Will sharply told him, "Do that and our friends back there'll cut you down."

His words made Kelso roughly haul his animal to a stand. Here was the moment that would decide this one way or the other—the moment Will had (Continued on Page 82)

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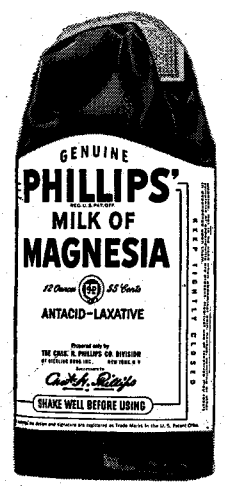
I settle my stomach in seconds...

with Milk of Magnesia

Gas, heartburn, stomach sourness —*all* symptoms of acid indigestion are eased away—*quickly!* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—one of world's fastest antacids—actually *settles your stomach in seconds!* So when too much food, drink, tobacco upsets you, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel fine again—*fast!*



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA

Babe and the Bully

(Continued from Page 31)

Joe was leaning against the side of it, watching Babe with the bored but tolerant air of an older brother. Little Joe took after his pop. He had the same black hair and eyes, and the same sturdy build. He would be a big man someday—and a lot better man, Joe hoped, than his pop was. Refined, sort of, like his mom's folks; not rough and common, like Joe himself or Uncle Pete.

"I want that you kids should be genteel an' refined like your mom was," Joe often told them.

While he lingered, admiring them, a boy came along the sidewalk and stopped to watch Babe skipping. He was taller than Little Joe, but skinny. He wore a fancy, striped T shirt and brand-new jeans and sneakers. The only untidy thing about him was his tousled, sandy hair.

"I can walk on my hands," he announced presently. Without waiting for an invitation, he proceeded to demonstrate while, unobserved in the doorway, Joe grinned indulgently. *You take a boy,* he was thinking. *Seems like he's always gotta show off in front of a girl.* It would not be many years, Joe supposed, before some boy would be trying to impress a teen-aged Babe with a hot-rod car or a half-broke cow pony.

Babe stopped skipping. She and Little Joe looked on admiringly as the boy teetered along on his hands. A pocketknife and sundry nails, bottle caps and other small objects fell from his pockets one by one and clattered to the sidewalk. Finally, he dropped his feet to the sidewalk and began picking the things up.

"You want to wrastle?" he challenged Little Joe.

"O.K.," Little Joe answered, with a reluctance which his pop could understand, the other boy being so much bigger. But Joe did not interfere. He believed in letting his kids fight their own battles.

The boys approached each other warily. After some preliminary feints, the big boy grabbed Little Joe about the neck. But Little Joe got his arms around his adversary's waist and, by dint of much straining and grunting, wrestled the kid to the sidewalk and held him there, flat on his back and helpless, for all his squirming.

"Nice goin', boy!" Big Joe applauded under his breath.

After a time, Little Joe got to his feet and waited for the other boy to start another round. But the kid did not offer to resume the bout. With a sulky air, he began brushing the dust off his new clothes. Then, in an obvious attempt to recover the prestige he had lost when thrown by a smaller boy, he took a crumpled cigarette from his pocket and a match. He lit the cigarette and nonchalantly tossed the match away. Suddenly, he jerked the skipping rope from Babe's hands and took off on the run.

"Hey! Bring that back!" Little Joe cried, starting in pursuit.

Big Joe dropped the egg crate and the bag of groceries. He shot out of the store like an angry bull coming out of a rodeo chute, passing Little Joe in a few bounds. Where Babe was concerned, it was hard for Joe to hold to the principle of noninterference in kids' squabbles. Because Babe was just a little thing, little and fair and dainty, and so much like her mom.

The kid kept waving the rope tauntingly as he ran. By and by he glanced over his shoulder and noticed that his pursuer was not Little Joe, but a big and angry man who was overtaking him rapidly. With a sharp "Yipe!" of panic, he dropped the rope and tossed away his cigarette. Then he rocketed ahead so fast that, instead of overtaking him, Joe began to drop farther behind.

A maroon-and-cream sedan was parked in front of the butcher's. The kid raced up to the car, yanked open a door and dived inside, pulling the door shut after him. When Joe charged up a moment later, the boy was cowering against a stout, ruddy-faced man behind the wheel.

"Is this young bully your boy, mister?" Joe demanded.

"He is," said the stout man, bristling. Joe did not know the man. He was wearing a gray business suit and a pearl-gray hat.

"You oughta learn him to pick on kids his own size," Joe said.

"Try picking on people your own size yourself," sneered the stout man.

In view of the stranger's un-co-operative attitude, there was not much that Joe could do. The man was a soft and flabby type. It would not be right for Joe to work him over. Joe turned his smoldering eyes on the boy.

"In future, you young bully," he said, "leave my little girl alone."

Then he turned away. He retrieved the skipping rope and strode back to the pickup where Babe and Little Joe were waiting. He handed Babe the skipping rope and carried the groceries and the egg crate out from the store.

"He's not a very nice boy," Babe said. "He smoked, pop!"

"I seen him, Baby," Big Joe said. He frowned, observing a look of reluctant admiration for the bully in Babe's wide blue eyes and Little Joe's black ones.

"The boy swore, too, pop!" Babe said solemnly. But there was still that look in her eyes, as though, for all her virtuous tone of voice, she could not help regarding the kid as a hero. "People shouldn't swear," she said.

"Damn tootin' they shouldn't!" Big Joe said.

"You swore, pop!" Babe chided.

"Dad rat it!" he exploded irritably. He always tried to set a proper example for Babe and Little Joe, but sometimes a swear word slipped out. It made him feel ashamed.

"I ain't very refined," he admitted gruffly. Then, to change the subject, he demanded, "Who was that kid, anyway?"

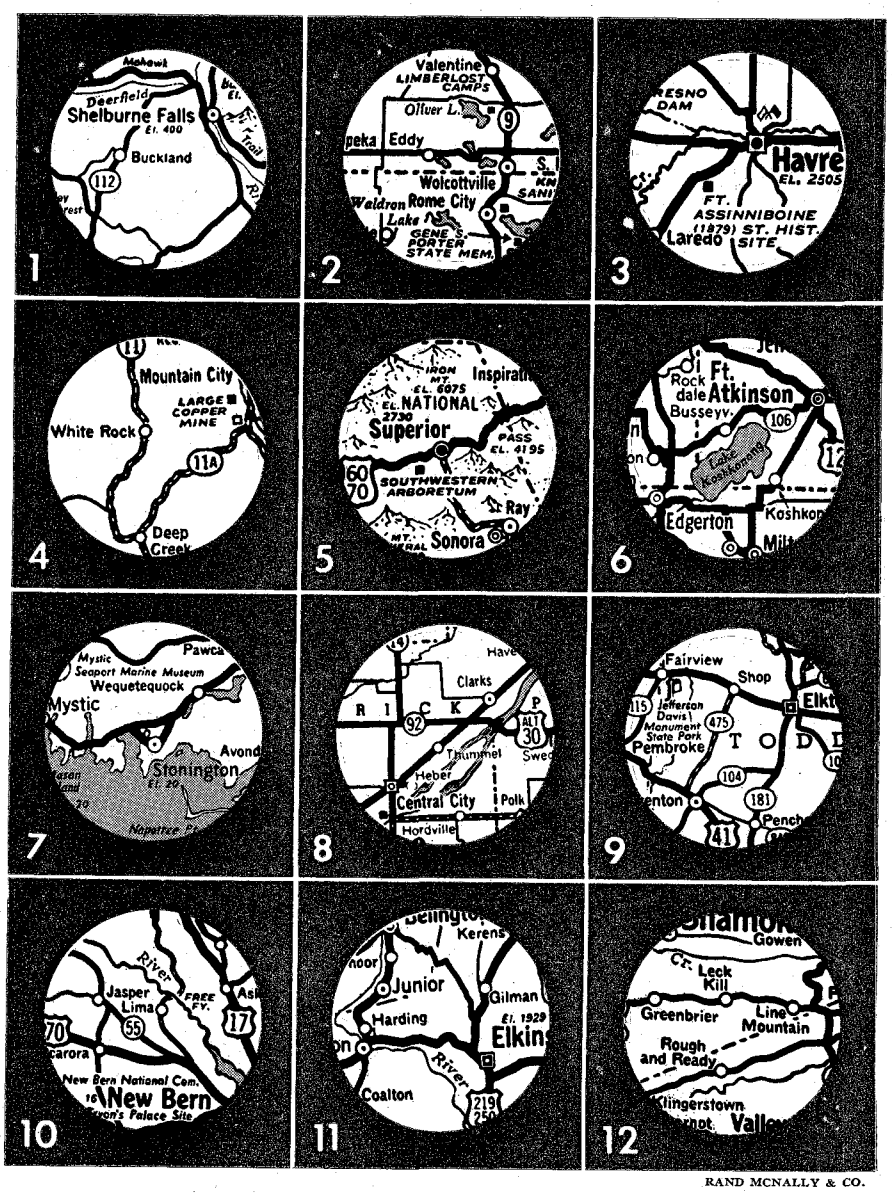
"His name is Eddie," Little Joe answered. "Eddie Walton."

"His father works in the bank," Babe said.

"Oh, no!" ejaculated Big Joe.

The kids looked up at him anxiously. "What's the matter, pop?" they asked in unison.

Without waiting to reply, Joe whirled about and started back along the street,



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 48*)

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almost running. If he hoped to get a bank loan, he would have to apologize to the banker. Otherwise the guy would take great delight in brushing off a man who had called his son a bully.

"I guess I was kind of hasty," Joe would say. "You know how it is, mister: A man flies off the handle sometimes. After all"—Joe practiced a tolerant chuckle—"kids will be kids, like the fellow says. I guess your boy was only foolin'."

He even persuaded himself that the boy was not really a bully, but had merely been trying to show off, the way boys are prone to do.

However, all Joe's feverish rehearsing was wasted. The maroon-and-cream sedan had gone. It was nowhere in sight.

"Brother!" Joe mourned. "I sure won't get no loan from that guy now!"

But with all the harvest expenses looming up—gas and oil and machinery repairs and what not—he had to raise some money somewhere. Or else he would have to sell a few steers, even though not a critter on the place was ready for market.

... ...

Scientific Fact

By RICHARD WHEELER

With science daily gaining
speed,
I find myself impressed
indeed,
But offer this prediction:
Though science works with
all its might
Forever, it will never quite
Catch up with science
fiction!

... ...

As he pondered glumly upon his predicament, the only way out that he could think of was to get the kids' Uncle Pete to apply to the bank for a loan. Joe was far from hopeful about this idea, because Pete had no standing with banks and bankers. In fact, Pete had no standing, period. Respectable people looked askance at him because he was a heavy drinker and, worse still, made his own liquor so as to assure himself a constant supply. The police were always laying for him, not only because of his still but because occasionally, when he needed money, he would sell a gallon or two of moonshine to Tom Dunke, the Sanford bootlegger. Pete was not notably scrupulous, either, about paying his debts. Nobody who knew him would lend him a dollar. But—and this was the one thing Joe counted on—the new banker did not know Pete, and might therefore take his signature on a note. There would be no risk to the bank in this, because Joe would see that the note was paid when it came due.

You generally knew where to find Pete when he was in town. Joe stopped at the drugstore and bought a small bag of peppermints, then walked on a couple of blocks and turned into the bar of the Farmers' and Ranchers' Hotel. He himself never went into the place except when he was looking for Pete. Joe did not drink. He had promised Emmy.

"Don't get to be an old soak like Pete. For the children's sake," Emmy used to say.

Sure enough, Pete was in the bar. He and Tom Dunke had their heads together.

"I gotta talk to you, Pete," Joe said, giving Dunke only a curt nod.

Pete followed Joe out to the street, walking with the slouching, bowlegged gait of the veteran cowpoke. He was a head shorter than Joe, and kind of scrawny. But he was a tough old rascal. Otherwise he could never have stood the life he had led and the liquor he had drunk.

Liquor had marked him, though. His eyes were red-rimmed and watery; his nose and cheeks mottled with a network of purplish veins. He had a dumb and sodden look that often deceived strangers. Because Pete was not nearly so dumb as he appeared.

"I want you to go to the bank an' see can you borrow four hundred bucks," Joe said.

"Who? Me?" asked Pete incredulously. He suffered from chronic asthma, which made his voice harsh and rasping, like the sound of a rusty hinge. Pete knew that nobody but a Santa Claus would take a chance on lending him money. And Santa Clauses did not get to be bank managers.

"I just had some words with the new banker," Joe explained. He told Pete about the trouble over Babe's skipping rope. "I didn't know he was the new banker, see? I called his kid a bully an' he got sore. Chances are, he wouldn't loan me a nickel now. But he might maybe let you have the money. It's worth a try, anyway."

He grew more and more pessimistic, however, as he pictured the poor impression Pete would make on a stranger. Pete was never fussy about his appearance. His old ten-gallon hat was soiled and tattered. His shirt and pants were shabby, the pants tucked into badly scuffed cowboy boots that were grotesquely run over at the heels. In fact, Pete looked like a tramp. Even his breath was against him, although Joe had bought the peppermints to take care of that.

"Take a mouthful of these before you go in the bank," he warned, thrusting the bag into Pete's hand.

Pete put a handful of peppermints in his mouth at once and began chomping on them. But he looked mighty dubious as he turned away. After a dozen shuffling steps, he halted.

"Did you tell this banker your name?" he asked over his shoulder.

"I didn't have no chance," Joe answered.

"I got a idee, then," Pete said thoughtfully. One rheumy eyelid drooped in a sly wink. "Don't worry about a thing, Joe," he said. He put some more peppermints in his mouth and started for the bank.

Joe looked after him uneasily. The kind of "idees" that came to Pete often led to highly improper and illegal acts. Still and all, Joe did not see how Pete could break any law by merely asking for a loan. The worst that could—and very probably would—happen was that the banker would refuse him. Joe returned to the pickup and sat waiting in the cab.

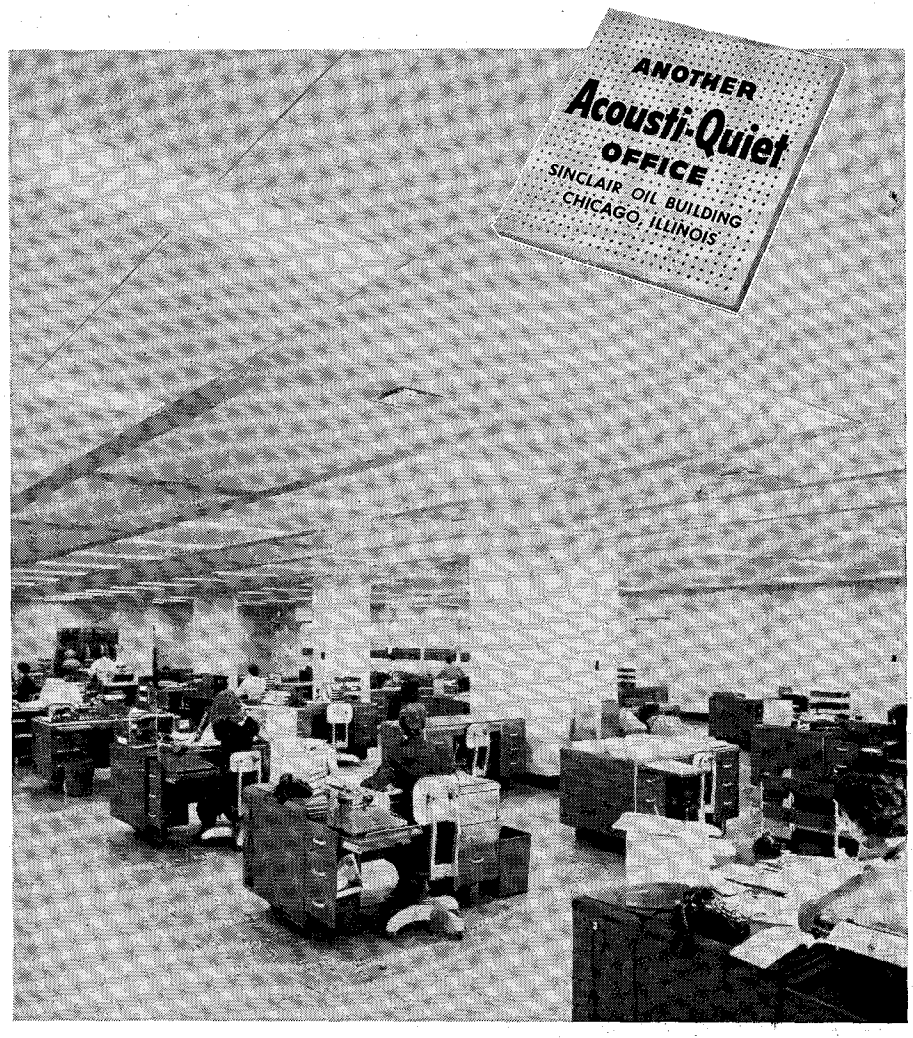
Babe, meanwhile, had resumed her skipping. She skipped all the way down the block, with Little Joe sauntering aimlessly beside her. They had stopped to admire a new car in the window of the Sanford Garage when a voice behind them said, "Hi, kids!"

They turned their heads, and Babe clutched her skipping rope more tightly when she saw the Walton boy behind them. However, he seemed to be in a meek and chastened mood.

"Your dad scared hell outta me," he said.

"You shouldn't swear," Babe said primly. But she gave him a faint smile which took the sting out of her reproof.

"I was only teasin' you about the skippin' rope," Eddie Walton said. "I was goin' to bring it back." As if anxious to



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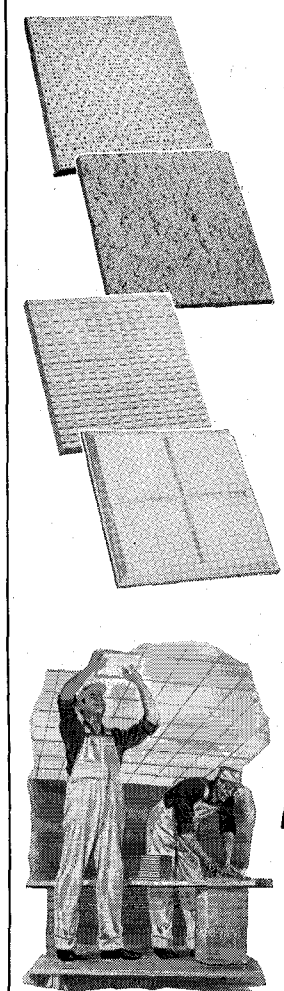
as Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning brings you All 3



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make amends, he asked, "Would you kids like some ice cream?"

"O.K.," Little Joe answered.

Eddie began searching through his pockets. "I guess I gotta get some money from my dad first," he said finally. "You kids come with me."

They walked together towards the bank. Little Joe thought it must be nice to have a father who worked in a bank where all the money was. He said as much to Eddie, and Eddie answered, "Oh, sure!"

Even if he did smoke and swear, or perhaps because of his daring to do so, and also because his father worked in a bank where all the money was, Babe and Little Joe felt drawn to him. Babe began to skip again as they moved along. Then she let Eddie try it, but he could not skip very well. His feet became tangled in the rope and they all got to laughing. At the door of the bank, however, Babe and Little Joe hung back shyly.

"Come on!" Eddie urged. He grabbed their hands and practically dragged them inside.

The manager's office was just inside the front door, an arrangement which had seemed providential to Uncle Pete. He had been able to sneak in without being seen by the rest of the bank staff, some of whom, he feared, might know him by sight. When Pete entered, the manager was sitting at a big mahogany desk. He was a stout man with gray eyes that looked up at Pete frostily. Seemed like, to Pete, that bankers' eyes always had a frosty look. He guessed it was one of the qualifications a man had to have to become a banker.

"Howdy!" Pete said. As he said it, unfortunately, one of the unconsumed peppermints shot out of his mouth and slithered across the typed letter which the manager was in the act of signing. The banker looked at the smeared letter and then, with an expression of annoyance, he crumpled up the letter and threw it, peppermint and all, into the wastepaper basket.

Somewhat dismayed at this inauspicious beginning, Pete nevertheless cleared his throat and inquired, "Could I git to borry four hunderd dollars?"

Mr. Walton looked at him sourly. Undoubtedly he had sized Pete up as one of the local dead beats who made a practice of calling on a new bank manager, hoping to put the bite on him for a loan before he had a chance to learn about their reputations. But Pete had already decided that it was hopeless to ask for a loan in his own name. Joe, however, had a good credit rating at the bank, although he dared not appear in person at the moment to make use of it. As Pete saw it, therefore, all he had to do was to give Joe's name instead of his own. He did so, adding that he had often got loans from the bank in the past and had repaid them when due.

At this, the banker's face registered surprise and disbelief. He pulled out a drawer in a filing cabinet and pawed through it, eventually lifting out a large form. Pete knew what it was: the statement of assets which Joe had given the former manager the last time he had applied for a loan. Bankers, like cops, were always great ones for keeping a man's record. In Pete's case, of course, it was the cops who kept the record. As Mr. Walton scanned Joe's statement his gray eyes lost a little of their former frostiness.

"Sit down, Joe," he said. "Let's bring this statement of yours up to date."

Quite at his ease now, Pete sat down in the customer's chair beside the desk. He answered the banker's questions as promptly as Joe himself could have done. Because Pete knew all the answers: the section numbers of Joe's deeded land; how many sections of grazing lease Joe held; the number of cattle sold off during the year, and the present size of his herd.

After that, there was nothing to it. The banker filled out a note form and passed it across to Pete for his signature. Pete had a deep-seated distrust of all banks and bankers which warned him not to sign even Joe's name to a paper that he had not read carefully. He held the note at arm's length, therefore, and squinted at the fine print on it, explaining with wry humor as he did so, "I can still see good, only nowadays, seems like, my arm ain't hardly long enough."

Satisfied at last, he took the pen and signed Joe's name to the note, imitating Joe's signature as nearly as he could. He realized that, technically, he was committing a forgery and that bankers took a dim view of forgery. But he excused himself on the ground that the money was being borrowed for Joe on Joe's own credit and that Joe would repay it when due. Moreover, Mr. Walton did not know Pete from Adam's off ox, and if he kept out of the banker's sight—as he had a fervent intention of doing—until after the note was due, there was little chance of the forgery being discovered. At his request, the bank manager got the cash from the teller, thus making it unnecessary for Pete to show himself in the outer office. Then, with a mumbled "Thanks, mister," Pete made a stealthy exit.

Being a man of few scruples, Pete could not fail to recognize a golden opportunity for profit if only Joe would consider exploiting it to the full. If Joe would refuse payment when the note came due, on the ground that his signature had been forged, then the four hundred dollars need never be paid back and the banker would be left holding the bag. And there was nobody in the world that Pete would rather swindle out of four hundred dollars than a banker. But he had to put the enticing idea regretfully aside. He knew better than to suggest such a scheme to Joe, who was always scrupulously honest. Indeed, Pete thought it wise not to let on how he had tricked the banker. Joe would probably be crazy enough to take the money right back. Then the banker would sick the police on Pete, and Joe would still not get a loan, the banker being sore at him.

Joe was waiting in the pickup in front of the Star Store. He was surprised and greatly relieved when Pete handed over the roll of bills.

"There wasn't nothin' to it," Pete said. "Now let's round up the kids an' git outta town—before," he added under his breath, "we run into that banker an' he finds out which one of us is Joe." He hopped into the cab and they cruised slowly along the main street.

"Well, what d'ye know!" Joe growled presently. He had caught sight of the banker emerging from Slade's Confectionery. Babe and Little Joe and the Walton boy were with him. All three kids had ice-cream sticks. Babe was holding Mr. Walton's hand and talking a blue streak while the banker smiled down at her. Babe was always a happy little tyke, the sort of kid that most grownups smiled at. "Looks like they've made friends," Joe said. "Maybe I put you to a lot of trouble for nothin', Pete."

But it seemed to Pete that his troubles might be just starting. He dropped to his hands and knees in the narrow space between the seat and the dash.

"What the heck are you doin', Pete?" Joe demanded in astonishment.

"I ain't doin' push-ups," Pete answered, in a surly voice.

"Are you sick or somethin'?"

"Dizzy, sort of," Pete said. "Git me to a doctor, quick! Don't stop to talk to nobody!"

Joe had started to pull up, but now he stepped on the gas, intending to dash past the group on the sidewalk without stopping. But Babe let go the banker's hand and darted out on the street, waving the ice-cream stick in one hand and the skipping rope in the other.

"Oo-hoo! Pop!" she called.

So Joe was forced to stop, in spite of Pete's profane protests.

"Mr. Walton bought us some ice cream!" Babe cried, running up. "This is Mr. Walton, pop."

By this time Pete was fairly hugging the floorboards.

He must be real sick, Joe worried. *Cramps, maybe.* But Joe had to pause long enough to give the banker a polite "Howdy." You had to be polite to a banker.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Walton," he said. "I guess I was kind of hasty there a while back. I guess your boy was only teasin', sort of."

"Sure!" Little Joe put in. "Eddie's a nice guy, pop."

The banker smiled. He seemed now to be a friendly man. And even if he had not been a banker, Joe would have been favorably disposed to any man who took kindly to Joe's kids.

"They've ironed out their differences, apparently," Mr. Walton chuckled. "You've got a fine son and a very charming little daughter, Mr.—ah—I still don't know your name."

At the latter statement, Pete took new heart. He thought he might still escape detection if he could get Joe away at once. But if Joe once gave his name, the banker would say: "That's queer. I just lent some money to a man by that name." And then the fat would really be in the fire.

"Let's git the hell outta here!" Pete urged in a harsh undertone that reminded Joe of Pete's need for a doctor.

"I gotta git along," Joe said hastily.

He was letting in the clutch when Little Joe caught sight of the humped-up seat of Pete's pants.

"What's Uncle Pete doin'?" the boy cried curiously. Worse still, he pulled the cab door open—and instantly recoiled at the sight of Pete's scowling face. The scowl changed to a furtive and guilty look as Pete climbed back on the seat under the banker's puzzled glance.

"This is Mr. Walton, Uncle Pete," Babe said brightly.

"Pete ain't feelin' well," Big Joe said.

"Pete?" echoed the banker.

"Nickname," Pete said thickly, still trying. "Lots of folks call me Pete."

"He acts like he's gone off his rocker," Joe said. "I gotta get him to a doctor."

"Just a minute," the banker objected. "He told me his name was Joe."

"That's what I mean about him bein' off his head. Because I'm Joe. He's my brother, Pete."

"Never mind about a doctor then. What we need is a policeman," the banker said sharply. He did not look a bit friendly now. The frosty look was back in his eye, and his voice had the chill of a forty-below-zero day. "Did you know that this man signed your name to a note?" the banker demanded of Joe.

"Good grief, no!" Joe gasped. . . . "That's forgery, Pete! They put you in jail for forgery!"

Pete did not say anything. He just gave Joe a bitter look.

"I s'pose he thought he was helpin' me out," Joe said. He blamed himself, really. He should have known better than to trust Pete, especially in a bank. "I was goin' to ask you for a loan, Mr. Walton," Joe said. "But we had words about your boy. So I figured you wouldn't gimme a loan after that."

"I don't let personalities influence me in matters of business," Mr. Walton said huffily. "If you rated a loan—and, on your record, you do—I'd have given it to you."

"I didn't know," Joe said ruefully. "So I sent Pete to the bank to see could he borrow the money. I thought that was the way he got it."

He took the roll of bills from his pocket and handed it to the banker. Seemed like everything had gone sour. And not only about the money. Unless Joe talked fast and persuasively to the banker, Pete would likely be sent to jail for forgery. As always, Joe worried most about the impact of this upon Babe and Little Joe. They would be shamed before all their kid friends if their uncle was put in jail.

So far, Babe and Little Joe had been joshing with the Walton boy, not paying much attention to their elders. Mr. Walton took a half dollar from his pocket.

"Eddie," he said, "go buy Babe and Little Joe some more ice cream."

He looked after them as they trooped joyfully away.

"You failed to declare all your assets on your bank statement, Joe," he said.

"Oh-oh!" Joe muttered. Apparently both he and Pete were in trouble. He noticed, however, that there was a twinkle in the banker's eye.

"In my opinion," Mr. Walton said, "Babe and Little Joe are your chief assets."

"Damn tootin'!" Joe agreed heartily. To him, it was not by any means a novel idea. Indeed, with her bright gold hair, Babe often seemed to him one of the gilt-edged assets that people talked about. But he was surprised that a banker should be so human-like as to voice such a thought.

"Just to make things regular, Joe," Mr. Walton said, "you'd better come back to the bank with me now and sign a new note."

"But how about Pete?" Joe asked. "He shouldn't ought've done it, but he was only tryin' to get me out of a spot."

"I'm going to let Pete off with a warning," the banker said, looking at Pete severely. . . . "Don't you ever try anything criminal again, Pete," he said.

"Unh-uh!" Pete answered emphatically. But, of course, he was just saying that. Joe had not much hope of Pete ever learning to be honest and respectable. In fact, if Babe and Little Joe were assets, like the banker said, Pete was certainly the family's greatest liability.

Later, while they were driving homeward in the pickup, Babe said dreamily, "It must be nice to work in a bank."

"Where all the money is," Little Joe added.

Uncle Pete chuckled hoarsely. "I'd sure like to work in a bank—some night," he said.

THE END

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 46

1. Mass.	2. Ind.	3. Mont.
4. Nev.	5. Ariz.	6. Wis.
7. Conn.	8. Neb.	9. Ky.
10. N. C.	11. W. Va.	12. Pa.

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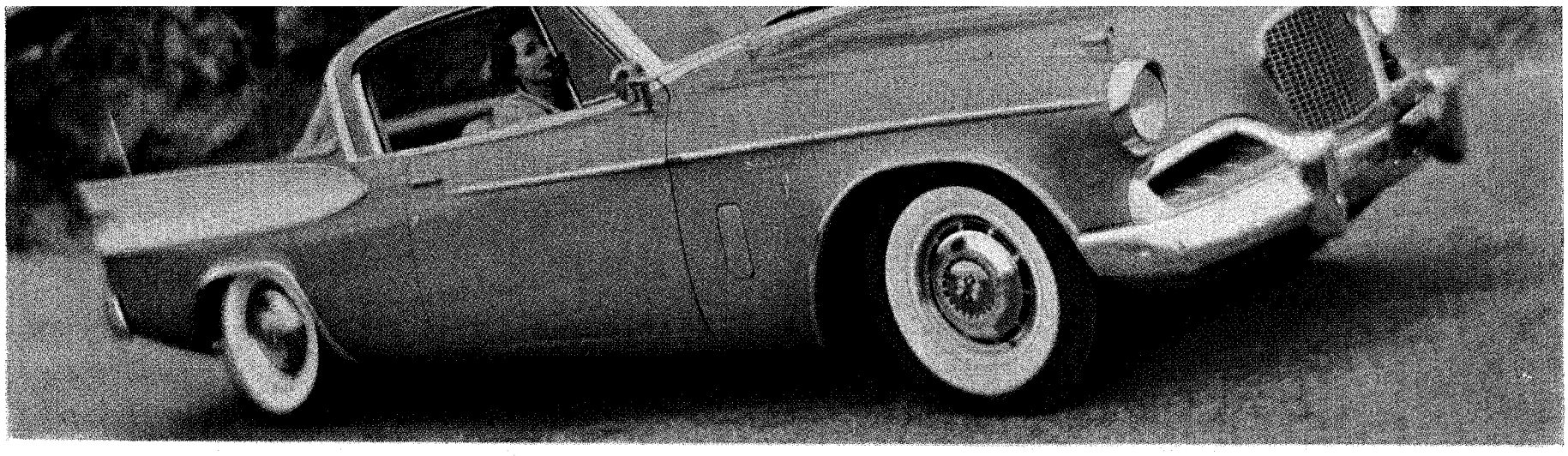

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New reserve power makes light of steepest hills.

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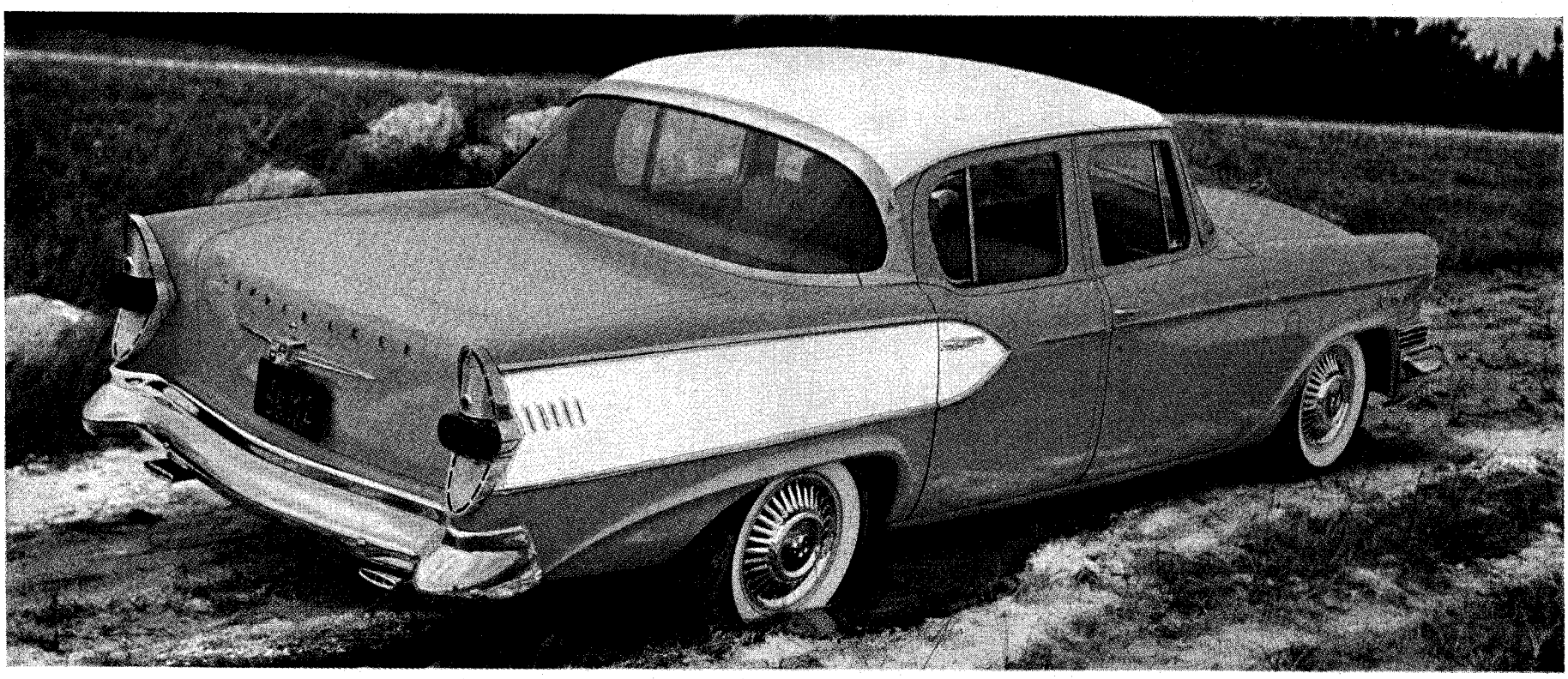

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neither do they spin!

Only Studebaker in all America offers the *power-plus economy* of a built-in supercharger. It's standard on the Studebaker Golden Hawk.

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NO LINT FUZZ ON CLOTHES!

Striking new beauty—with textured aluminum base panel . . . easy-cleaning glass-smooth control panel, full-width fluorescent light. Fingertip Selectors let you pre-set wash speed, temperature of wash and rinse water. Dial wash time from 1 to 15 minutes. Special short rinse and spin lengths. Famous General Electric Activator® Washing Action. Over 50% more clothes capacity than in many other automatic washers. Own a famous Filter-Flo Washer for about $3.35* weekly. With Suds Return System, slightly higher. Also matching General Electric Automatic Dryer above, about $2.70* weekly. Buy the pair, take 36 months to pay. Choice of Petal Pink, Turquoise Green, Canary Yellow, Woodtone Brown, White. Your nearest General Electric dealer is listed in your telephone book.

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NEW 1957 GENERAL ELECTRIC FILTER-FLO® WASHER

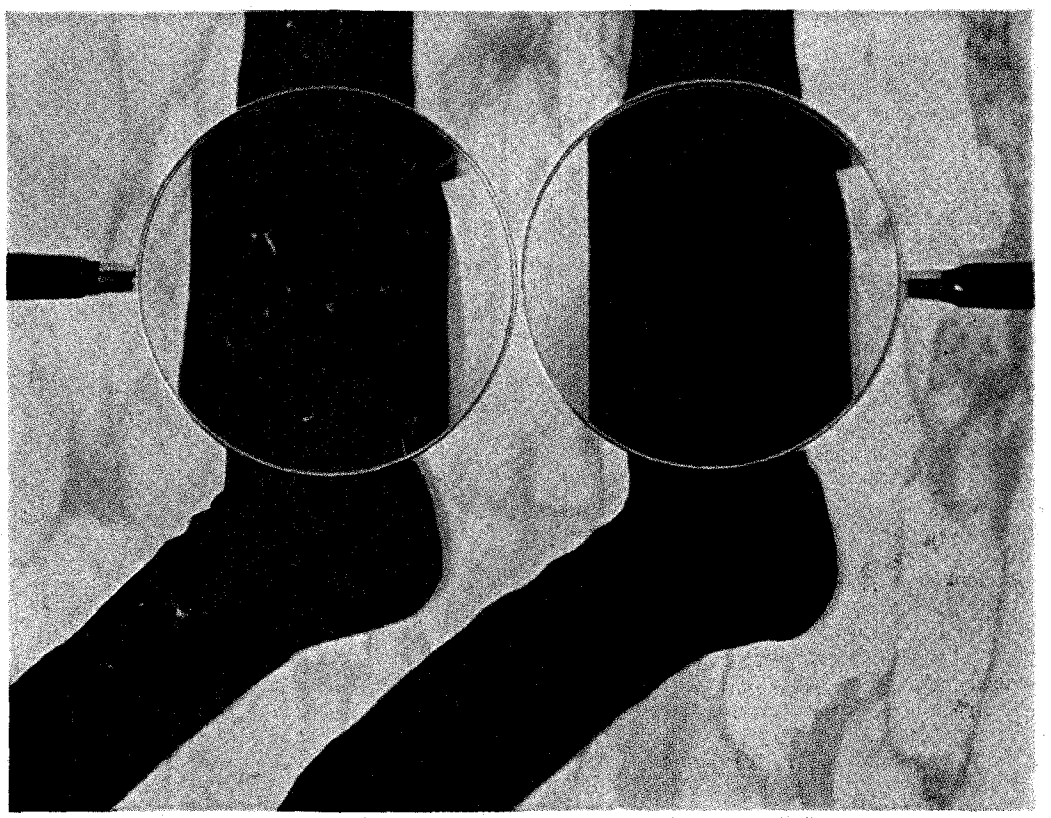
Cleans and recleans wash water to give you cleaner clothes

Look—lint is caught in the filter—not on your clothes! Sand and soap scum are removed automatically!

As you wash, General Electric's marvelous Filter-Flo Washing System circulates and filters a full tub of water at the rate of 6 gallons a minute. Before lint can settle on clothes, it is caught in the filter which lets cleansed sudsy water flow back into the washbasket. The filter is easily removed for cleaning.

Here's picture proof that your clothes wash clean and bright. Note the socks at the right. The first sock was dulled by hard-to-brush-off lint fuzz after 7 washings in an ordinary washer. The second sock, washed 7 times in the General Electric Filter-Flo Washer in an identical washload, showed *practically no lint!*

Now with 3 ways to save hot water—Just push the Water Saver selector . . . it lets you save up to 20 gallons of water on small loads. Choice of Warm or Cold Water Rinses saves you more hot water. And models with the new Automatic Suds Return System let you set aside hot sudsy *filtered* water for a second wash, if you wish. Detergent and hot water go further. Truly economical!

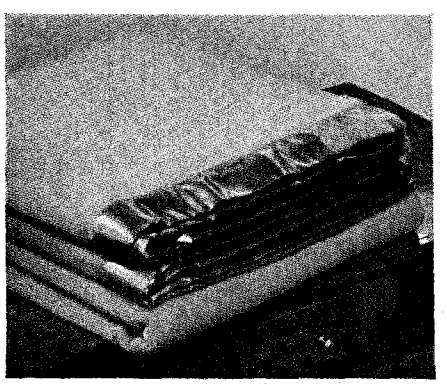


Sock at left washed in ordinary washer *Sock at right washed in G-E Filter-Flo Washer*

Now—choose from 2 wash speeds, 2 spin speeds . . . to give all types of fabrics "exactly right" washing care!

Wash nylon without wrinkles

Normal Wash Speed—Slow Spin Speed. Set the washer to suit the fabric! For nylon shirts, Dacron blouses . . . *Normal* Washing Action is thorough, designed to get collars and cuffs clean. A gentle *Slow* Spin prevents setting in wrinkles.



Wash blankets without "felting"

Slow Wash Speed—Normal Spin Speed. Set Washing Action on *Slow* to provide just the right gentle care for blankets. Prevents twisting that can cause felting. *Normal* Spin leaves blankets fluffy-soft. Good for stuffed toys, too.

Wash "fragiles" without frays

Slow Wash Speed—Slow Spin Speed. Fine silks, baby knits, lacy lingerie—washables like these can be safely laundered in the General Electric Washer. Set both wash and spin speeds for that gentle "hand washing" care.

Wash work clothes without creased-in dirt

Normal Wash Speed—Normal Spin Speed. All the "family" fabrics come out all-over clean with dependable Activator Washing Action at *Normal* Speed. *Normal* Spin leaves clothes damp-dry, many ready to iron.

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Lament for a Long-Gone Past

(Continued from Page 19)

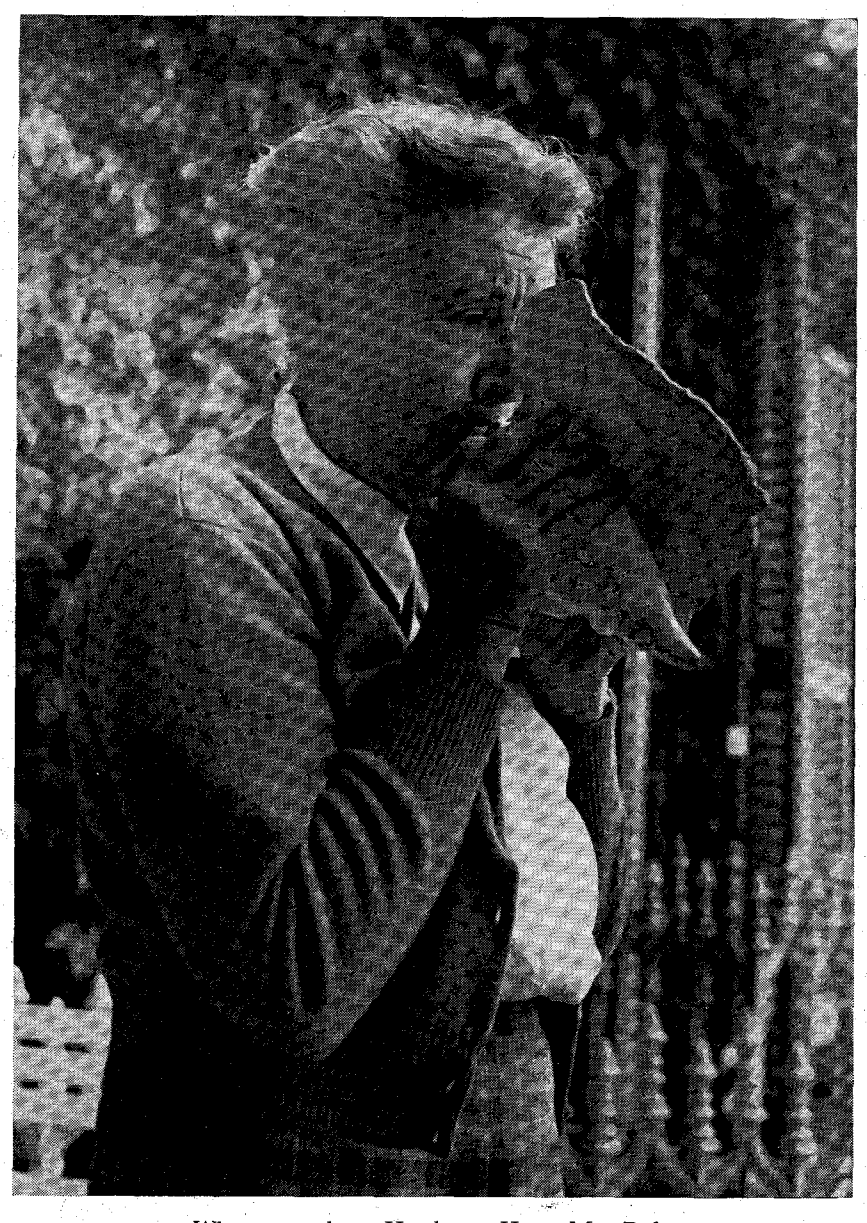
White House, President James Monroe. And on the mantelpiece above the waffle iron there is also Sir Walter Scott's plain green wineglass, now elaborately encased in a prickly silver thistle. It was snatched as a souvenir, almost from poor Sir Walter's lips, and was given its thistle to protect its sacred brim from subsequent profane contacts. Waffles have quite recently been made with the Monroe iron, but although we once wickedly experimented through a whole waterlogged afternoon, no one has ever yet been able to drink a swallow from Sir Walter's glass.

From every room in Henderson, in truth, the past peers out at you. That long, framed document in the little business room is the original signed petition urging Theodore Roosevelt to run for the New York governorship—a plea to which the victor of San Juan Hill responded with ill-concealed alacrity. And the big, clean-lined ship model in the passage to the drawing room is an even more remarkable original, being the builder's model of the bold Confederate sea raider, Alabama.

The builder's model served the purpose of our modern blueprints for this famous warship of the South, whose launching at Liverpool in 1862 all but caused war between Britain and the North. Alongside hangs the contract between Lairds of Liverpool and the two young Southern naval officers, James and Irvine Bulloch, who were Jeff Davis' secret agents on the Alabama project. The Alabama still-life is completed by a sea-stained stars and bars—the same flag the Alabama was flying when the North's Kearsarge at last caught up with her in the narrow waters of the English Channel. As the sea raider sank, Irvine Bulloch wrapped her flag about him and leaped into the sea, swearing that this was one banner of the Confederacy that would never be surrendered to the power of the North. Luckily, a French herring smack fished both the flag and Irvine from the waves.

From such objects as these—and there were and are a good many more of them—we children acquired a distinctly possessive attitude toward whole patches of the past, as though these particular bits of history somehow belonged to us. Yet as children we still preferred the Henderson objects with more rankly personal associations. In the rickety glass treasure case in the drawing room, for instance, there was the little commonplace book containing the marriage record of the tempestuous, lion-hunting, self-dramatizing lady who snatched Sir Walter Scott's wineglass and built Henderson House. In our youth we thought the commonplace book wonderfully funny, but now it strikes one as a perfect novel in a few hundred words.

Late in life, the lady in question married a prim, priggish and much younger man. On their wedding day the couple began the commonplace book together, inscribing the date and adding the hopeful comment, "HIGH AND HAPPY!" Thereafter the husband took over, evidently writing in the book all those things he did not quite dare tell his formidable wife to her face. She was a rich woman, but a highly personal housekeeper, so he entered a sharp little protest against "scouring the floor with white satin." She was also a terrible talker, so he copied out with special emphasis the bleak advice—"Read more and talk less!"—that had been given the lady by another of her captive lions, William Wordsworth. Finally, when the marriage was dissolving into one of the early-nineteenth-century's major scandals, the unhappy man sketched a sort of tombstone in the commonplace book, once again giving the date, and this time adding the embittered legend: "HIGH AND HAPPY? HURRY SCURRY, HELTER SKELTER, HUGGER MUGGER!" The lady, who found the book later on, thereupon recorded her indignation by having her former marriage bed cut in half. The severed halves are now the handsome Empire couches that stand on either side of Henderson's hall.



When guests leave Henderson House Mrs. Robinson still signals farewell with the conch shell.

By such reminders, the tribal past was kept, perhaps too vividly, before our youthful eyes. Our father used to say a little sourly that our mother's family ran for office as instinctively as lemmings run into the sea. But, in fact, the more public tribal figures were all uncles in varying degrees of remoteness—President Monroe and T.R. and the Bulloch brothers were all in that category—and in any case the chief fruit of the family tree was a riot of eccentrics. The greatest of these was certainly Henderson's bed-severing builder, who was always known to us as Aunt Harriet, although she died, aged nearly ninety, about sixty years before we were born.

Aunt Harriet must, really, have been pretty frightening. On his first meeting with her, Scott noted in his diary that she was "plain . . . frightfully red-headed . . . an awful visitation." Yet she evidently had something to recommend her besides sheer persistence and ample private means. Even the chivvied Sir Walter ended by rather liking her; Wordsworth grew positively fond of her, writing her endless, long letters of solemn advice; and she also managed to strike up warm friendships with the poet Southey, the inextinguishably lovely Madame Récamier and the aging Lafayette. She went mad at the end of her life and left instructions that she was to be buried in the Henderson cellar in a grandiose granite sarcophagus. The family broke her will; in our youth the sarcophagus served as a horse trough, and we children half believed that Aunt Harriet haunted the place, not as a mere fond tribal memory but as a real, sheeted, angry specter.

Besides Aunt Harriet, the lion huntress, there was Peter Corné, the belated Tory, who kept a hidden portrait of George III in his cellar. Long after the establishment of this republic, he would take his younger descendants down to this private shrine, unveil the portrait and sternly command the bewildered tots, "Children, bow to your master!" Besides Peter Corné, there was Uncle William, the desiccated aesthete, who built a forty-foot-high, cut-stone dam across the deep ravine below the big house, because, so he said, he "wanted water as an eye in the landscape." Quite unintentionally, he thus provided Henderson with its superb swimming pool. And besides Uncle William there was Uncle George, the religious maniac, who married a fourteen-year-old girl when he was past fifty. The sole offspring of the union was the dim husband of the first J. P. Morgan's enameled, glittering mistress in chief. They were all, it is clear, really very eccentric indeed. Yet somehow, from this vantage point of thirty years on, these baroque tribal figures of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries seem rather less eccentric than the vanished life which we ourselves used to live at Henderson in the early decades of our own twentieth century.

As children we always stayed at Henderson all summer long—ourselves and our sister and brother and uncounted young Roosevelt and Robinson cousins in the first and second and third degrees. And besides this huge permanent population of the young of the tribe, our grandparents also lodged another, often larger but somewhat more transitory population of adult friends and relations.

The children chiefly occupied the old cottage, a rambling structure of many little rooms which was built about 1780, when the Indians finally departed from the wide lands granted by George II to a certain Doctor Henderson, a remote tribal forebear. The somewhat-later-built big house was chiefly reserved for the grownups, and in the big house below-stairs—quite literally belowstairs, for the service quarters at Henderson are all in the cellar and are lighted from the moat, which is fortunately dry—there was another teeming population of housemaids and parlormaids and laundresses and kitchen denizens to keep the people abovestairs well nourished, clean and comfortable. In all, seldom fewer than twenty and quite often more than thirty people had to be fed each day at Henderson, abovestairs and below. It must have been like catering for a small but busy summer hotel. Yet all the glorious fresh butter and rich cream, almost all the fruit and vegetables, even the beef, mutton and fowl, used to be produced on the place itself. Outside the house, therefore, still another large human population was needed to work on the farms, in the stables and in the gardens.

Finally, the Henderson lands marched with the lands of Mahaqua, our Uncle Teddy Robinson's big farm. On an only slightly smaller scale, the Henderson pattern had been reproduced at Mahaqua, and the Mahaqua stables were undeniably grander. When we were very young, there was a Henderson-Mahaqua baseball league, and the teams from the two places, both uniformed, fought it out every Saturday afternoon until the summer's end. In truth, Henderson and its Mahaqua dependency formed a rather considerable self-contained community, with its own special habits and traditions and pleasures and all those other things that go to make up true community life.

Partly, no doubt, it was this quality of being wholly self-contained that now makes the old life at Henderson seem so singular to the backward-looking eye. There was an automobile, driven by Courtney, the chauffeur, a witty, cheerful, rotund man who also served as a sort of major-domo in chief. Courtney's ancient open Pierce Arrow touring car with its jump seats looked high enough and big enough to go to sea if need be. But, in fact, it left the place only on very rare occasions, to take guests to the primitive nearby golf course or for an expedition to a local beauty spot. There was no movie-going, there were no expeditions to dance somewhere or dine somewhere or drink somewhere; and, of course, there was no television or radio to bring the outside world to Henderson. When you got to

(Continued on Page 57)

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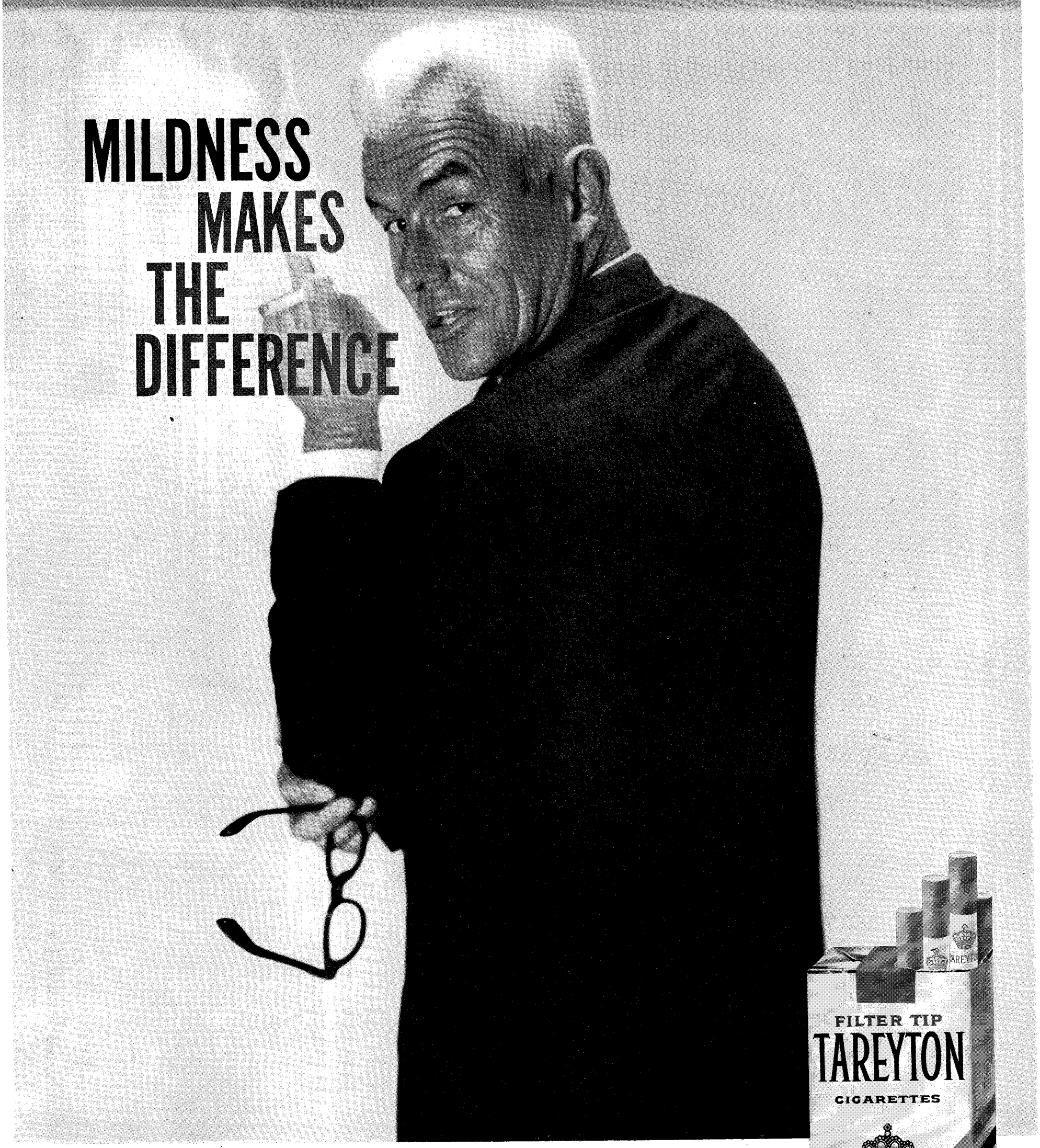

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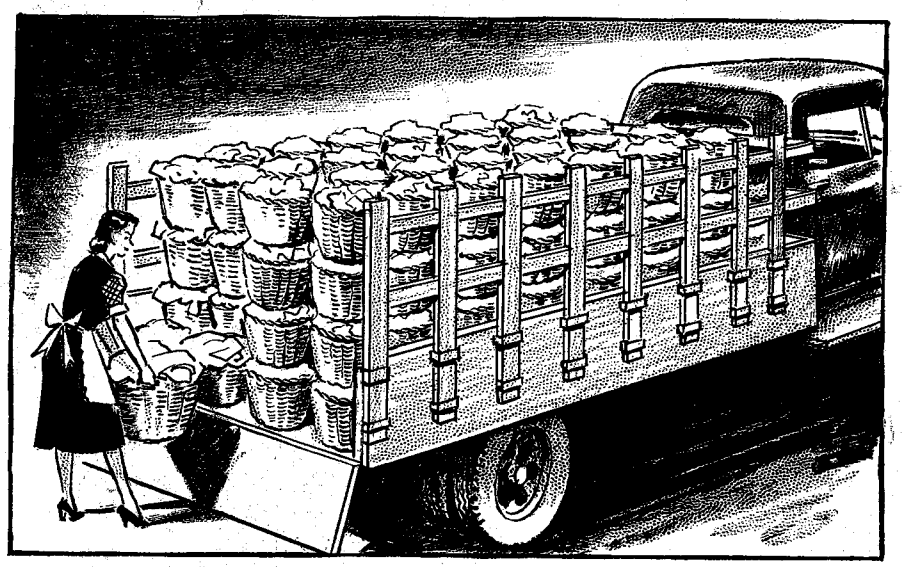
MASTER CONTROL STATION FROM WHICH SCIENTIST GUIDES THE SLAVE ARMS.



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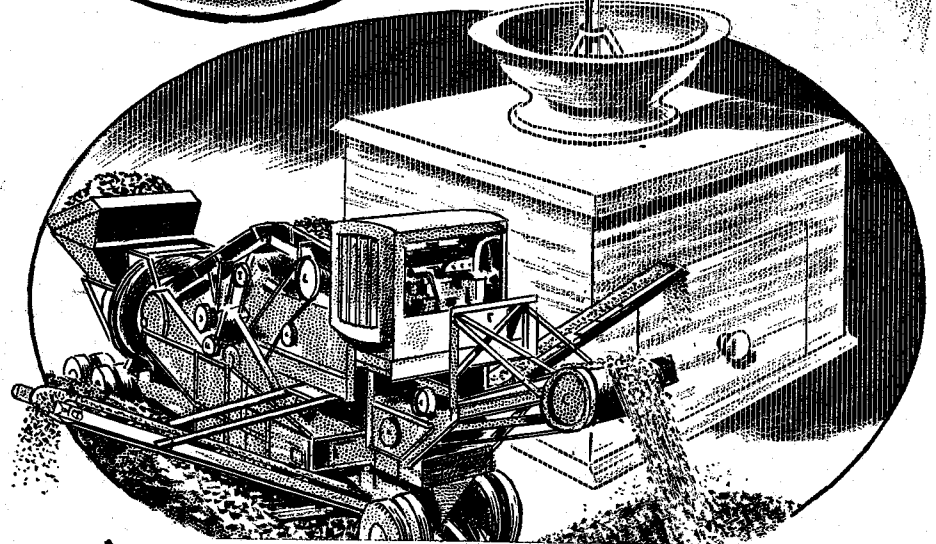

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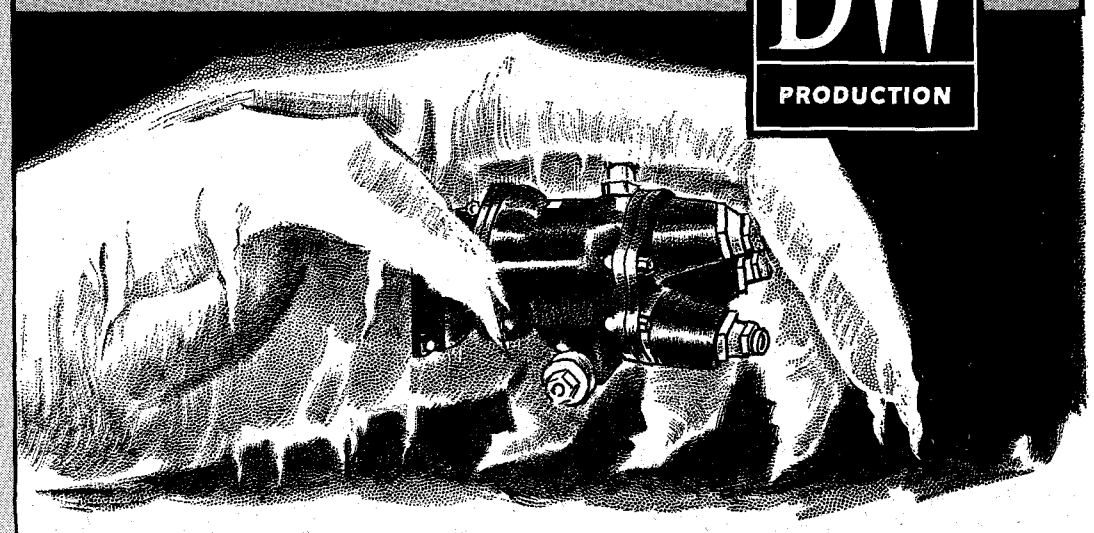

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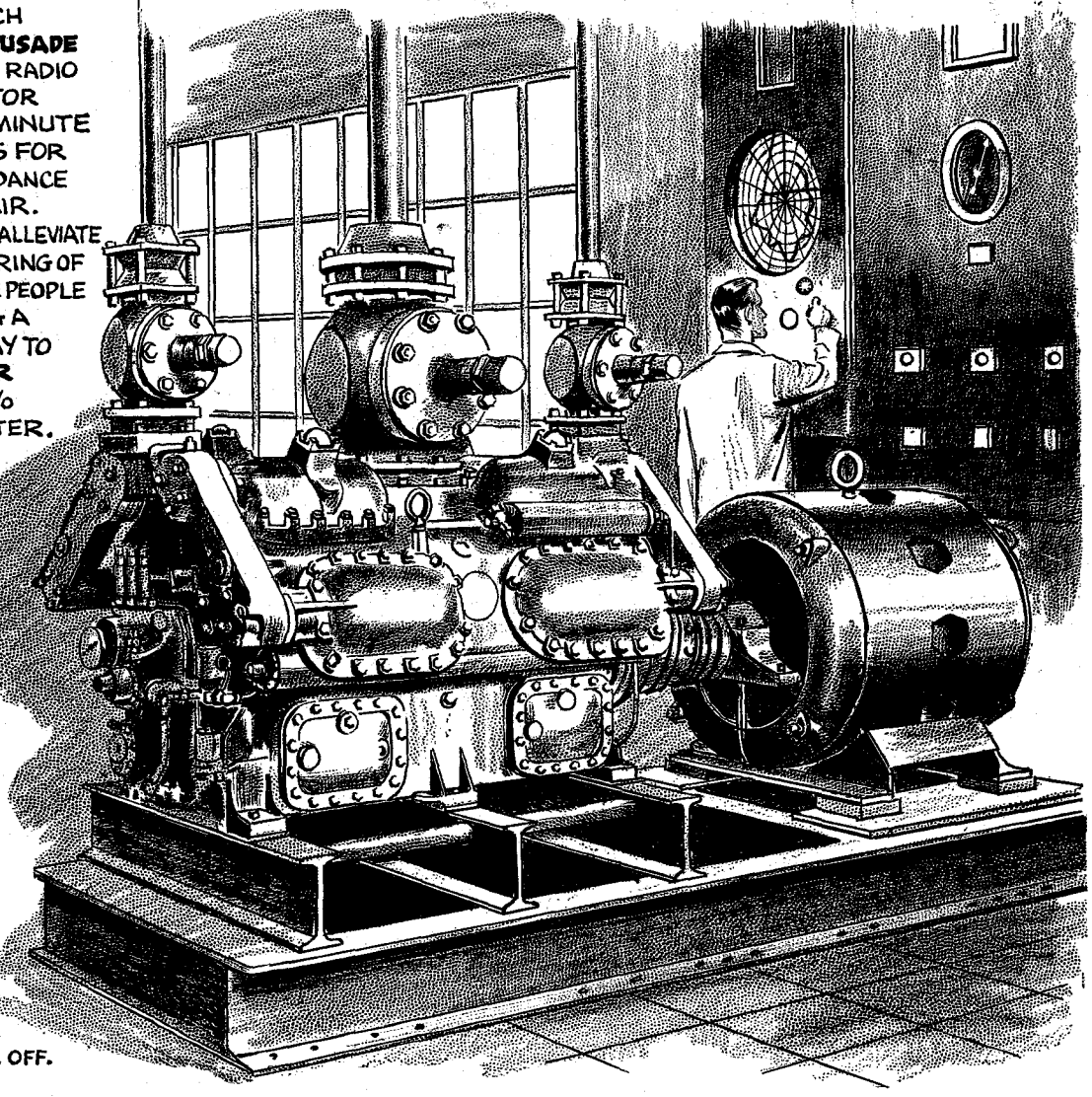

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(*Continued from Page 52*) Henderson you stayed there, for the whole summer if you were a child, and quite often for weeks on end if you were an adult visitor. Henderson's resources and your own were expected to provide all your amusements, all your pastimes until the time came for you to go home.

But even this remote, complacent self-containment of life at Henderson was less curious, by our modern standards, than a good many of the customary features of a normal Henderson day. Beginning at the beginning, consider, for example, the Henderson breakfasts, which now seem incredible and even a bit macabre, but are a wonderfully happy memory all the same.

Breakfast started on the dot of 8:30 A.M., when Mary, the senior parlormaid, played Up With the Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee on a chime of small gongs in the pantry. For over a hundred years, every senior parlormaid at Henderson always mastered this recondite musical art. Until the art was finally lost just the other day, all meals were announced by the Bonnets; and there was another tune, too, which gave the evening warning that there was only half an hour left for dressing for dinner. For the morning rendition of the Bonnets, everyone had to be on hand except children not yet beyond the drooling stage and our grandmother, who breakfasted in bed. Furthermore, everyone had to be fully dressed and briskly ready for a combined gustatory orgy and major social event.

Grandmother was convinced that every meal, including breakfast, ought to be a party, and her notions about nourishment were Victorian in their amplitude. A fluffy omelet to start, then a choice, say, between roast chicken and boiled mutton with caper sauce plus four side dishes of vegetables, and then a final choice between a dessert and fruit, was her idea of a light, almost minimum subsistence luncheon. If the occasion was more important, there would be more food, and she would be likely to brighten the occasion—"make things go," as she would say—with set pieces of very bad but very funny topical verse, which she dashed off with remarkable ease. And although she did not appear at the breakfast table, these theories of hers reached their highest expression at those long-ago Henderson breakfasts.

By the standards of modern calorie counters, the amounts we ate at breakfast were downright horrifying. You started at a side table thickly loaded with a wide assortment of fruits and cereals, and no one thought anything of taking a heaping plateful of sliced peaches or fresh raspberries covered with sugar and the farm cream that hardly poured, and then consuming another large plateful of oatmeal or hominy with more sugar and still more delicious cream. After that you proceeded to the second side table, where silver dishes on burners contained one or two sorts of eggs, bacon or ham, and that day's breakfast special, which would be something like deviled kidneys or chicken hash or finnan haddie. After that, you filled in the chinks with hot breads lathered with fresh butter and marmalade or wild-strawberry jam. And all this you washed down with strong coffee laced with more heavy cream.

Everyone was expected not only to eat this gigantic breakfast but to do so with a maximum of noise and gaiety, exchanging gossip, shouting jokes and even arguing about politics over the coffee all around the big table. If too many people tended toward the modern habit of early-morning glumness, grandmother would appear from her bedroom in her dressing gown to stimulate a suitable commotion, in the manner of a conductor whipping up his orchestra to a crescendo. No doubt there were older guests who would have preferred privacy, silence and nothing but a cup of black coffee. But as children we vastly enjoyed these Henderson breakfasts, and we always felt a pang of regret when Martin, the groom, brought the pony cart round to the front door, which was the signal for the young to depart.

So began the seldom-altered ritual of the Henderson day. After breakfast, children first took the pony cart to the main road, to get the mailbag from the postman in his buggy, and then they went riding. After a suitable digestive interlude, adults meanwhile joined in a

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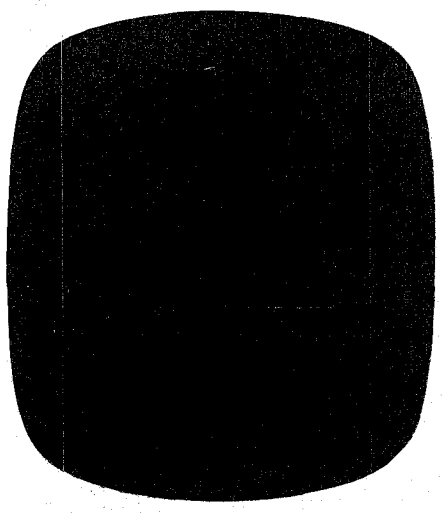

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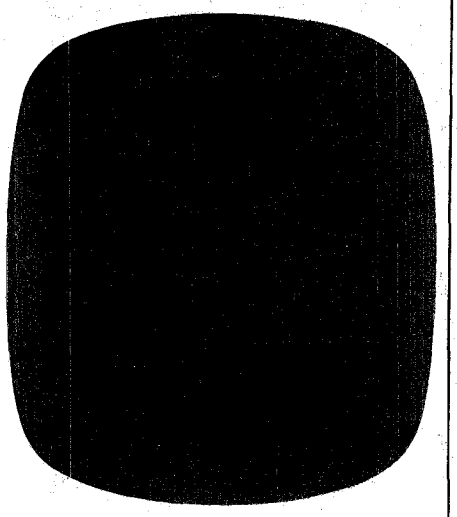

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sort of morning version of a tennis party in an English novel, with players cutting in and out of the game, and nonplayers gossiping in lawn chairs under sun umbrellas. Then came swimming for all ages, then the ample luncheon, then tennis for children and riding or walking for grownups, then an enormous tea in the drawing room, then another somnolent interlude, then the dressing chimes, and finally cocktails, dinner and either cards or charades, in which our grandmother reveled, until it was time for a nightcap and bed.

No one seemed to be bored by Henderson's endless variations on these simple themes, and as children we accepted the day's routine as all but divinely ordained. But although we loved our life at Henderson, we did not love every minute of it. Indeed, we positively detested the hours we had to pass with horses. Beginning in the 1870's, there had always been a herd of Shetland ponies on the place—tough little coal-black animals with flowing manes and tails. They were pretty enough to call forth cries of admiration from the guests, but the hardness of their mouths was equaled only by the meanness of their tempers, and they were perfect hell to ride or drive. Our sister, a courageous female and a good horsewoman, solved the problem by always taking along an egg in the pocket of her riding habit. When her pony began to bite or shy or rear or kick or lie down, as all the Shetlands invariably did, she sternly broke the raw egg on the creature's head. After that, she always commanded perfect obedience from her egg-drenched mount. But her exotic horse coper's trick never seemed to work for her brothers, and at least one of us fell off at least once on most morning rides.

Even so, the true uttermost in equine horror was reached only on the fortunately rare occasions when our grandfather decided to drive his guests down to swim in his four-in-hand brake. Grandfather was a large, fearless man with a large voice and a Scotsman's dislike of unnecessary expenditure. A very large expenditure would have been needed to provide a properly matched team of four well-trained horses for the brake, which was a tall, coachlike vehicle. Grandfather was not a really stylish whip, being too violent to achieve the correct degree of elegant imperturbability, but he had no doubt whatever about his power to control any horse on earth. So he avoided needless outlay by buying any nicely matching bays he happened to run across, without regard to training, temper or other fundamental character tests.

Whenever the brake was brought round, with its four horses already snorting, pawing the ground and flashing their wicked eyes in fury, one or two grandchildren would be condemned, as though to execution, to share the high box with grandfather. Grown-up guests then filled the rest of the seats on top, and Martin, the groom, occupied the dickey, where he brandished and occasionally blew blasts on a brass coaching horn if the house party was thought to deserve this degree of ostentation. The ensuing journey was close to two miles down a steep hill; it was truly horrible from start to finish, and at this period the oldest of us was no more than seven. Shamelessly, we began to weep as soon as we were lifted into the brake, and the weeping turned to outright wailing the moment the horses showed real signs of fight, which they soon did. To our wailing were added Martin's horn blasts, our grandfather's stentorian curses, impartially directed at his cowardly descendants and his jibbing horses, and the continuous screeching of the iron brakeshoes against the carriage wheels. How the unfortunate guests stood it no one has ever quite explained.

On the other hand, the huge, deep, spring-fed pool in the dammed ravine seemed almost worth the horror of the journey when we reached it at last. Because the pool was both big and nearly bottomless, it was considered dangerous. So we were taught to swim by being played like large fish, at the end of ropes. What we learned was the form of breast stroke practiced by our grandmother. In consequence, our swimming now tends to be regarded as a bit archaic, since this basic stroke of ours was mainly intended to keep the outworks of grandmother's wide sun-and-bathing hat at least six inches above water at all times.

Besides the hat, grandmother also wore into the water a voluminous black silk dress and black silk stockings on both legs and arms—the former in deference to propriety, the latter to prevent freckles. In this costume she swam a dignified three hundred yards, to the end of the long, freezing-cold pool and back, every day all summer until the last year of her life. It was exhausting to be the grandchild chosen as companion on this journey, but it was enjoyable too. Grandmother, who was a fine, racy gossip, seemed to like chatting in cold water even more than elsewhere. She was also marvelously fertile in children's games to be played at the pool. Catching the Car (by car, she meant trolley) was one of them. Another, and the best, was The Last Sad Letter, which involved an elaborate pantomime of disappointed love, followed by a suicide leap into the water.

In truth, grandmother was the heart and soul of all our childish life at Henderson. Grandfather, who died when we were very young, is dim in the memory except for his presence, his voice and those hideous trips in the four-in-hand brake. But grandmother still shines as a bright star in the remembered firmament of the past. She was a woman of considerable personal distinction—Theodore Roosevelt's sister and a friend of the great, a notable New York hostess, a poetess admired in her own time, and a woman much loved and sought after through all the years of a long life. But to us she seemed a contemporary, for there were between us none of the barriers which usually hedge off adults from children.

Perhaps this was because grandmother was born without any of the worry about appearances, mundane circumspection or desire to present the world with a solemn false front, which are the curses of adult life, and she resolutely resisted acquiring these dreary qualities until the day she died. As immensely gay and warmhearted people often are, she tended to be a little impractical. She could do nothing whatever for herself, even put on her stockings; so her French maid, Josephine, always dressed her like an idol, muttering reprovingly, "*Madame n'est pas mécanique*," whenever grandmother distractedly tried to assist in the dressing process. She was also pretty forgetful, and therefore used to cover her dressing table with small written reminders to herself, such as "Remember Mary." That particular reminder was followed, about four days later, with another plaintive little note: "Who *is* Mary?" We never did find out.

That dressing table with its litter of scrawled memoranda, its array of silver implements and its large ivory box for hair combings—which were saved to make "rats"—stands out in the mind's eye because our grandmother used it as her GHQ. She was bored by the whole process of getting dressed; for a woman of her era she was quite remarkably immodest, and so she saved time by using the morning and evening dressing periods to issue orders or make plans or set one of her grandchildren on the right path. This last activity was always known as "having a little talk." While Josephine was lacing up her corset, grandmother would be urging greater charity to others. While Josephine knelt to slip on and moor her stockings, grandmother would be counseling family solidarity. And while Josephine was building the complex edifice of her coiffure, grandmother would be eliciting a promise to do better next time.

"Little talks" were not always reproving, however. The elder of us remembers with particular vividness a "little talk" that took place when Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt arrived unexpectedly at Henderson in the midst of an enormous and particularly worldly house party that filled both Henderson and Mahaqua to the attics. The year before, when Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was the Republican candidate for the New York governorship, Mrs. Roosevelt had toured the state for the Democrats in an automobile rebuilt to look like a teapot. From this conveyance she had emerged at intervals—through the teapot lid, reportedly—to hint that the Republican candidate, who was, of course, her own first cousin, had been somehow connected with the Teapot Dome case. This had occasioned bitter family feeling, which had not died down. But to grandmother, Mrs. Roosevelt was still her dearly loved niece, teapot lid or no teapot lid; and the purpose of the little talk that evening was to confide to a sixteen-year-old grandson the duty of "taking care of darling Eleanor because the others are still being so silly."

Mrs. Roosevelt seemed to sense the silliness of the others, and uncomplainingly devoted herself to her youthful caretaker. It should have been a marvelous evening, for even in those days, when she was still a comparatively young woman, Mrs. Roosevelt already had a largeness of human scale and spirit which even a pimply boy could hardly miss. But the trouble was that all around the serious conversation between Mrs. Roosevelt and her caretaker there raged the continuous riot of the house party. The end came when dancing started after charades alarmingly full of double meanings. At this point, Uncle Teddy was observed stripping off his dinner jacket and posing as though to dive from one of the severed Empire couches, announcing meanwhile—it was the year of Gertrude Ederle—that he was "going to swim the Channel to dance with Eleanor," who was on the couch across the hall, gravely discussing slum clearance. The menace of Uncle Teddy broke up the discussion of slum clearance, for Mrs. Roosevelt went to bed.

That evening grandmother thought the riot had gone rather too far, but she liked riot nonetheless. Even when she reached seventy, nothing ever seemed to interrupt the flow of her limitless vitality. She loved people, bustle, noise, confusion, drama, jokes; and it was by this vitality of hers that she managed to transform every occasion—even tea with the children—into a party. For children, more often than not, it was a theater party at which, so to speak, we attended the drama of the family past, for grandmother was a great reciter of tribal histories to the young. Irvine Bulloch, for example, had been her mother's brother. After the North's victory, he was one of the few Confederates who were proscribed by the Union Government, but when grandmother was a little girl he defied the edict of proscription and visited New York in order to see his sister and her children. The unsigned letter survives, in which he suggested a Central

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Park rendezvous to his sister, adding that if she kept the rendezvous, she would learn "something to her interest." When grandmother told the story, you felt as though you were in the little group waiting nervously "by a tree in Central Park, where Uncle Irvine met us, wearing his disguise of an Italian sailor."

Or again, the little French chest of drawers in the drawing room, which held the children's playthings, had once belonged to the mother of Napoleon III, Hortense de Beauharnais, Queen of the Netherlands. When Monroe was our minister in Paris, his daughter, Eliza, shared a room with Hortense at the famous school kept by Madame Campan, and Hortense gave Eliza the little chest as a souvenir when Eliza left the school. With this otherwise uninteresting piece of furniture as her text, grandmother would make them all come alive—foolish Hortense with her lovers and her music; Eliza, the young American girl, learning pre-revolutionary French manners from

To a Passing Young Man

By BETTY ISLER

I saw you look at her, this good
Sweet child beside me, shoulder high,
The first faint flush of womanhood
So new upon her only I,
Till now, had known that it was there.
She knows not, but she will, she will,
And oh, young man, are you aware
You made this mother's heart stand still?

strict Madame Campan, who had been Marie Antoinette's maid of honor; and even poor Marie Antoinette herself, so unfortunate and so lovely that dragging her into the story was quite irresistible.

In another way, too, grandmother's vitality was an essential ingredient in that vanished life at Henderson. Without her to "make things go," the almost prehistoric Henderson ceremonials would probably have died out much earlier. Some of these were once-a-year occasions, like the barn dance, which rose to its climax when grandmother led the Virginia Reel with Courtney, the chauffeur; or the sports, which involved far more sack, potato and egg-and-spoon racing than any of us wanted to indulge in. But the greatest of these ceremonials occurred weekly, being Sunday-night prayers in the big hall.

Ours was not a particularly religious family, but there had always been prayers at Henderson; so every Sunday after a very jolly dinner, large numbers of extra chairs were carted into the big hall, and prayers were duly held with sixty or more people in attendance. Guests and family sat at one end of the room, and "people in the house and people on the place" sat facing them, like two antiphonal choirs of sheep and goats. Because most of the farm workers had been Methodists in earlier days, the Moody and Sankey hymnal was used; and there were special hymns for special days and special persons—"Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin" was always archly sung, for instance, for the most perfectly blameless of all grandmother's men friends. The eldest male grandchild pumped the large, creaky organ, and after grandfather died, Uncle Teddy Robinson, as "head of the house," had the job of reading a selection from a particularly bleak book of sermons that had been used for Henderson prayers since the mid-nineteenth century. Uncle Teddy hated this task, however. He was a gay, brave, short-tempered, witty, by no means spiritual man, and it made him feel foolish to intone a forgotten nineteenth-century preacher's injunctions against bad language, gambling and spirituous liquors, in all of which he felt free to indulge when he chose.

As a kind of protest demonstration, therefore, Uncle Teddy generally brought to prayers the two fiercest of his kennelful of savage German police dogs. The dogs would be told to lie down on either side of Uncle Teddy's preaching chair. When the proper time came, he would begin the sermon, already fingering the short whip he had brought with him for emergencies. More often than not, the dogs, having growled and snarled at each other all through the earlier hymns and invocations, would fly at each other's throats just as Uncle Teddy reached the sermon's grand climax. Thereupon our uncle would forget the pious sentiments he had just been uttering, and would leap into the fray, lashing joyfully to left and right, and shouting, "Blast and damn you, get back where you belong!"

Since Henderson prayers were always followed by two vast, simultaneous and especially riotous parties, one above-stairs and one below, they probably did not contribute very greatly to our moral welfare. But to this day, when we chance to hear "God be with us till we meet again," which was always sung on the last Sunday evening of the Henderson summer, neither of us can repress a choky feeling. And there is another sound, too, perhaps fortunately unlikely to be heard anywhere but at Henderson, which automatically brings us both uncomfortably close to tears. It is the sound of the blowing of a conch shell.

The conch shell had been acquired by Aunt Harriet, heaven knows where, and she had established the custom of blowing it at all departing guests. Blowing the conch shell was a difficult art, of which Mary, the senior parlormaid, was the acknowledged mistress. It was necessary, she once confided, to spit in it first. Thereafter, by a difficult purse-lipped whistling into the end of the shell, the skilled performer could produce, first a series of animal grunts, and finally a long, loud, haunting ululation. In the postdemocrat period—or for most of our youth at Henderson—we would all be in the big old Pierce Arrow before we heard this otherworldly sound. Grandmother would be standing on the steps, waving wildly and calling out, "Good-by, good-by! Come back, come back!" We would be waving, too, when the car would be put in gear, the conch shell would ululate mournfully, and so another Henderson summer would end.

A changing world has brought a good many changes to Henderson now. It is no longer a combined summer hotel and petty private kingdom. But our Aunt Helen Robinson has made the strange, pleasant old house even pleasanter than ever. Under her care, Henderson still goes on, and the conch shell still sounds for those who go there and depart again. Indeed, we heard it just the other day, and it gave us the notion of this ramble in the past, so dear yet long-forgotten.

THE END

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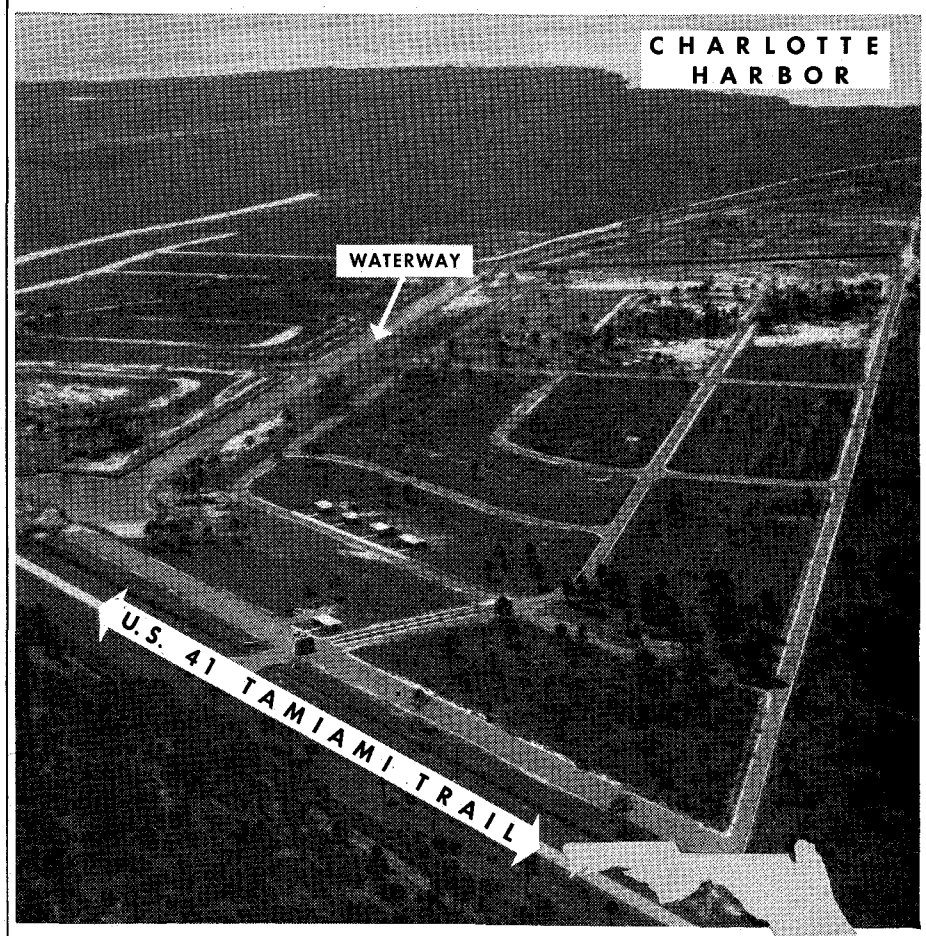

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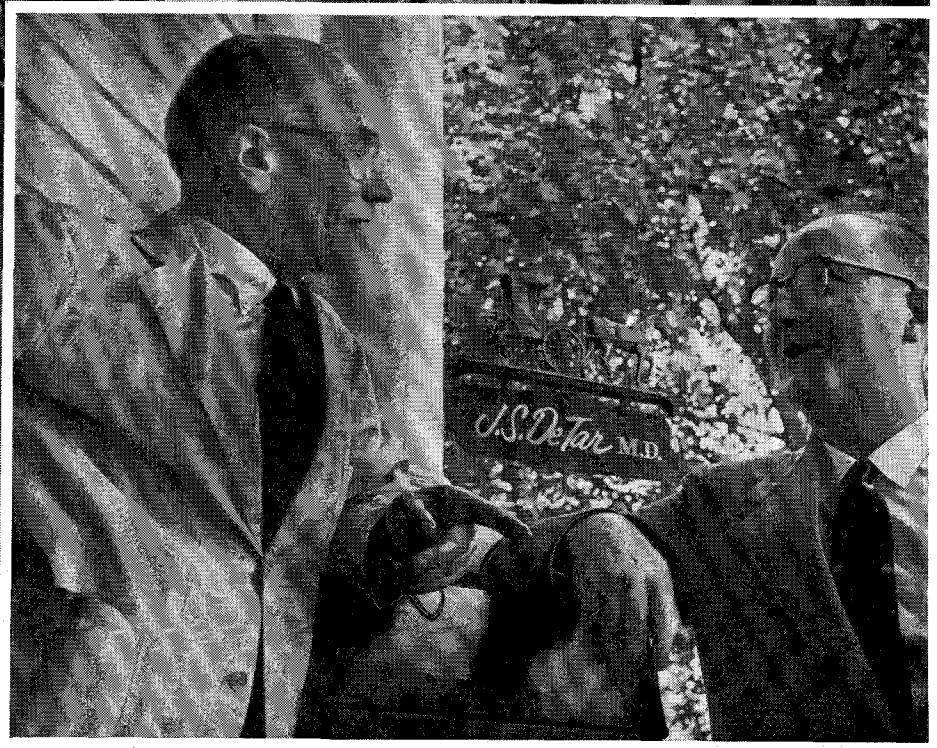
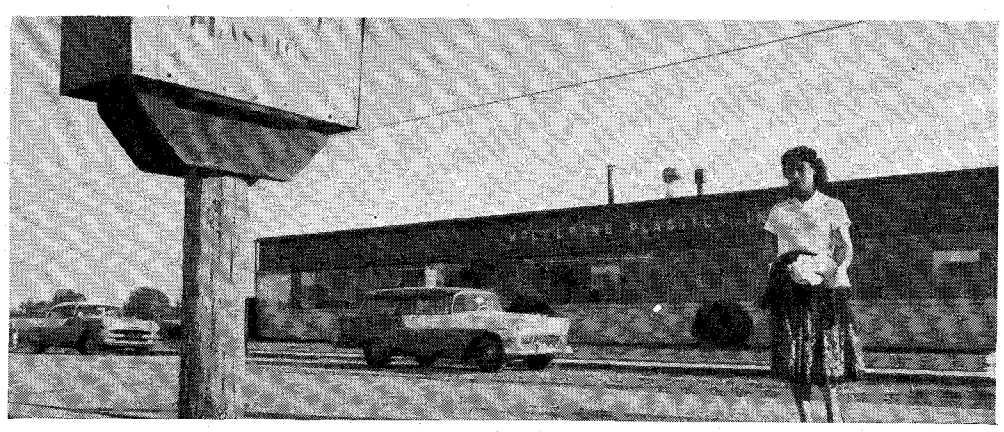
How two country doctors
a shot in the arm with

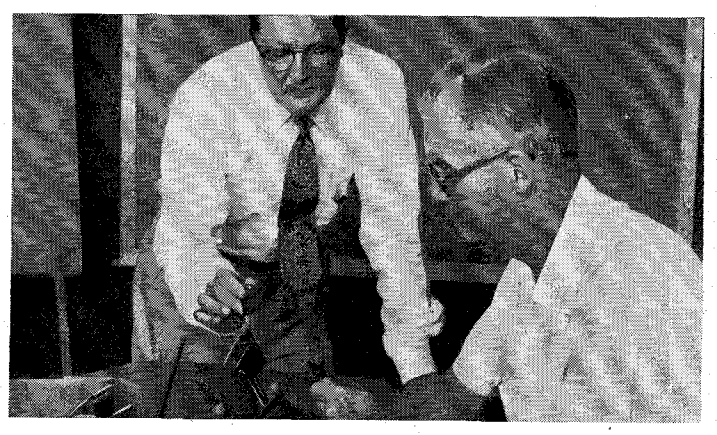
MAIN STREET, MILAN, MICHIGAN—now enjoying its most prosperous days since the local farmers brought their grain to the old grist mill in 1834.



M.D.'s WITH A BUSINESS CURE—Dr. Jack De Tar, who dug up the capital, and Dr. Ray Hannum who used it to put hard cash in Milan tills.



MODERN PLASTICS PLANT IN AN OLD CORNFIELD—Wolverine Plastics, Inc., who makes plastic products, is one of the thousands of small General Motors suppliers.



BLUEPRINTS OF PROSPERITY—Robert Bliss and Harry Haaxma check plastic armrests for Fisher Body Division.

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;ave their village
he aid of General Motors

FOLKS in many small rural communities throughout America used to make it a custom to pay bills in things grown on the farm, instead of using money.

In Milan, Michigan, several years ago, hard times had brought the custom back. Farm people paid their doctors' bills with chickens, eggs or bacon—which was all right for Dr. Jack De Tar who had a wife and family. But it raised quite a problem for Dr. Ray Hannum, who was a bachelor.

Outside Money the Answer

THE PROBLEM, as Dr. Hannum figured it out, was simple. What Milan needed was more ways to bring outside money into Milan.

To get outside money, folks in Milan had to make more things that would find a market in other parts of the State. In short—some sort of manufacturing plant. Say for plastics making, since plastics production was light work, and any woman who could make a cake could soon learn the trick of cooking plastics in a plastics press.

So he sold his more muscular patients on the idea of helping erect the building in payment of their debts to him. Dr. De Tar pitched in and got a group of his fellow Michigan Medical School graduates to put up the capital and in 1946 Milan's new business venture, Wolverine Plastics, Inc., started with only one press and nine employes.

"Little Business" Discovered by GM

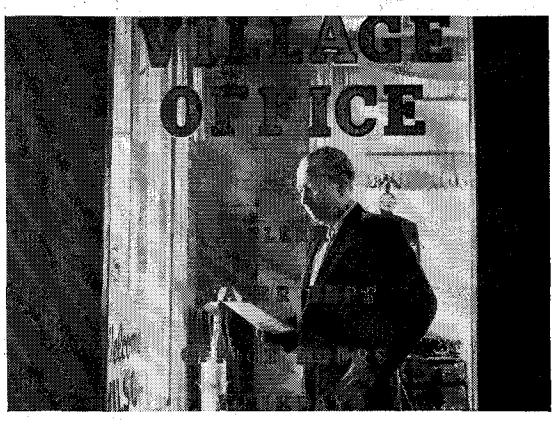
BUT THE PROBLEM was to find a market—and that was soon solved by Fisher Body—with a sample order for plastic armrests—followed by larger orders. Ternstedt and Harrison Radiator, two other Divisions of GM, soon came into the Wolverine picture as have other large companies. So today the one press has increased to 12 presses, plus a new plastics decorating shop—and Wolverine now has 255 employes, including one fifth of the working population of Milan.

What happened in Milan has happened in hundreds of towns and cities all over the United States. Local manufacturers have found that—if they meet delivery dates with quality products, that GM needs, at competitive prices—GM is interested in doing business with them. New money has flowed into their local communities—and every state in the Union shares in General Motors' success.

How much they share is shown by the fact that outside sources of materials and services for General Motors receive, in total, close to 50¢ out of every dollar that General Motors takes in.

General Motors—Good people to work for—Good people to deal with

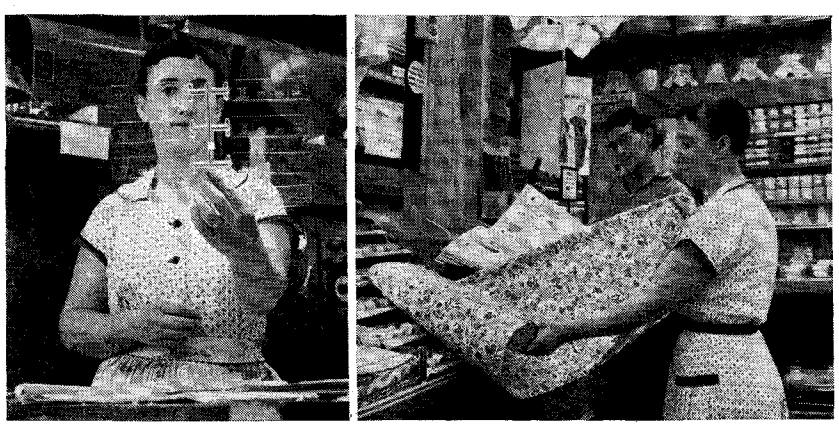
HIGH SCHOOL HIGH NOTES—Choral group rehearsing for Village Christmas cantata sponsored on local radio by Wolverine as typical civic contribution.



HAPPY TOWN OFFICIAL—Grant Jones, President of Milan Village, who reports tax rate lower than average Michigan town of its size—thanks greatly to Wolverine success.

Small "Small" Business

About 64% of the 26,000 suppliers of goods and services to General Motors Divisions are *very* small businesses—employing less than 100 persons. Yet on the average each of these small "small businesses" supplies at least two GM Divisions.



HAPPY HOUSEWIFE—Rita DeVee earns money at Wolverine. Spends some of her cash at Van's Department Store.

PROSPEROUS COUPLE—Marlene Herkimer earns cash to help buy farm equipment while husband Perl fills the silo on their 165 acres.

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So You'd Like to Win a Contest!

(Continued from Page 39)

lighter she has just snared in Ed Sullivan's Mercury contest. She smiles fondly at Sullivan's engraved signature and best wishes.

The rest of the day is much like this. For Mrs. Parks has garnered prizes by the hundreds, many of them duplicates. There is hardly a relative who does not tell time, for example, by one of Nita's watches, and few who don't toast their bread, fry their potatoes or cook their waffles in one of her wins.

"I hardly ever set out after duplicates, like some contesters," says Mrs. Parks. "That isn't fair. I know one girl who won three cars in one year, and another girl who's always winning bicycles—four last year alone. Of course, some of the girls are always after mink coats, but that's more understandable."

Despite her success, Mrs. Parks is not a professional. "There's no such thing," she says. "You can't make a living at it."

A spokesman for The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, which judges perhaps 75 per cent of the nation's big-money contests, agrees. "Our clients," he says, "have put up well over fifty million dollars in prizes in the last twenty years. Very little of this has gone to the contest hobbyists. That's one reason they're not barred from contests. Another is that choosing winners for anything but the best entry would make a contest a game of chance, a lottery, and hence illegal. Our judging methods guarantee absolute impartiality. An Alabama Supreme Court decision backed that up."

Mrs. Parks is one of some 10,000 members of various contest clubs. "There are tens of thousands of other people who contest regularly, but don't belong," says a vice-president of the National Contest Association. "Many people have said that, next to stamp collecting, contesting is the most popular hobby in the country. I don't know if that's really true or not.

"Most of our members are housewives, schoolteachers and retired people. We don't get many men," she reports wistfully. "And we don't win all the contests. Most of the best of us average maybe a thousand to fifteen hundred dollars a year in cash and merchandise. Nita averages about eight thousand.

"If you really work at contesting, sooner or later something wonderful will happen. You win a mink or car or a nice trip to Yellowstone or something. I won ten thousand dollars once, and my barbecue and stove, and I just won the most beautiful green telephone with my telephone bills paid for a year. But Nita—she wins practically anything!"

Among certain critics there is a tendency to regard Mrs. Parks and other contest hobbyists as acquisitive people who have found a good way of getting something for nothing. This definition does not appear to explain Mrs. Parks. For one thing, contesting is hard work. Often Mrs. Parks spends eight hours a day in a cubbyhole off her kitchen, poring over box tops, entry blanks and soap advertising. Surrounded by cartons overflowing with labels and other "qualifiers"—the proofs of purchase which most contests require—she pounds out 50 to 100 entries a week.

Then there is the grinding labor demanded by all creative work. "You don't just toss these things off," says Mrs. Parks. "It takes great concentration. You have to pack lots of advertising points into a few words. And then you need imagination to bring out something about the product that maybe the sponsor himself hasn't thought of."

An example of Mrs. Parks' consummate art—one of her recent and more mature works—is her victorious entry in a Ken-L Ration dog-food contest. "Skillfully blended, rigidly inspected, champion recommended, it makes my poodle eat hearty, eat peppy, look sharp, and smell so healthy we're both happy!"

This was an especial triumph of imagination, as Mrs. Parks has no poodle. "Ordinarily, I like to be very sincere," she says. "To give your all to writing about a product, you have to live with it. You have to think, think, think about everything you use. You never know when there'll be a contest. When you're washing clothes, think: what's different about this soap? Does it make things whiter? Does it make socks smell cleaner? Colors and smells and things are important in contest entries."

"Mother doesn't do all the testing," says her son, Butch. "For a week now all I get around here is Popsicles. I bet I ate fifteen Popsicles today. Mother follows me around and says, 'Take a bite and close your eyes, Butch. What does it make you really feel?' I can't complain, though, because sometimes mother wins candy and baseballs."

Mrs. Parks shares her winning technique with anyone who will listen. She spends much time with the Winsiders, a national group supplying shut-ins with entry blanks, box tops and advice. She works with the Winvincibles, a similar state group, and with a like organization of her own. When a needy old Alabama lady wrote her a fan letter, Mrs. Parks began a postal course in the art of winning which ended in the lady's copping $20,000 in a big Doctor Pepper contest.

Not only does Mrs. Parks give away most of her prizes, she often wins things just for other people—as when she recently plucked a badly needed sewing machine for her mother. This behavior appalls her husband, who must pay the income taxes on the prizes. "Some people say," Halmond Parks mutters, "that the only reason I have to work is to pay Nita's taxes."

Though the taxes are considerable—paid on the fair market value of merchandise—this is not true. Parks' hackles rise when people suggest that it must be nice to have so ample a supplement to one's income. "A year's supply of shoelaces," he points out softly, "does not pay the electricity bills."

Mr. Parks neared open rebellion when Nita appeared as guest in a local radio panel show called What's My Hidden Talent? The panelists, stymied by Nita, asked if her husband approved of her hidden talent. She answered that his approval was doubtful. Later, learning of Nita's contest winnings, a panelist quipped, "Can't your husband get accustomed to the manner in which you're supporting him?"

Parks was not amused. He is a quiet, sedate man of business who is a quality-control engineer for Aerojet-General, a firm which makes Jato units and guided-missiles components. His world is one of statistics and production reports, from which he determines the mathematical probabilities of machine failure, for example, so that a machine can be repaired before it breaks down.

Friends feel that Mr. Parks has borne up well under the alternate jubilation and despair of living with a champion contester. Usually he says nothing about it. But when a breakfast-food contest is on, and he finds before him every morning for a month the same crunchy flakes, he has been known to look ominous before dipping a spoon into it.

"The only time Hal has been completely pleased, I think," says Nita, "was when I won a pair of back-up lights for his car."

Now and then, Mr. Parks permits himself a comment. Some time ago Nita took first prize in a National Safety Council contest requiring the last line of a limerick about a woman who hurt her back moving a bed so she could clean under it. Mrs. Parks supplied: "Leave the dust if you must till help's near."

"I can't think of anyone better qualified to write about leaving dust under beds," Parks remarked.

"He's right," says Nita. "I hate housework, and contesting gives me a good excuse for not doing it. I wish someone would run a contest that gave away maids."

Nita Parks' early life was in the best traditions of American championship. She was born in a one-room cabin of hand-hewn logs with, of course, no doctor in attendance. The year was 1907, and her parents were James and Pearl Igou, of French descent, who were struggling to make a go of a timbered homestead in Northern Minnesota. Nita's childhood was spent on remote farms in South Dakota and Iowa.

In her senior-high-school year, in Marshalltown, Iowa, she left school to marry a traveling trombonist. After five years of sitting on a new bandstand every night to glamorize her husband's entertainers—she couldn't sing or play an instrument—Nita asked for a divorce. She got it on the ground of mental cruelty—maintaining that her spouse's trombone meant more to him than she did.

The depression had spread its pall, and Nita was forced to leave the children, Gerald and Robert, with her mother and hunt work in Detroit. She found a job as a waitress and led a lonely life until, one day in 1935, she stepped into a revolving door with a home-appliance demonstrator. Three days later they were married. The demonstrator was Halmond Parks.

"By 1950," recalls Nita, "things looked pretty good. Butch and Charlene had been born. Hal was quality-control director of Ball Brothers—the Mason jar manufacturers—in Muncie, Indiana.

"Both the older boys were away at college. I had just two children and the house to care for, and was I bored! I read and read until the only thing left on the drugstore rack was Contest Magazine. I bought it. You know, I never really believed anybody ever won those big contests before that. But it sure sounded like fun."

Without hesitating, Mrs. Parks bought boxloads of things she needed for qualifiers. "For months there was nothing in the house," says her husband, "but soap and breakfast food."

Buying a dictionary, a rhyming dictionary and a thesaurus, Nita began working ten hours a day. She signed up for two correspondence courses in contesting and studied them simultaneously.

"I never went to college," says Mrs. Parks. "So I had a lot to learn—all the fine points about contest rules, for example."

She pursued more technical literary studies as well. "I had a lot to learn about writing," she says. "Things like when to put key product sales points in red or capitals, and when to underline. Also, there was poetic meter. You have to study that or you could never write good last lines for jingles and limericks. If the first line goes *da-Dum da-Dum da-Dum-da*, you can't win with a line like *Dum-da-da Dum-da-da Da-dum*."

"You have to remember," says Hal Parks wryly, "that among other things it's not easy for a woman to learn to say anything in twenty-five words or less."

In her first two months of contesting Mrs. Parks pounded out more than 500 entries. Nothing happened.

Then a Chicago radio station offered a "beautiful nylon bag" to the writer of the best line using names of celebrities as words. Wrote Nita, "Benny fiddles, Gracie twiddles, while George Burns!"

"I thought it was sort of cute at the time," she says. "It won. But the bag turned out to be a mesh shopping bag."

Within only six weeks and 300 entries Mrs. Parks hit again—this time six tickets to a drive-in movie. But the tickets could be used only two at a time, and the theater was in Indianapolis, about sixty miles away.

After four months, Nita totted up the score. On one side she set her trophies, and, on the other, her time, study, postage and other expenditures. The task showed a disproportionate list of liabilities. She promptly quit.

Luckily, fate did not permit the wasting of a talent of such magnitude. The next

"Guilty."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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morning brought greetings from the National Youth Temperance Council and a fifty-dollar check for the statement: "I think social drinking is stupid because money and time thus spent if wisely used could practically remake the world."

Rather than venture into such literary niceties as punctuation, Nita left them out entirely. Yet the core of talent could not be denied. Overjoyed, Nita and Hal hurried down to the Moose lodge, cashed the check and celebrated.

Certain she had arrived, Mrs. Parks pressed on. But the next four months provided only four books on completing the limerick, two pounds of lard and some assorted meats. She lost heart. But rallying her spirits in a final effort, Nita drove herself to one more composition: Why I Like to Shop From the Spiegel Mail Order Catalogue. It won a lady's pin watch. Nita was on her way.

In rapid succession she scored for a metal step stool, a dust mop and pronged duster, a fifty-dollar bond and an automatic pencil. The pencil was her award in the Torchy Animal Crackers contest. And the entry gives some indication of how far her mastery of technique had come: "Melt-in-the-mouth Torchies melt the ice at teen-time parties, make shy ones laugh, keeps the boisterous busy and starts conversation rolling."

Fumbling her grammar at the halfway mark, Mrs. Parks nevertheless muddled through. "The important thing," she says, "is to see the possibilities hidden in something like an animal cracker."

From that time the wins were regular, and a dismayed Hal began keeping books on the taxes he would have to pay. "But he was very understanding," says Nita. "The only thing that made him and the rest of the family mad was a habit of mine. When we took a walk, I'd be bound to notice a perfectly good label or two in someone's trash barrel. Well, there was only one thing to do, but the family would pretend not to know me for two blocks. Nowadays, things are different. They take it in stride."

Mrs. Parks began to develop a leaning for plays on words which colleagues feel is her true forte. Required to title an abstract painting, she called it "Mess Production," and won a magazine subscription.

She picked up ten dollars for a statement on a pancake mix: "The sigh-cue when gourmets compete." She wrote that, as a careful comparison shopper, she preferred a certain brand of shoes because she was "madly shoesy." When Swanson Canned Chicken asked for a name for its new chicken salad, an inspired Nita dubbed it "Swansong Salad." So captivated were the sponsors by the wit of this that they ignored the lugubrious overtones and handed over their prize.

In August of 1951, a year and several thousand entries after she began contesting, Mrs. Parks was quietly dyeing her hair in the kitchen when she heard a car drive up. Until 1936 her hair had been black. When Charlene was born in that year, it turned white overnight, she maintains.

"After fifteen years of putting it off," says Mrs. Parks, "I was making a mess out of dyeing it, when I heard the car. So I wrapped my hair in a towel and peeked out the front door."

Dripping black drops, Mrs. Parks looked out to see a stern-looking man in a snap-brim hat. She flung the door wide with the happy greeting, "I'll bet you're an investigator!"

At this point it should be explained that sponsors do not give away big prizes without taking a second look. When entries are boiled down to a top few dozen, detectives are hired.

"We want to know the entrant really exists," say the judges. "We also want to be sure she actually wrote the entry, and that she's not related to anyone working for the sponsor. Then we complete the judging."

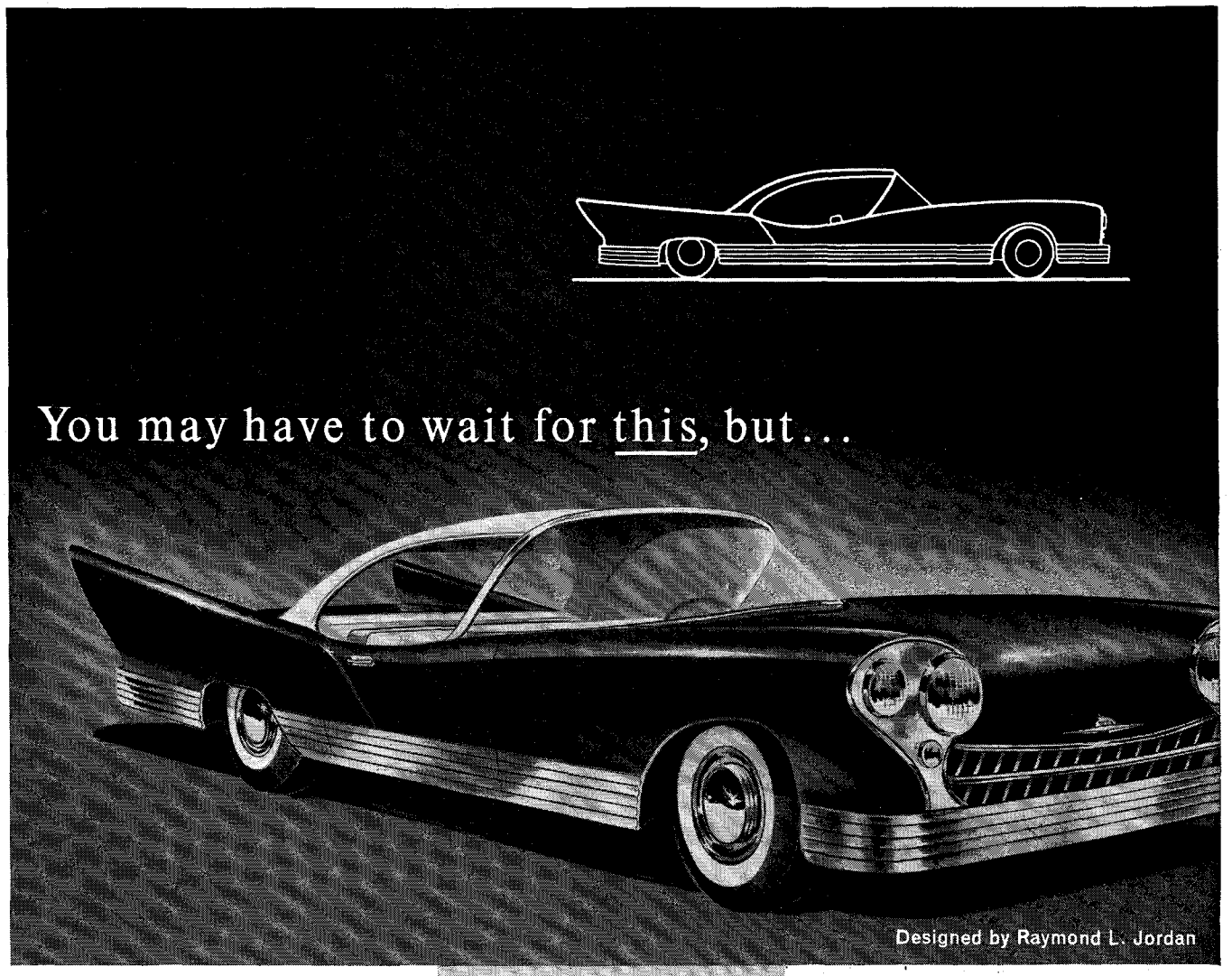
Most contest hobbyists are suspicious of investigators and handle their interviews with artful reluctance. They admit there is no logical reason for such behavior, yet they refuse to give their names to reporters, abhor all forms of publicity, and like to whisper facts about contests which are in plain view in the public prints. Says one contester frankly, "I guess it's more fun that way."

Not so, Mrs. Parks. When the investigator called, she hurried him into the kitchen, poured him a cup of coffee and regaled him with tales of her contesting experience. "After all," she explains, "he was the first person I ever met who had anything to do with contesting as seen from the sponsor's side."

Mrs. Parks wrote a limerick last line to demonstrate her ability to do creditable work, and turned over copies of her entries in the contest. The investigator asked if she was indeed Nita K. Parks, and she said she was not. She was Nita R. Parks. Then she explained that she had keyed each of her forty-seven entries with different middle initials and such, so she could tell which of her entries had won.

With Nita's hair still dripping black from under her hat, she accompanied the investigator downtown to a notary public. Contestants must vouch for their authorship of the entry and relieve the sponsor of certain legal obligations.

Mrs. Parks knew that if, in the final judging, she didn't win, she might never



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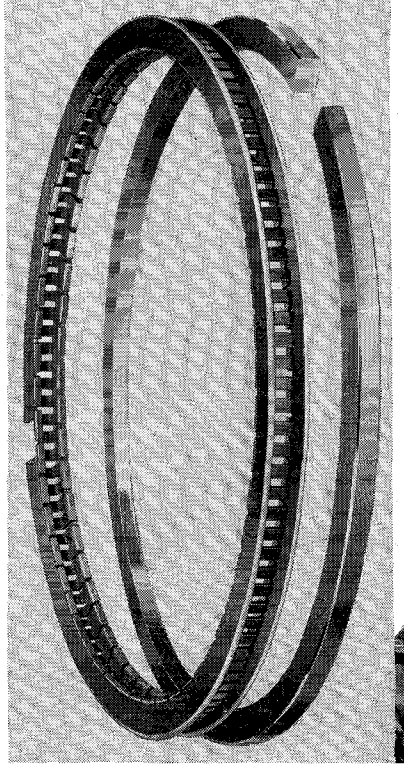

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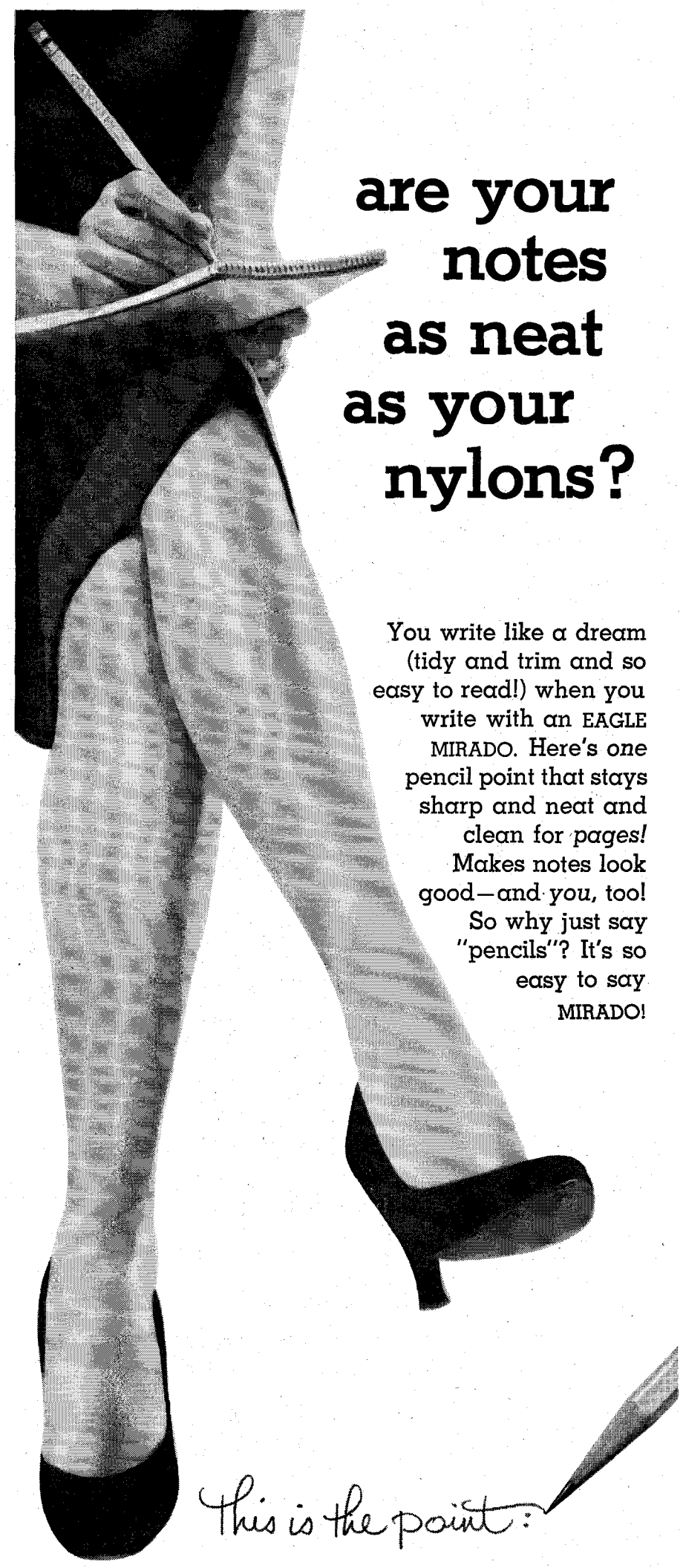
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hear more. After three weeks, hope faded. Anyway, she was busy moving her family to Wilmington, Illinois.

Nearly two months after the investigator's call, Nita heard from a Muncie neighbor that a man had been asking questions in the old neighborhood. Hope renewed, Mrs. Parks dropped a note to the contest judges. Two days later she got a call from Chicago. "We'd almost given you up," the man said. "Stay where you are. We're sending a man out."

"Well, I thought they were delivering an electric iron or something," says Mrs. Parks. "But the man who came just asked me to go to Chicago with him. I said I would, if Hal could go.

"All the way to Chicago I asked questions. Hal was annoyed about losing a day's work. But I got no answers. Finally we got out at the Palmolive Building, and they were taking pictures and a man was handing me a piece of paper. I couldn't see what it was, so, when it was over, I whispered to Hal, 'What is it?'

"He had this funny stunned look on his face, and he said, 'A check for twenty-five thousand dollars.'"

The Parks family was numb for several days. Reporters called. Daughter Charlene brought curious friends to look at her mother. A thousand letters poured in. "Mostly they were just from people who were happy for me. Some wanted to know what my entry was, but you're not allowed to tell that in big contests. I answered every letter myself. One man came to the house and tried to sell me an encyclopedia, but I told him I'd just won one, and he shook his head and went away."

Mrs. Parks was now a pundit among contesters. Invited to speak at their national convention, she protested she'd never made a speech before. Then she talked off the cuff for forty-five minutes. "Nita was never at a loss for words," says Hal.

The wins now really flooded in, one for every thirty or forty entries, a rate which continues today. Mrs. Parks had discovered a winning secret. "The answers to the contests are all around you," she says. "You just have to notice them. I was working on this hosiery-slogan contest, and Charlene was trying to get me to iron her blouse while she did her homework, and buttering me up in a nice sort of way. I said flattery would get her no place, and then I had it—the hosiery slogan, 'The flattery that gets you places!'

"That's how we got Duke," she smiles, patting her cocker.

Soon after, the Parkses moved again—to California this time—and another missing-persons hunt was on. A telegram finally reached Nita, and a few days later she was accepting a jackpot of prizes from the radio show Grand Slam, and a $100 watch from Rinso. And not long afterward she was in a showroom choosing colors for her new Ford, courtesy of Oxydol.

Mrs. Parks' continuing wins have not banished financial worries from the household. They have, at times, multiplied them. Her taxes on the $25,000 alone came to $8200. And most prizes are merchandise. Hal coughs up the tax money.

"I don't like to ask Nita to sell anything to raise the money," says Hal. "But sometimes it makes me a little nervous seeing new deep-fat fryers and toasters coming in one day and going out the next wrapped as gifts. Even though the taxes were rough, it was nice to see Nita get the new car. But right off she ran it into a tree and decided she didn't like to drive."

Shortly after a recent tax bill came due Hal fell ill. Concerned about their finances, Hal figured it might be best to sell the house and get a smaller one. But no one was interested in the house. He worried, but said little.

Nita quietly headed for Hollywood and the studio audience of Queen for a Day. She filled out a blank there. "And in fifteen minutes," she says, "I was on the air asking for advertising help to sell the house. A good contester knows how to get attention."

The next day, Mrs. Parks was lounging in the Queen-for-a-Day Cadillac, en route to a beauty parlor and a whirl of night spots. In her purse was $500 to pay for advertising, together with certificates for quite a bit of other booty.

"Which goes to show what contesting can do," says Nita. "The five hundred helped us keep the house."

"I couldn't tell Nita," says Hal, "but most of the five hundred would have to go for taxes on the other stuff they gave her and on the money itself. But maybe I should have told her," he says sadly, "because she felt so good she went right out and won a complete Bendix Home Laundry. The de luxe model."

"Whatever the prize," says Mrs. Parks, "you can be sure it'll be the nicest quality. I just won a case of tuna fish, and it's the loveliest solid-pack white meat. And the trip to Hobergs (a Northern California resort) we won recently was just marvelous, and when we stopped overnight in San Francisco, the sponsor had the bridal suite in the St. Francis for us."

The woman who is affectionate only when she wants money can still be an ever-loving wife.

D. O. FLYNN

Recently, after one of her ladies'-club lectures, Mrs. Parks was approached by an admirer who said, "You really ought to write a book."

A distinctly open-minded woman, Mrs. Parks retreated to her kitchen cubbyhole and within a few weeks not only had her manuscript, characteristically entitled Contesting From Soap to Mutts, but had persuaded a book firm to publish it. The publisher in turn persuaded Mrs. Parks to change the title to How to Win a Fortune.

"There was a lull in contests there for a while," says Nita, "and I do hate just to sit around doing nothing."

What was probably Mrs. Parks' crowning achievement in using a well-turned phrase to her purposes came not long ago. Deciding to take in a roomer, she determined to phrase her ad to bring in a young man suited to the family. She recalls it went something like: "Wanted. Respectable, amiable young man who appreciates home with quiet refined family."

"He moved in within forty-eight hours," says Mrs. Parks.

Some time later Mrs. Parks entered a contest in the Pasadena Independent, which wanted experiences resulting from one of its classified ads. Wrote Mrs. Parks: "I am enclosing a picture of the adorable baby that came to us via an Independent want ad . . ."

The picture was of Nita's new granddaughter, born to daughter Charlene and her husband, the former roomer. The letter brought a twenty-five-dollar prize.

Hal Parks says in a rather awed tone, "You know, sometimes it's just amazing what happens around here when Nita sits down at her typewriter."

THE END

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The Girl From the Mimosa Club

(Continued from Page 37)

to the Rackets Division at Central Headquarters, Baltimore City Police, stepped in and pushed the door shut. "What'd you want to drag one of Solly Herman's law boys back home with you for?"

"I didn't drag him home," Kerry said warmly. "I had to get out of Pine Street without Joe Anselo ——"

"I know. I was in the captain's office. But I didn't expect him to spend the day."

"Neither did I. I didn't even expect him to come in. But I didn't want him to get curious and ask about me....Coffee?"

He nodded, watching her go out to the kitchen, his bleak sea-gray eyes expressionless. He took off his coat, hung it on the back of a chair and stood there, waiting. When the sharp jab at the doorbell came, he moved silently across the room to the door, looking through the glass. Kerry O'Keefe, standing breathless in the kitchen, heard the urgent knocking; then the feet bolting out along the hall. Trumper came back.

"Your friend Brayton. Come to tell you to cheese it, the cops." He took a cigarette out of his coat pocket and lighted it. "You've sure fouled this deal up, Officer O'Keefe. Unless you've resigned."

She came in and put the coffee on the table. "Resigned or been fired?"

"You? Fired?" He filled his cup and reached for the sugar bowl. "You're the Rackets Division's fair-haired girl today, lady. I'd 'a' told you before if I'd thought you were interested. I thought you'd decided to wait and read about it in the Sunpaper tomorrow morning."

She flushed at the sardonic twitch at one corner of his thin lips.

"It was a three-million-dollar take-in station you uncovered for us in the room behind the ladies' john. We're proud of you. Especially when it wasn't what we sent you down there for. It was a fine job, Officer O'Keefe. A very fine job."

Kerry bent her head quickly to keep him from seeing a different kind of flush on her cheeks. In the six months she'd worked with Sergeant Trumper, this was the first word of praise she'd heard. There'd been a solid wall of antagonism that she'd thought at first was personal and learned slowly was a basic antagonism to women in police work. So praise from him had real meaning.

He was stirring his coffee intently when she came back with a cup for herself and sat down on the sofa.

"Look, Kerry." It was the first time he'd ever called her anything but O'Keefe or Officer O'Keefe. "For heaven's sake, what do you think you're trying to prove?" His face hadn't changed, but his voice was curiously gentle.

"Why, nothing. Not a thing, Sergeant Trumper."

"Sure you are. I'm not the greatest detective in the world, but I can see through a rookie cop like you. What do you think I've been doing the last three hours? Cooling my heels, stalling 'em off at headquarters, because every time I came here I looked through the fence at you and this guy out there under the appleblossom tree. And you didn't even know when I knocked the top off the garbage can. I saw the guy. What are you going to do, Kerry? Let him break his heart and break your own? You want to let him go on thinking you're a lousy tramp?"

"Could I—tell him?"

"Not and stay with Rackets, you can't. His firm represents other outfits we've got an eye on. That's why I'm asking you."

"Asking me what?"

"If you're going to keep your job or get your guy."

She looked at him, her eyes widening.

"Because that's the story, kid. I saw you two out there. That was the big deal, Kerry. It don't come along more'n once, maybe twice in anybody's life. You going to kick it in the teeth? Look. I got a wife and three kids. You tell me I can have J. Edgar's job tomorrow if I dump 'em, and I'll laugh in your face. They're what I live for. And look at you last night. When that gate shut I was sick at my stomach."

She felt the rush of gratitude and the real affection again. "I—heard you say you were going to stay around all night. And thanks, Dave. I—I thought I couldn't take it, till then."

"I was scared you'd fold and give the show away."

"I know. You're just so damned tough, aren't you?" She laughed, blinking to keep the sudden moisture out of her eyes.

"Sure, I'm tough. I got to be. But you don't. Why don't you quit ——"

"I'm not quitting." Her chin went up. "When the inspector picked me out for special training, I promised I'd stay a year."

He saw her eyes light then as the phone rang, until she heard the second ring. "So you gave the guy your number. Or Reeves' number." He got to his feet. "O.K. if I get this? I told 'em I'd be here."

She heard him answer and listen. Then he said, "O.K.; took it like a soldier." And a pause before he said, "That's what I'm finding out. I'll call you."

He looked at her silently for a moment. "That was the chief," he said evenly. "He wants to know if you can take it or if you can't."

"I can take it. I promised a year. I'm not quitting."

"O.K., officer." He reached into the pocket of his coat on the chair and took out a packet of papers. "Here you are." He handed them to her. "Your new credentials. You're a gal called Kitty Kelly, an out-of-work hostess from a Miami joint. Description on the back page." He got up. "How long's it going to take you to pack?"

Her face was pale as she looked at him silently.

"You're going away, Kerry. Till the heat's off. You're a fool not to quit. But it's up to you, and it's whole hog or none."

Kerry got blindly to her feet. "How long, Dave?"

"Till your hair grows out that blondine bleach, for one thing." *The poor little devil*, he thought. He went over to the garden door. "I'll bring your chairs in."

"Dave, could I tell him I'm going?"

He shook his head. "He'll find out—if he's still interested after Miss Reeves answers his calls."

"If you'd just let me tell him ——"

"Listen, sugar." His voice was gentler again. "What good's it going to do to tell him? You told me once your family raised hell when you decided you'd be a policewoman. What do you think he and his family are going to do? You say it's prejudice. O.K. You've never run into the real old-time prejudice we got here in Baltimore."

"I can't help that. I'm not ashamed of my job. I'm proud of it."

"I'm just telling you. You say to him, 'Look, sweetie, I'm not a female sitter; I'm a female cop,' and all you'll see of him is the rubber on his heels—down the back steps, over the fence, through the alley, up to the Belvedere bar to celebrate a narrow squeak. You're butting your head against a stone wall, sugar. But if you're crazy enough to stick at your job, start packing. And give me a key so I can check your tape. If any of Solly's crowd leaves a name, we'll be pretty sure they haven't figured you. You're driving, aren't you? Got a gun?"

She nodded, blind again.

"Who's going to water the garden for you?"

"There's a colored child ——"

"Well, you won't be needing any for a couple of days." Sergeant Trumper looked out at the sky. "You better get going before it breaks loose up there." He went to the door and stopped, looking back at her. "It isn't always so easy to be a good cop, is it, Kerry?"

It was eight-thirty on Monday morning when Johnny Brayton shifted a garbage can in the alley back of Park and stepped up on the slatted, rat-proof stand to look over the split-cedar fence into Kerry's garden. The garden was empty. The white gravel under her tree was littered with leaves and branches whipped off by the wind, a pot of pink geraniums that had been on the window sill blown off and shattered under it. He could see the Venetian blinds tightly shut and the windows locked.

He got down and pushed the garbage can back into place. He could ask her landlady. Some new-born discretion stopped him. Instead, a few minutes before nine o'clock he was walking into the office of Sergeant Trumper.

"I'm John Brayton, Sergeant Trumper."

There was no evidence on Trumper's face that he'd ever seen him before or that the name "Brayton" had any meaning.

"I'm here to find out what happened to a girl named Reeves," Johnny said evenly.

"Oh, yeah." Trumper took off his hat. "You're one of Grimes' ——"

"She disappeared after I saw you in front of her house," Johnny went on doggedly. "She hasn't been home since. I want to know what you've done with her. It's a personal matter. Nothing to do with the firm of ——"

"I'll bet it hasn't." Trumper fixed bleak, unfriendly eyes on him. "Grimes is too old a hand to put one of Solly's outfit on the spot. I'll sure take your word for that. And I'll give you my word, Mr. Brayton. We're not holding Reeves or any of the rest of the girls you got off yesterday morning. That's a plain honest fact."

He leaned forward. "Something else maybe you haven't thought of. Lottery's big business, and dirty business. You let somebody in it get the idea Grimes' office is moving heaven and hell to get that girl away from the police, they're going to figure it's because she knows too much. If I had any personal interest in her, it'd scare me, and I'm not kidding."

He leaned back, pulled his desk drawer open and brought out a newspaper clipping. "This is the Sunpaper's report of a Grand Jurors' Association meeting. Says a hundred and seventy sitters have left town since the grand-jury investigation began." He tossed it back into the drawer. "What Reeves did, probably. Skipped till the heat's off. They don't stay away long if they've got connections here. So why don't you simmer down, Mr. Brayton? She'll be back, I expect." He put his hat on again. "Anything else I can do for you this morning?"

Even at that and against his own better judgment, Johnny Brayton did a tour of The Block and associated areas that night, sicker and more thankful he didn't find her the farther he went down the scale. Then, at three o'clock in the morning, he was waked from a nightmare sleep when

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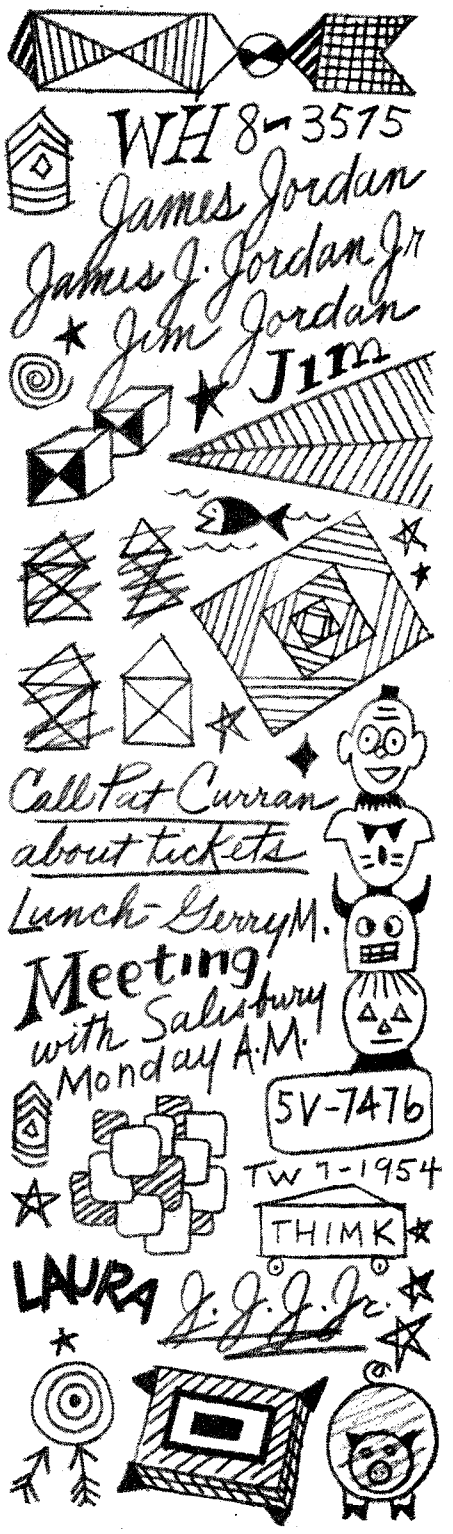

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the phone rang and he listened to the eerie voice of a woman whispering over the line. She was safe; she'd be back sometime. It relieved his despair in one way while deepening it in another. But at least she'd bothered to get a message to him.

Then there was the daily grind at the offices of Cadbury, Dewar, and Grimes, anodyne or anesthesia, whichever it was, until he was put on FTC reports and worked nights as well as days. One thing he had—her voice on the telephone. Until it was disconnected on Monday of the third week she'd been away. It was six o'clock when he got home from the office and called, and he hurried over, his heart in the pit, expecting to find her name gone from the mailbox and a For Rent sign out. Instead he saw a colored girl of about ten, watering her garden, chanting a count of twenty with the hose on each plant.

"Hi," Johnny said, over the fence.

"Hi," the child said. "She's not home yet, if you're hunting her. I'm in charge till she comes."

"You wouldn't like to let me know when she does come, would you?"

The girl grinned, rolling bright brown eyes. "What for? Is it ro-mance?"

Romance sweetened with a small down payment closed a deal. Not galvanic action on the part of the white knight on a white charger, but assurance of some kind. It paid off the night of his brother Pug's birthday party, when Kerry had been gone five weeks minus two days.

"Johnny." Old Horace met him at the door. "There's a child in the kitchen——"

He stood gaping as Johnny bolted past him. The child was there. "Tomorrow evening. She phoned mumma to open the windows and start the refrigerator."

It was a reprieve so radiant that not even the prospect of Camilla Anne could dim it as Johnny went up the stairs three at a time, whistling as he showered and got himself into a dinner jacket, remembering too late he hadn't got a present. They were all gathered in the back parlor, his father, the charming host even to his own family, taking the Martini pitcher around. Except to gran. Strictly a bourbon-and-water gal. She was sitting erect and stately, her blue-white hair immaculately coiffed, a sapphire-and-diamond dog collar glinting above her low-cut blue evening gown. His step was blithe as he approached the double doors and caught the almost imperceptible break, infinitely small, in the conversation, a kind of wary hush, quickly covered.

"Hi, Johnny."

"Hi," Johnny said. "Hi, gran." He went over to her and bent to kiss her cheek. He'd seen her eyes narrow as they'd fixed on him, so he was not surprised to find it cool to the touch. "You look very handsome this evening, ma'am."

Camilla Anne trapped that one and whipped it to second. "Grandmother's the most handsome and distinguished-looking older woman in Baltimore, I think."

His sister Meg's eye met Johnny's.

"Gran still likes a little water with her bourbon, Cam," Camilla Anne's husband, Dr. Pierce Brayton, Jr., said.

"At my age you take it any way you can get it, Pug," his grandmother said dryly. "Thank you, dear," she added to Camilla Anne.

Johnny went to kiss his mother. Her cheek was softly warm. "Hello, love." She was sitting in the fireside chair, a needlepoint tapestry resting in her lap. She smiled up at him and took his hand affectionately in hers.

"Where's Lolly?"

"Visiting Camp Dix. Extra liberty this weekend."

"Rather extraordinary." He heard his father's silken voice. "It's taken two world wars to make camp following respectable."

Johnny stiffened with sudden rage. His mother's hand tightened on his. "She's staying with friends of mine on the post, if any of you are alarmed," she said tranquilly.

"You've always had a peculiar sympathy for the military, Margaret," Doctor Brayton remarked.

It sounded pleasant, but somehow, Johnny realized, it wasn't. Perhaps it was his mother's silence or the sharp contraction he saw in his grandmother's eyes that made it seem so. It was the nearest he'd ever heard to the slightly mocking amusement in his father's voice when he was speaking to their mother. Or perhaps it was because he was turning to Johnny that the familiar tone had crept in.

"Good evening, counselor. A Martini?"

"Thank you, sir." *Damn, how I hate him.* He took the glass and turned to his brother. "Skoal. Many happy returns. I'll owe you a present."

"No gift shoppies over on Park, I guess." His sister Meg's husband, Joe, a nice, uncomplicated, redheaded lad who worked in his uncle's insurance business, grinned cheerfully at him. "I got a friend says you haunt the alleys looking for the blonde——"

"May I have a touch more bourbon, Pierce?" Mrs. Summerfield's voice broke the abyss of silence.

Joe reddened and looked blankly at Meg, her head bent to count the stitches in the child's sweater she was knitting.

Light, if light were needed, illumined Johnny Brayton's mind. *Nobody's told old Joe. The conspiracy of silence has left him out.*

The conspiracy of silence. But it was obvious there'd been plenty of discussion when he wasn't around.

"Your lady from Texas, Pierce," Mrs. Summerfield was saying. "What's happened to her project? Margaret tells me she's been in town again."

"I told you she'd been and gone a dozen times, mother," Margaret Brayton said, without looking up from her needlepoint.

"Mrs. Richwitch, you mean?"

Johnny glanced at his brother. The offensive edge to his voice as he'd asked that was surprising. He and Meg were the two who'd learned quickest that silence was the best defense against their father's subtle torture.

"Ristwich is the name." Doctor Brayton corrected him without amusement or mockery. "But I'm afraid you have a right to resent her activities, Pug. It's too bad she had to publicize her plans for the Hopkins. She seems to have a sense of proprietorship that would be offensive to any self-respecting institution. So nothing's happened. I'm still hopeful we can work it out. If we can't, I'm wasting a good deal of time."

He paused a moment. "Her other idea, to endow a project of mine, is definitely out. I wouldn't consider moving it West." He looked over at his wife. "I also regard my present marriage as completely permanent. Not soluble, even in aqua regia, if I may put it that way. Not for all the oil of Araby."

In spite of himself, Johnny Brayton was moved by an aspect of his father he had never known to exist. He looked at his mother, expecting to see a quiet smile in her dark eyes, accepting the tribute.

But she wasn't smiling. She wasn't even looking at him. Her head was bent over her work as if she hadn't heard or didn't know it was she he was speaking to. For once, Johnny was grateful to Camilla Anne.

"I think that's just the sweetest thing! Mother, you're blushing! You're actually blushing! It's simply divine!"

But she isn't blushing. Johnny felt a cold hand closing, tightening everything inside him. He was the only one who wasn't delighted, the only one who saw her hand quiver as she folded the needlepoint, her dark head still bent over it.

"Why don't we all go in?" She looked up then, her face ivory-clear, serenely exquisite. "Take your glass with you, mother; and anyone else, if you wish."

They followed her across the hall into the dining room, Johnny last. His heart was numb. It was strange that none of the rest had seen. Stranger that he'd never until then seen the significance of her turning on him, hell-fire blazing, the Sunday afternoon he'd knocked at her door. *Father always knocks.* He'd come that close to it, but had left it there. *It was because I knocked. She thought it was him. That's why she turned on me.*

He stopped in the dining-room doorway, a kind of semiparalysis creeping over him, as he remembered the blazing fury. *She hates him. My heaven, she hates the living hell out of him. Our serene and lovely ma——*

He watched her take her place at the head of the table, all her graceful warmth intact again. And suddenly Johnny's mind was moving again, his eyes moving from her to the elaborate silver epergne on the Empire plateau in the center of the long mahogany table, filled with flowers. He looked at it, seeing it for the first time. It had always been there, always filled, even when he and Lolly were the only ones left at home. It was only when his father was away that it was moved off, over to the sideboard. *It's a screen. It's so she can sit at the end and not have to look at him. Night after night. My heaven, how awful.*

Something moved then, uneasily chill, in a corner of his mind as his father's words came back to him: ". . . *regard my present marriage as completely permanent. Not soluble, even in aqua regia.*"

What did he mean? It was corn. Pure corn. That's not his stuff. What was he doing? He's trapped her. He was serving notice she can't get away.

Johnny Brayton put his hand up and rubbed his brow to try to clear his head, like a sleepwalker painfully awaking. He glanced at his mother again. For an instant there was a shadow on her face of heartbreaking hopelessness, gone so quickly he wasn't sure he hadn't dreamed it. He shook his head sharply. *I'm nuts. I must be. Nobody could live like that. She'd die if she did. Die or commit murder, one of the two.*

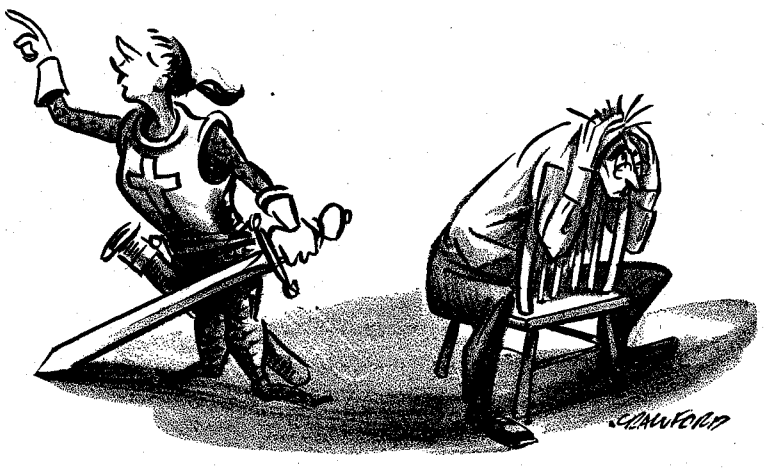
He glanced down at the end of the table toward his father, and found himself looking instead into the bitter old eyes riveted on him. Mrs. Summerfield did not return his smile, and the glint in her eye was as hard as the glint from the sapphires and diamonds round her neck.

"Just wanted to see if you'd changed your mind, officer."

Dave Trumper came through the arch into the living room and turned back to Kerry, something almost like warmth in the silent reappraisal he was giving her. The blond pony pigtail was gone. The blue-black sheen of her cap of short-cropped curls and the glossy black of her unplucked brows made her blue eyes a deeper, more velvet blue and gave her skin a softer glow.

She smiled and shook her head. "I haven't changed it."

"Not when the guy's begging you to marry him?" (*Continued on Page 68*)



The Perfect Squelch

The young coed was rehearsing the part of Joan of Arc as if partly anesthetized, and the professor of theater arts was suffering accordingly. Time after time he urged her to try to live the part. But the coed, who considered herself an undiscovered star, clung stubbornly to her languid manner and soft, almost inaudible voice, which she felt suited the role.

After one particularly limp passage, the professor finally stopped her. "You'll simply have to put more life in it," he said.

"But, professor," she protested, "you *must* realize the danger of my overacting."

"My dear young lady," he said wearily, "you have to act before you can overact."

Patricia S. Gibson

We pay $100 for your original, unpublished squelch anecdotes. Send typewritten, with stamped return envelope, to Box 234, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia 5.

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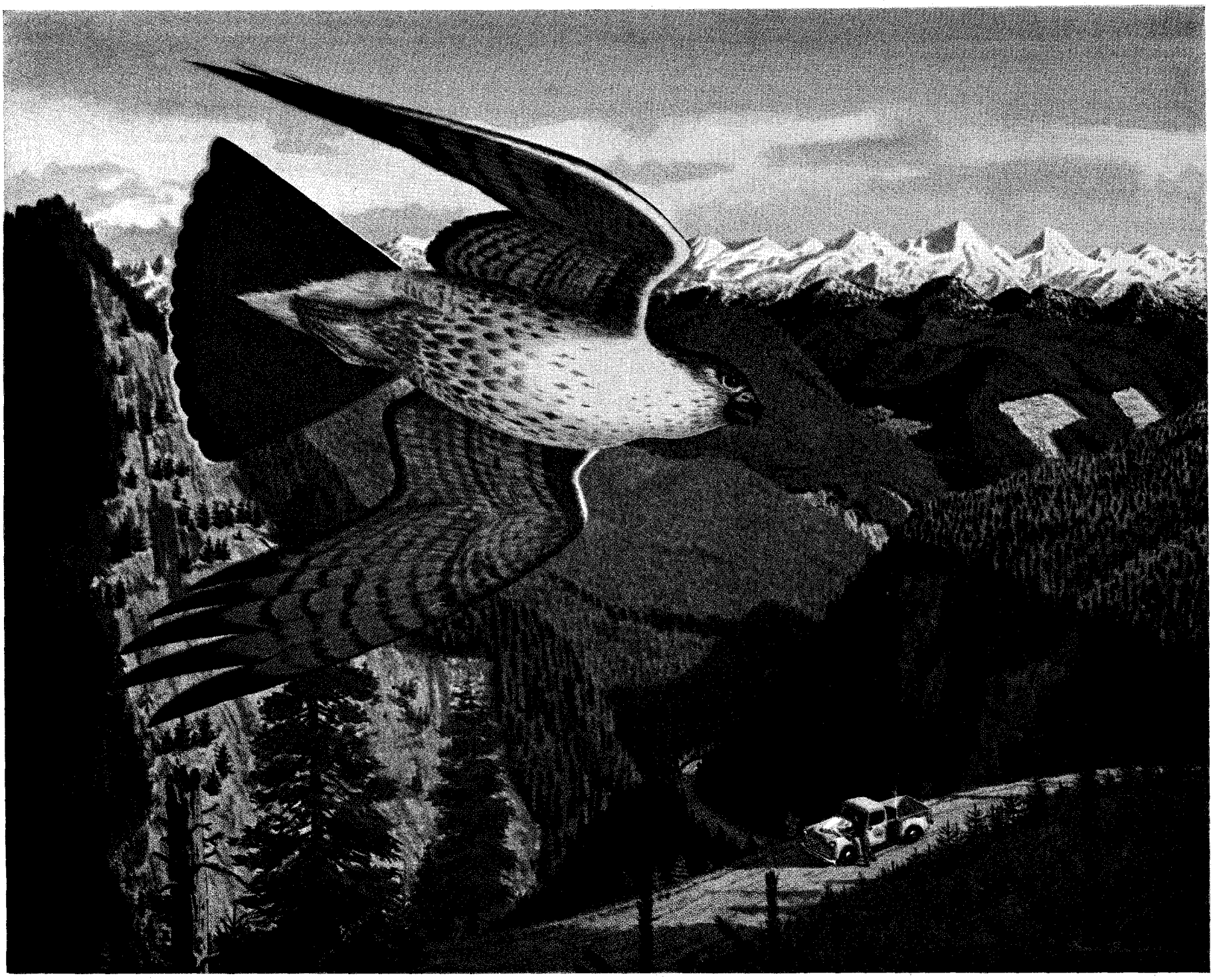
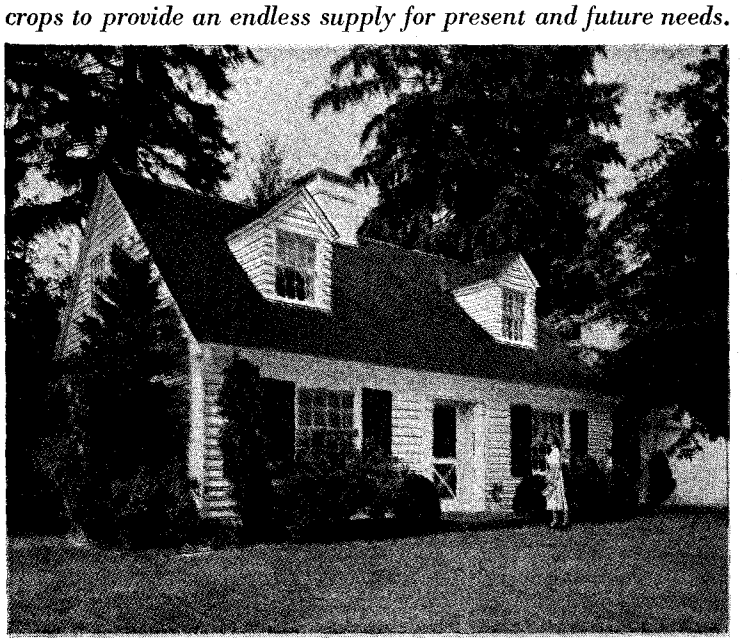


trees for America's future depend on good forestry today...

Wood is America's most popular building material. On privately owned industrial tree farms, timber is being grown in repeated crops to provide an endless supply for present and future needs.



In the United States, forests have always been considered one of our most useful and valuable natural resources. Today, the demand for wood in the form of lumber, plywood, chemical pulp and other forest products is greater than ever before. To adequately supply this demand, both now and in future years...the nation's tree-growing lands must be kept productive by scientific forest management.

For many years, Weyerhaeuser Timber Company has managed its forestlands to grow timber in continuous crops. So that company tree farms will produce wood forever, our industrial foresters plan growing, protecting and harvesting programs designed to keep timber growth and harvest in balance. Such plans are based upon the life cycle and growing habits of species being cut. This type of long-range forest management provides wood for current use and proper conditions for either natural or artificial reforestation of harvested lands.

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4-SQUARE

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(*Continued from Page 66*) Her cheeks turned a deeper rose as she went out to the kitchen to bring in the coffee she'd put on as soon as she brought her bags in, round four o'clock, knowing he'd be coming, and for what purpose.

"Is there a new assignment?" She let the other question go.

"The Coral Seas. We've got a tip it's being used for a narcotics drop for runners from South America. Three ships due the middle of next week. You'll start tomorrow night. If you're still with us."

"I'm still with you. I said a year, Dave."

"That was before Brayton proposed via tape recorder. And I guess I better tell you what I did."

If it had been anybody else she would have thought he was embarrassed. "What did you do, Dave?"

"Well, he came down to see me."

Kerry laughed with sudden amusement. "Just tell me."

He gave her a dour grin. "I thought I'd scared him. I didn't want him hunting you. But he was downtown, combing the joints. I had my wife call him, cloak-and-dagger stuff, three A.M. She told him you were O.K., out of town till the heat was off, and you'd let him know when you got back. So it's up to you." He grinned again. "I'm doing my best for you, sugar. My advice is same as before. The Coral Seas is a client of theirs. And like I told you ——"

"I know. And thanks, Dave. But I'm sticking."

"O.K., lady. Call me up when you change your mind."

Kerry picked up her bags to take them on into her bedroom. She put her overnight case on the chest of drawers, her eyes and lips suddenly soft as she opened it. It was a trick job with a false bottom that her brothers had given her as a big joke. And not so funny as they'd thought. She released the hidden catch to lift the leather-lined inset, and took out the only paper she'd carried that indicated she was other than Kitty Kelly, an out-of-work hostess from a Miami cocktail lounge. It was the strangest love letter a girl ever got, in two typed paragraphs under a Baltimore Police Department letterhead, a transcript the inspector's secretary had sent her while they were still checking the tape-recorded calls.

"Kerry," the first one said, "how can I ask a voice on a tape recording that's pretending it's another girl to marry me? But I need you, Kerry. I love you so much. You've got to quit this lousy job and marry me. We'll go someplace else and start from scratch. I'm going nuts without you, Kerry."

The second said, "Mr. Brayton, Miss O'Keefe. Your voice is all I've got, Kerry. Please come back. You're all my life. We'll work things out. I'm asking you again: will you marry me, Kerry? I never knew what it meant to be in love before. Please come back."

She bent her head, transmuting the cold type into the velvet rose-colored warmth that came into her heart every time she read it. Then she slipped the sheet back. She was closing the case when she heard the rap on the door. She glanced in the mirror, smiling at herself. Trumper again, back to see if she'd changed her mind.

So you can just wait, my love, she thought. She went leisurely to the closet and put her bag in, came back to the mirror, fluffed her blue-black curls and renewed her lipstick. Then she went out across the living room without haste, still amused, looked through the one-way glass to see how patiently he was waiting, and saw a dark-gray-flannel shoulder turning dispiritedly to go.

"Oh!" Her hand flashed to the door as her heart caught breathlessly.

Johnny Brayton turned back, his face lighting for an instant before it went blank, totally blank. *Oh, I'd forgotten. He thinks I'm a blonde.*

"I'm so sorry. I thought Miss O'Keefe ——" He broke off, his eyes opening incredulously. "Kerry! Oh, Kerry!"

He didn't touch her. He stood looking at her, not moving, until she stepped back into the little foyer. He came in then and went slowly into the living room. She closed the door and came in after him. He was looking around him at the curtains and walls.

"That's what I've been wondering about. The colors. The dusty blues and dusty pinks. They didn't go with the yellow hair." He went slowly to her. "You're beautiful, Kerry," he said gravely. "Very beautiful. I love you. Even more than I thought I did." He put

... ...

First Fashion

By Sarah Winfree Thorson

Now every Main Street is
in bloom,
Store windows bear
bewitching stocks
Of budded hats and
flowered frocks,
Bright prophecy of winter's
doom.
Rapt and intent, the women
pass
Before the liquid pools of
glass,
Or gather in a mystic ring
To read the oracles of spring.

... ...

his arms out to her. She came softly into them and he drew her to him, not hungrily, but softly tender. "I've missed you, Kerry," he whispered, the world dissolving in its twilight gold.

Until around one o'clock when he was at the door, starting to leave.

"Tomorrow, Kerry. Let's go down to the shore and have dinner."

"I can't, Johnny!" She tried to make her voice sound casual. "I'm hunting a job. I think I know where I can get one."

He was staring at her, not believing. "My heaven, Kerry! You can't do that! You haven't seen the papers. There's a clean-up drive on all those filthy holes. Do you want them to drag you to jail again? You just don't understand! You don't realize what the hell you're doing!"

He was shouting at her then, saying bitterly angry things he didn't mean, goading her finally beyond endurance.

"Stop it! Just stop it!" She blazed up suddenly, lashing back at him, her cheeks burning, blue eyes as black as pitch. "You tell me you'll marry me. On what? You've already said your take-home pay is forty dollars and fifty-six cents a week. You've said Mr. Grimes only takes people who have families to feed and clothe them. Apprentice lawyers in Baltimore aren't paid enough to live on. So what am I to do? Quit my job and get one in a department store to pay the rent and help feed us? Would that be respectable enough to suit you?"

She burst into tears then. "Oh, Johnny, I'm sorry! I didn't mean it. But if you think I'm so horrible, just go away. Go away and leave me alone. It's your family you love, it isn't me!"

He was still sick, but part of it was the sickness of his own defeat. What she'd said was true, and the irony of it was especially bitter. If she were any one of a dozen other girls he could think of there wouldn't be any problem of take-home pay. His grandmother would subsidize him, as she did Pug doing his internship, and his sister, Meg, not lavishly, but enough to pay the rent, keep a car and produce their young. It was the first time in Johnny Brayton's life that he'd come smack up against the economic facts of it.

He put his arms around her, holding her tight, waiting for the storm of tears to be over. "I don't think you're horrible, Kerry. And if I have to bear it, I'll have to, Kerry. Until I can do something. I can't live without you. It's been hell while you were gone."

They made it up then. It was an uneasy truce, a kind of conspiracy of silence of their own. She didn't tell him where she was working; he didn't ask. He hurried up to her apartment for a few minutes after the office whenever he could get away, before the six-o'clock deadline she set for them. On Sundays the whole day and the whole evening were theirs.

The rest of the time he worked like a lead dog in an arctic sledge team. He wasn't happy, but it was better than nothing, and made him work harder than he'd known he had it in him to work. And the fact that he wasn't walking on air, as he'd done the night of Pug's party, saved him, even though he wasn't aware of it. His grandmother, watching him, watching and waiting, held her hand.

And because his mother was as quietly serene as she'd ever been, the night of Pug's party passed out of his mind, something he'd dreamed. Or perhaps it was Mrs. Richwitch, coming back and forth with such increasing regularity, her car and her chauffeur calling for his father, so that he was almost never home when Johnny was, that made the house seem more peaceful than it had ever been. Until the week before Christmas, when, reaching for the stars, he'd caught a shining handful, only to look behind him into the naked face of his own fear.

At one-thirty A.M. his phone rang. He sat bolt upright in bed, his stomach turning over, the barred gate at the Pine Street Station before his eyes again, and reached for the phone, heartsick, expecting to hear Mr. Grimes.

"Johnny!" It was Kerry O'Keefe, her voice urgent.

"What's—where are you, Kerry?"

"Don't, Johnny. I'm all right. I wanted to call you right away so you wouldn't worry if you heard it on the radio. There was a raid. Three of us got away. I'm not in jail; I'll be home in five minutes. So go back to sleep, darling. You'll see it in the paper."

He saw it in the morning, a late flash on the back page: RACKETS DIVISION RAID ON THE CORAL SEAS.

Police raided the Coral Seas Club early this morning. A large quantity of uncut heroin was found in the possession of two men being held at Central Station. Rackets Division spokesmen said they believe the club has been used as a narcotics drop for supplies coming in through the port of Baltimore for some time. Officers cleared the club management of any complicity. FBI agents working with the Rackets Division were present at the raid.

Johnny Brayton was sick, also sore. He was more so as he read the chatty article on the same page, with a picture of Maj. Gen. Robert Wood Preston. The title was TUBBY PRESTON OMITS THE BRASS.

Out at Friends School yesterday he was plain old Tubby on his annual visit to his home town. With a twinkle in his blue eyes he admits he thought the cavalry was still the place to ride a horse when he quit school three weeks before graduation to join up. He didn't find any hayburners, but there were plenty of tanks to take apart. He went on to learn about mechanized warfare, and learned so much that at forty-eight he's one of the youngest major generals in (continued on page 22).

Johnny didn't bother to turn inside. The contrast between the raid, with Kerry O'Keefe getting away just in time not to be hauled off to jail, and the general, a friend of his family, the guest of honor at a dinner at his grandmother's two nights earlier, was a kind of last straw.

Another came when the phone rang a minute later.

"Johnny. Nelson Grimes." Mr. Grimes was very cheerful. "We've got some more girls at Pine Street. Drop around and ——"

"Sorry," Johnny cut in curtly. "Get somebody else. I didn't go into the law to foul its skirts on a pack of jackals."

He heard himself, appalled, and heard the appalled and also dumfounded silence thundering in his ear. He took a deep breath.

"Sorry, sir. If it'll embarrass you to fire me, I'm glad to resign."

"Now, Johnny." Mr. Grimes, when he recovered, was smooth. "That—ah—that's the spirit I like to see. Ah—never beat about the bush. I'll send Dakers. You come have lunch with me today. We've got old Parsons here. He's very pleased with your job on the FTC reports. One o'clock, Crooked Lane Club."

Johnny put the phone down, still shaken. Then he thought, *Well, I'll be damned.* He grinned suddenly, ate his breakfast and set out, a free man—which no doubt had a great deal to do with that part of the rest of his day that ended abruptly and frighteningly at seven-forty-five o'clock.

At five-fifteen he was at Kerry's apartment. "Kerry! We're set!" He grabbed her in his arms, swinging her off the floor.

She stared breathlessly at him as he let her down. "I thought you'd be —— I mean, I've been dreading ——"

"Listen, girl. The worm turned. And Mr. Grimes invited me to lunch."

Kerry blinked. "Is that such an honor?"

"Hush and listen. Mr. Parsons was there. Senior partner of our correspondents in San Francisco. When Grimes left, he said what about coming to the Coast when my year's up? How much was I getting? When I told him he stared at me. He'll start me at seventy-five hundred."

"Oh, Johnny!"

"He's going to write Grimes a letter, but I'm not to tell him till later." He took her in his arms again, his face grave. "Will you marry me, Kerry? In July? Promise me, Kerry. You do love me, don't you?"

"I promise you, Johnny. I do love you—very much."

The golden peace was there again, until he released her and said, "What did happen last night?"

"Oh, Johnny, don't let's start all that again. I don't want to talk about it. And you're going to be furious. I'm going home for ——"

"Till the heat's off?"

"That's right! What am I supposed to do—starve till July?"

"I'm sorry." He took her face in his hands. "I didn't mean it. It's—just the way any guy would feel. I love you so much. You're not leaving tonight?"

She shook her head. "Tomorrow."

"Then we can celebrate." He bounced back among the stars. "There's a place called the (*Continued on Page 70*)

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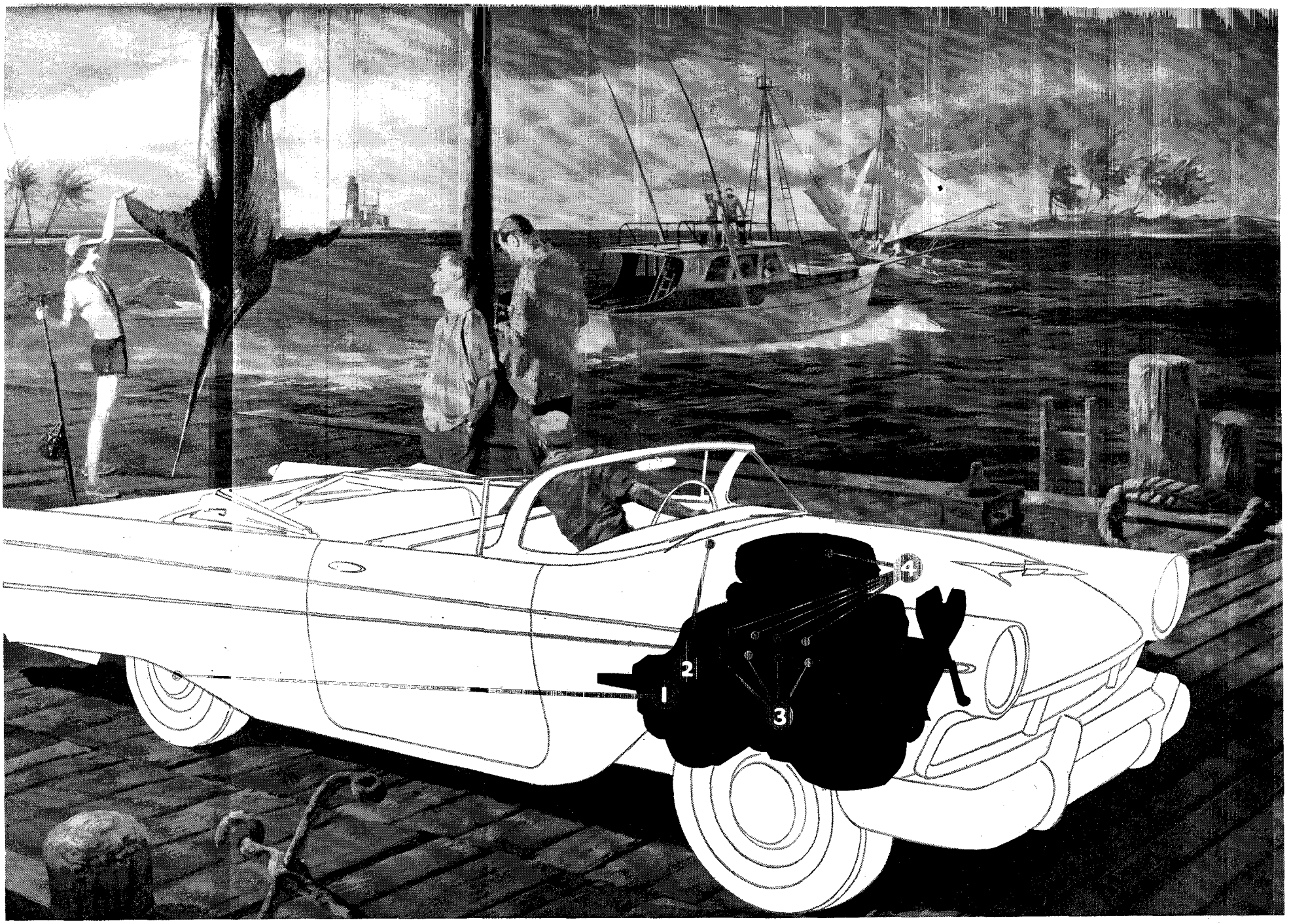
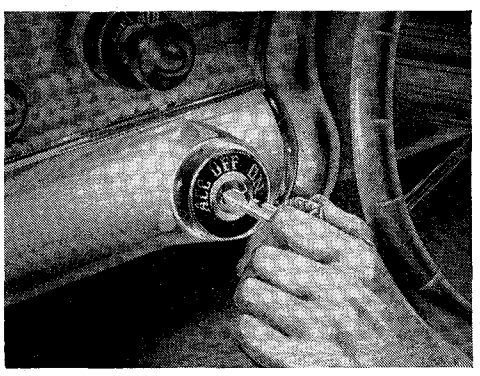


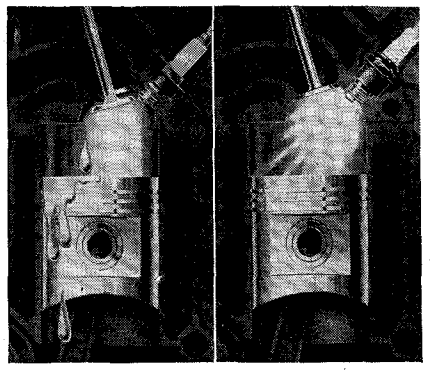
1 More road horsepower—If your car's spark plugs haven't been changed recently, new 5-rib Champions can give you an *immediate* increase in road horsepower—the actual power delivered at your rear wheels. Independent tests prove most cars get an increase of 6% to 31%—for better hill climb and *safer passing!* No wonder 9 out of 10 racing drivers—men who really know cars—insist on Champions!

If you haven't changed your plugs in about 10,000 miles—

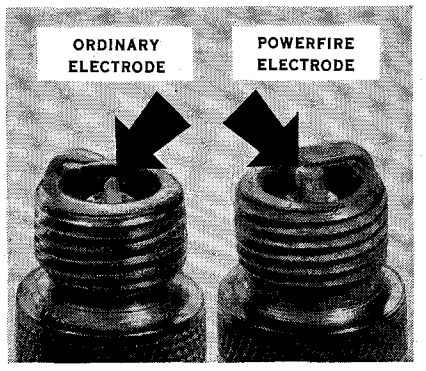
You can make your car 4 ways newer with Champion spark plugs!



2 Quicker starts—New 5-rib Champions cut starting time 39% on the average in tests with cars whose regular plugs had gone 10,000 miles or so. New Champion spark plugs will give *you* quicker starts . . . save wear and tear on your battery.



3 Less engine wear—When old plugs misfire (left), raw gasoline drains into the crankcase . . . dilutes engine oil. New full-firing Champion spark plugs (right) will protect your oil from dilution . . . help you avoid costly engine repairs.



4 Lower cost-per-mile — Great new Champion Powerfire electrode stands up better than ordinary types under identical use . . . gives top power and gasoline economy for life of plug. Always insist on 5-rib Champion spark plugs!

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(*Continued from Page 68*) Fiesole. I saw their card on my mother's desk. I've got to go home; I want to tell ma about the job. I'll get the car and ——"

"I'll take a taxi and meet you there. I know where it is. Now please, Johnny; don't start getting sore again. It's just some arrangements I've got to make. And I won't go if every other minute ——"

"Sorry, sweet." He kissed her again. "Seven-thirty, as close as you can make it."

Crossing Mt. Vernon Place, he quickened his buoyant strides.

"Hi, Mrs. Remstad." The blond lady next door was coming down her brownstone steps. He greeted her warmly, in love with all the world. "I haven't seen you for ages. You been away?"

"Yes. But I came back."

He stopped short. "Hey, what's the matter?" In the glow from the floodlights on the Monument, her face looked old and washed-out, and her voice sounded dead, all the lilting warmth gone from it. "You haven't been sick, have you?"

"No. Not sick. I just don't have the heart to go anyplace. Like on a cruise, I mean. But you look like you got pink clouds to walk on, Johnny."

"I have, Mrs. Remstad." Johnny laughed. "She just said she'd marry me. Just a few minutes ago."

He saw her jaw drop and her eyes open wide. "But, Johnny, your family. What's your family going to say?"

If Mrs. Inga Remstad's jaw had dropped, Johnny Brayton's dropped farther. She saw it and flushed scarlet.

"Oh, I wouldn't have said that for anything, Johnny. I—I don't mean to butt in on your business. But I take walks at night, when I can't sleep. I've seen you with her, over on Park, Sunday nights. And I've seen her come out alone. She's an entertainer someplace, isn't she? I can always tell 'em. I used to have an act myself once." She was embarrassed, shifting her feet, her eyes fixed past him. "That's why I figured your family wouldn't like it. Specially your father in that fancy car."

Johnny looked around. It was there, Mrs. Richwitch's chauffeur huddled at the wheel. He hadn't noticed it till then, and he started to move on, to avoid another meeting like the last one. But Mrs. Remstad didn't move.

"I was surprised myself, because when I saw her with you she looked just like—like one of your own friends."

You're always seen, love.

"And I—I wanted to talk to you, Johnny. You're like I was, sort of. We had a farm in Northern Minnesota. We had all sorts of stuff to eat—wild ducks, geese, deer in winter, all the fish we wanted and stuff we grew. Everything but money. Any money my father had he hid. Under a slab of stone in the root cellar. He didn't trust banks. Then when my mother died and he married again, it was a hard life—too hard for me. So a wild West show came through and they let the locals show off, and the man said I could come with them. That's how I happened to get into the show business. I was pretty good too."

With her pride, a little of Mrs. Remstad's gloss came back.

"But what I'm saying is, it was in the flush days. This fella and me in my act was making money hand over foot. They'd throw it at you, the stage covered like winter oats. Everybody was in the market, except me. I kept mine in my sock, like pa. Then, when the bust came, this broker was running around like he had fits, saying, 'Now's the time to get rich, if you had any dough.' Me, I had it. I just kept enough so if I had another accident, because this jerk I had the act with went off his nut once and shot me and blew his brains out. We had a sort of take-off on a Western."

Mrs. Remstad glanced up at the Braytons' door and lowered her voice.

"To make a long story short, what I'm getting at is if you want to marry this girl and they don't like it and you need any money, I got it and I'd be glad to let you have it. I know young lawyers don't make anything. And I'd be proud to help you. You're the only one of the family who's been decent to me. You sent me post cards from camp one summer. I guess you've forgot, but I never have. And a May basket once."

Did I? He'd completely forgotten. Small crumbs of bread cast on the waters of a lonely life.

"Thanks, Mrs. Remstad. Thanks a lot. But we're all set now. I'm going to get a better job."

"Oh, that's fine, Johnny. But don't you let anybody talk you out of it. You just marry her and don't say a thing. Specially to your parents. But I didn't mean to keep you this long. It's just that I—I got no more use for all the dough I got. Well, 'night, Johnny. You go easy, but you stick to it."

Johnny let himself into the house. As he shut the door old Horace came in at the back in his Sunday suit.

"I didn't 'spect you home, Johnny. Lolly's having dinner out an' the doctor's just getting ready to go."

"Where's ma?"

"She didn't say. She just left."

Even though it was on her desk that Johnny had seen the Fiesole card, it would never in the world have occurred to him that that would be the place she'd left for. It was off Thames Street in the heart of Little Italy, the part of Baltimore known as Old Town, there before Baltimore Town was founded. Outside, it was strident neon; inside, it was still divided into the small rooms of the prerevolutionary house it was. There was a not-unpleasant aroma of oil and garlic, and laughter coming from a bar in the front room. Kerry was already there. How long she'd been there he never asked her.

The moment he slipped into the seat across from her, his back to the thin plywood partition between the booths, he froze rigid.

"Crazy to go on this way. Come with me now, Megsie."

He'd heard that, the man's voice deep and vaguely familiar, as he sat down. The name meant nothing to him. Only a very few of Margaret Brayton's oldest childhood friends still called her that. But then he heard his mother's voice.

"Not now. As soon as Lolly's settled. It isn't long. And I know I'm crazy, Tubby."

Johnny sat numb, unable to move, realizing in a half-stunned way that the man was General Preston. Kerry's dark head was bent over the menu as she tried to read it in the candlelight.

"There's always been a Mrs. Ristwich of some sort in his life. I don't know why this one's so terrifying. Or why I should hate him so for what he's doing to the poor creature. It's so utterly fantastic, the years I've kept from—from killing him, for the way he's tortured my children—that sort of psychological vivisection—that now I could really do it for the way he's treating her. It's so wicked—and so utterly incredible that I should care. I'd have gone mad if I hadn't had you to write to and talk to. I think I ——"

Johnny was aware out of a benumbed fog that Kerry had raised her head from the menu and that her eyes, velvet-blue in the heart-shaped whiteness of her face in the candlelight, were searching his, deeply distressed. Then he saw her reach quickly for her bag and gloves and pick up her coat. She slipped out of the booth and went to the door, waiting there for him.

"Your overcoat." It was she who went back and got it.

"You change your mind?" The waitress had come then.

"Just going to the bar," Kerry said.

They went out into the street, Johnny moving blindly, knowing something had to be said, not knowing what to say. He heard her then, casual and matter-of-fact.

"I was afraid you'd got a shock of some kind," she said quietly. "I thought I'd better get you out, if they were friends of yours. What about Gino's? It's just around the block."

He was grateful, warmly and intensely grateful. But he couldn't tell then or any time the rest of the evening whether she knew it was his mother. Or whether she'd heard them. Or what she'd heard, sitting there before he came.

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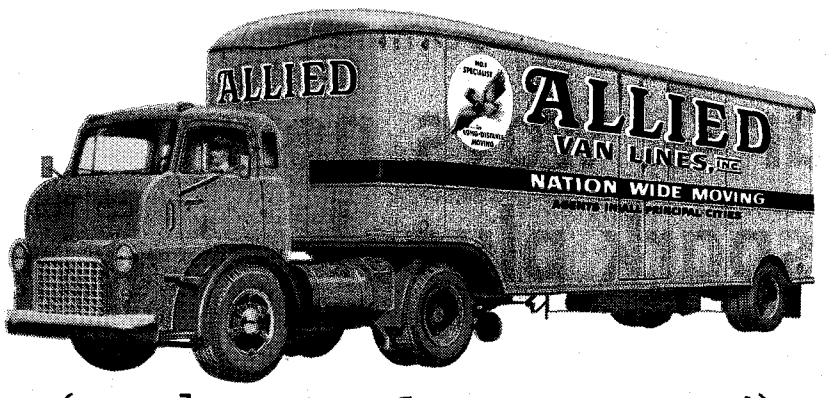
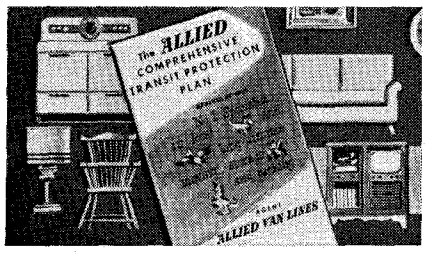


(packing and storage, too!)



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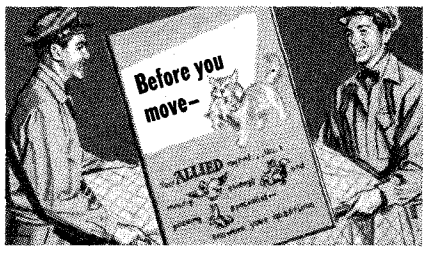

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Sortie Into Suez

(Continued from Page 27)

by boat, they had their reconnaissance vehicles with them.

Thus the Yugs, most of whose officers are former partisans, were the first to penetrate east of the canal, fanning out into the Sinai Peninsula, the Old Testament "Wilderness of Sin." Before them, retreating with more bangs than whimpers, the Israelis were blowing up mine fields, roads, bridges and telephone poles. These sounds were a portent of the trouble that is certain to lie ahead. But a Danish staff officer took the edge off worry with the crack, "Oh, well, that's probably just Ben-Gurion, dropping those damned stone tablets again." The Danes were the real wags of this whole expedition.

At his first field headquarters in a prim yellow schoolhouse near El Ballah, Canadian Maj. Gen. E. L. M. (Smiler) Burns had no way himself to get across the canal, until the Egyptians furnished him with a dinghy. Before this show is over, it looks as if U.N.E.F. may have a navy too.

Finally, on the last shuttle back through Abu Suweir, the Egyptian air base halfway between Cairo and the canal, I noticed there were still huge junk piles of Nasser's Russian Migs gleaming in the sun—no "wooden decoys," they. And it seemed that this point, so recently an advanced base, was taking on all the housekeeping aspects of a rear echelon. One company orderly room had posted the sign: "If you have nothing to do, don't do it here." The Norwegian Light Field Hospital Unit had already planted geraniums near their billets. The Swedes and Colombians were polishing their rifles, preparing to move up to Port Said and Port Fuad. The Canadian Battalion was bemoaning that they had been given the administrative or housekeeping headache for all of U.N.E.F. To date, troops of seven nations had arrived, and there was much talk and rumor about when and whether we would see the Brazilians, the Pakistanis, the Finns, Burmese, Iranians, Ethiopians, the Ecuadorians and the Ceylonese.

One month—thirty days on the most crowded calendar the world has seen since 1945—and already sheer miracles had been pulled off, the miracle that this army was in existence at all, plus a whole string of attached minor miracles. This seems the proper moment to record these events, for already this army is haunted by a peculiar jinx—the jinx that things are going just too well. Somewhere there east of Suez, maybe in Port Fuad or in Sinai or in Gaza, the land of the Philistines, this symbolic army may be shot at with nonsymbolic bullets. Or, it is bound to run up against the cross play of primitive hatreds, the fear and folly that today make the Middle East a nightmare at high noon. Then the statesmen of the United Nations, who sent these young men here, will discover that there can be a vast difference between passing a resolution and showing it.

To some historian of the next century, writing his doctor's thesis at the University of Tasmania, in say 2056, on how the first truly International Army was born—and how it succeeded or how and why it failed. This report may serve for a few short footnotes on how it really looked at birth. From a dusty notebook, here is the record of many small but delightfully human things that happened:

For the first fortnight, the troops ate American Army "10-in-1" rations, and just as with our GIs, they began by wolfing them and soon came to loathe them. Except for the Indians, who brought along their own cook, with curry and chutney and special integral flour to make *chapattis*. The Norwegians arrived wearing German-style coal-scuttle helmets, which were soon discreetly disguised with neutral netting. The Swedes, Norwegians and Danes found themselves serving together in the same army for the first time since the Union of Kalmar—1397–1523. The Swissair airlift pilots, who were civilians, wore uniforms and flew DC-6's. The first blue helmets were in reality only plastic helmet liners. The blue paint was not flown out from the U.N. in New York, as announced; it came from the United States Army depot in Leghorn, Italy. Blue-and-silver shoulder patches were flown out, but were soon stolen. Sleazy brassards that didn't fit had to be substituted. The Colombians were shot by the Egyptian Army—for yellow fever, inoculations they had forgotten in Bogotá. The chartered Swiss planes used for this airlift had been scheduled to take the Swiss team to the Olympics in Melbourne before the Swiss withdrew. . . . Everybody had trouble spelling Dag Hammarskjöld's name, and only the Swedes could pronounce it, so he became simply Mr. H, sometimes "Dag, the Hammer."

Canadian veterans of World War II reported that General Burns is called "Smiler" because he never does. Every U.N. soldier was insured for $25,000, in dollars, and by Day 10, some U.N. type had flown in from New York with a complete "U.N. Dental Aid Plan." The troops discovered the symbolism of the color blue in the Moslem world is equivocal. It means Immortality, and is used to ward off the Evil Eye. It also decorates the coffins of those who die young.

The American Navy Super-Constellation that brought the Indians from Agra to Naples was out of Hickam Field in Hawaii, and it got through on schedule because the Royal Dutch Airlines, KLM, had lent them a new magneto generator in Bangkok. Several of the staff and company officers were veterans of Korea, and wore the flaming-red Korea shoulder flash, for which the Canadians have an unprintable name. The Colombians were the only ones to break loose in Naples, going AWOL and invading Santa Lucia with two guitars. And on his first night in curfewed Cairo, a Colombian lieutenant lost a month's pay in a famous fleshpot when he asked an Egyptian belly dancer if she had a sister, and it turned out she did.

This army doesn't seem to have any special song as yet, although in the barracks in the evening one can hear Tipperary, Bless Them All, Waltzing Matilda, Lili Marleen, and a naughty spoof revived from World War II, I'm Dreaming of a White Mistress. Canadians and others who served with the British 8th Army got quite a hearing with:

We don't know where we're going until
we're there.
There are lots and lots of rumors in the air.
We are on our way, they say.
So sorry we can't stay,
And we only hope the bloody
sergeant-major knows the way.

Morale? So far, it has been sky-high. Partly from the sheer momentum of

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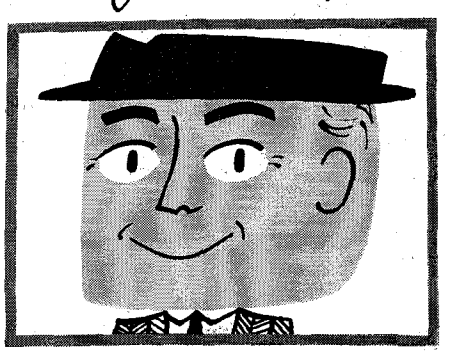

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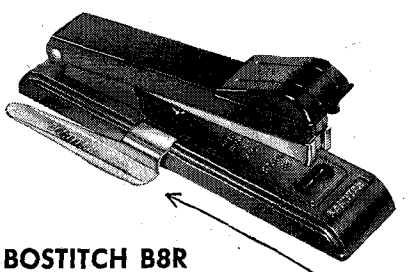

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events, partly from the boisterous spirit of adventure, partly from the absence of much bloodshed, but most of all, I would say, from a sterling sense of mission, the delight a young man gets in following the banner that floats highest in the sky. The officers of these small-nation armies, fed to the gills with big-power madness, were out to strike a blow for their own freedom. Some skeptics feel much of this *élan* will wear off when the headlines fall off, when the sun gets hotter and the going rougher, when U.N.E.F. gets bogged down in all the ugly realities that lie before it.

Maybe. But many of the cynics who are still scoffing at this small army as International Goody-Goodies are precisely the realist characters that produced the debacle that brought U.N.E.F. here. The French call them the "Little Boys in Blue," the Suez rebels in the House of Commons coined "Calypso Brigade" and "Soft Egyptian Knights." The London Daily Telegraph kissed U.N.E.F. off as "B.U.N.C." ("Burns' United Nations Command"). Many reporters were at first dubious. But, as with the Berlin blockade, we saw too many things too impressive to razz.

The first truly international army? U.N.E.F. is truly international, and for several reasons. Its field commander is a former Canadian major general, not taking his orders from Ottawa, but from a Swede, Dag Hammarskjöld in New York. Mister H, as free-wheeling as a ball bearing, takes his orders from the General Assembly, representing the 60-odd nations that voted the resolutions of November fourth and seventh. The Assembly decided, and wisely, that volunteer contingents should represent no major power—India comes closest—no power directly party to the dispute, no colonial power, no satellite—Yugoslavia accepted, Czechoslovakia and Rumania rejected. Most important, no single contingent is stronger than a battalion, to preserve balance. Finally, the only flag flown is the U.N. flag, the blue-white banner that looks like a blueprint for a gyroscope. At least three elements of national control remain. Uniforms are national—British-style battle dress predominates—each nation is paying its own troops, and four powers at least—India, Sweden, Norway and Denmark—carefully underlined their right to recall their troops any time they choose to blow a whistle. The question whether General Burns has the authority to commit the U.N.E.F. to battle seems to be answered by the quantity of ammo that has already been flown into Egypt.

All this inspired back-room planning may have looked pretty and balanced when it was so hastily drawn up, in midnight sessions, at U.N. headquarters on the East River. But when, less than seventy-two hours later, troops began to tumble into the emergency staging area at Capodichino airport, near Naples—the Danes were the first in—it seemed the infant force might be strangled shortly after birth or die of colic or starvation. Indeed, it looked like a little military monster, with no logistic head nor tail, no staff, no cadre, no lines of communication, no supply lines—nothing of anything except too much infantry.

But the miracle was in the air, above Capodichino, the airdrome outside Naples that once served as Rommel's staging area for Africa, and where today the scars of German demolition and ninety-five Allied bombing attacks have been but half effaced. Winging into Capodichino, circling Mount Vesuvius and setting down amid the eucalyptus trees, were troop-carrying and supply-carrying Skymasters and Flying Boxcars from the United States Air Force base in Wiesbaden, Germany. They were coming in from flights over the iron ranges of Sweden, the fiords of Norway and snow-covered Denmark.

Everyone here had come from somewhere else in one slam-bang hurry, wearing now dirty shirts. Typical was the junket of Air Force Maj. Robert F. Spence, out of the Pentagon, whose job was trouble-shooting for the Colombian Battalion. I met him at half past three on the morning of November fifteenth, watching the first Swissair flight taking forty-five Danes off to Egypt. Ruefully he showed me two tickets on the aisle he had for a Thanksgiving Day performance of a play in New York. At nine P.M. on Friday, November ninth—twenty-four hours after the U.N. decision—Major Spence was sitting in his Washington, D.C., living room watching TV. Came the get-cracking Pentagon phone call, and in forty-five minutes he had packed and left for Bolling Field. In another forty-five minutes he was air-borne for Charleston, South Carolina, arriving at 0130 Saturday. Off to Bogotá in a Super-Constellation, arrived 1000 hours, to fetch Colombian troops just pulled out of jungle fighting—a South American euphemism for civil war—and flown up from Barranquilla. The troops, covered with battle grime, had to be completely reuniformed and re-equipped. Take-off at 1700 hours, arrival 2200 in Puerto Rico for fuel and crew change. Offtook again at midnight for Lagens Field, Azores, arrived 1000 hours Sunday—no time for church, but a second crew change, fuel, a hot meal. Arrived Naples 0430 Monday, Naples time. Now the major's job in Naples—oh, miracle of miracles!—was to see to it that the United States Air Force did not get too much wild-blue-yonder publicity.

From the opposite compass point, fresh out of Hickam Field, Hawaii, in dropped our American Navy airmen and marines of Naval Air Transport Squadron 8, with a quiet tale of an odyssey that would have made Ulysses blush green. In seventy-three hours—forty-eight and a half of them flying hours—they had gunned their Super-Connies from Hawaii to Wake, to Clark AFB in the Philippines, to Bangkok, Siam, to Agra, India. At Agra they loaded troops of the third battalion of the Indian Paratroop Regiment, flew them over the Taj Mahal by full moonlight, refueled in Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, and set them down neatly by Mount Vesuvius in the bright sunshine of a Neapolitan Saturday noon. They had left on a Tuesday, and had even lost a day at the International Date Line. This was certainly the most remarkable troop airlift in the history of the world.

I cite these logistic triumphs not to wave the American flag in the middle of a United Nations operation, but to underscore the patent fact that U.N., a poor Cinderella herself, turned up with a very rich uncle, Uncle Sugar Able. Uncle was there with his planetary Military Air Transport Service, vast United States Army Q.M. stores in Leghorn, Italy, 24,000 rations from United States Army dumps in Metz and Dreux in France. When United Nations orators from El Slobovia and Menonistan hail the birth of U.N.E.F. as a portent that peace has her victories no less renowned than war, fair enough. But they are talking nonsense on stilts, if they assume it was done with a moralizing magic wand. The United States, so often denounced in that same U.N. as being too military minded, had had the foresight to create this multi-billion-dollar, globe-circling complex, mindful of the Roman maxim that if you truly desire peace, prepare for war.

Just as Esperanto is the universal language, spoken nowhere, so, too, the United Nations is many nations, but no nation. It must lean on the good will, spirit and know-how of its national members. A second good example is the proud new democracy of Italy. Not only did Italy move, and quickly, to make Naples available as the best European jump-off point. The Italian Army and Air Force really humped to keep the planes serviced, the soldiers lodged and fed, the U.N. welcome.

Then there was Canada, the maple leaf in full bloom. Gone seems to be the time when a patriotic Canadian had to pretend to be an American in the presence of the English, and British in the presence of Americans. Canada's Minister of State for External Affairs, Lester Pearson, had played a most decisive role in the United Nations, and Canada furnished the ideal field general. One notes also that this Canadian contingent was the only one that flew itself into Italy aboard Royal Canadian Air Force North Stars. Moreover, when Nasser blackballed members of The Queen's Own Rifles, a crack regiment wearing green berets, somber webbing, black puttees and belts and green buttons, the Canadians did not huff in their tents. They took over the tough, unglamorous but true soldiering job of administration for U.N.E.F., and they laughed that an Egyptian could be so obtuse as to mistake them for Englishmen. (Doctor Hammarskjöld tried to explain to Nasser that the queen referred to was Victoria, not Elizabeth II. The colonel replied he didn't like her either.)

This spirit of teamwork was infectious, inspiring the few U.N. officials out here, and making their mammoth task just possible. And U.N. had some live wires here on their own. Looking around for the superman who was pulling the show together at Capodichino, I found him in a modest corner of the bombed-out airport Headquarters Building. His name was Virgil De Angelis, and he was spouting such fluent, operative Italian—on the phone to the Foreign Ministry in Rome to spring three U.N. typewriters tied up in the Naples customs, joshing with an Italian wing commander to scrounge 500 more cots, locating a warehouse with refrigeration—that I thought this was a son of Italy. Until he replied, "Hell, no; St. Augustine's High, Brooklyn, C.C.N.Y., University of Chicago. My old man came from Aquila, though." Five years as a soldier in World War II, and De Angelis sure knows what a moonlight requisition is. An American Navy captain cruised through, asked what De Angelis needed, with a breezy "Sign for it, brother, and we'll give you a carrier." In Naples, De Angelis' name didn't hurt any, and he was running a lively little buy-now-pay-later business—"My job is to get 'em housed, get 'em fed and get 'em to Egypt." And he did.

The abrupt jump from effervescent Naples, where the atmosphere was friendly and even gay, to blacked-out wartime Cairo and desolate Abu Suweir, where the charred barracks still reeked of phosphorus bombing, brought a new and somber mood over everybody with U.N.E.F. Reporters were bumped from the flights themselves, and had to take a circuitous route via Istanbul. We caught up with U.N.E.F. again only to find the troops rigidly confined to Abu Suweir, and the U.N. cablehead spliced into the rigorous Cairo censorship. Reporters could not move off a piaster without being tailed by two spooks from the Egyptian Ministry of National Guidance. General Burns and his small staff were holed up in the Semiramis Hotel on the Nile. The night the British and French reporters were expelled, the tarbooshed Sudanese waiters began serving beer in champagne ice buckets, a new order of things in the world. We all felt we had walked into a giant Egyptian mousetrap.

Here we were, guests of the *Bikbachi*, Colonel Nasser. There is much dispute about this man, some seeing in him a nationalist hero, an Egyptian Ataturk, and others a dangerous, Couscous Mussolini. Perhaps the kindest and wisest view is that neither history nor maybe Nasser himself has made the final decision about who will fill that "role wandering about the Arab world looking for a hero." (It may be Hammarskjöld.) But in comparison with certain other statesmen who have been performing on the world stage recently, the colonel seems almost Abdul Légalité. By reading laws passed by the Socialist British and French governments in 1945, he discovered how legal it was to nationalize the Suez *Compagnie Universelle*, incorporated under Egyptian law and owning a canal that ran through Egypt. Now, by plunging into the fine print of the United Nations Charter, Nasser came up with some interesting hieroglyphics: "The two-thirds majority of the Assembly may not authorize an army to occupy part of the territory of a sovereign state without the latter's consent." That reads the same in any language.

For those who have been perplexed trying to discover what meat the statesmen of Britain and France had been feasting on all last summer, here seems the last appalling blunder. Britain, for the first time in her history, had invoked the veto, along with France, when this Suez crisis came before the Security Council early in November. Why? Had U.N.E.F. been operating under a Security Council order, there would have been none of this humiliating business of clearing everything with the colonel. U.N. could have gone in as it went into Korea. But now both Hammarskjöld and General Burns had to *(Continued on Page 74)*

The Unwise Goose

By Herbert Merrill

I used to own a fatted
goose,
Handsome, debonair
and spruce,
With yellow legs and
orange beak
And water rights along the
creek.
All day long she took her
ease
Under my persimmon trees,
Rousing up at noon to
munch
Passing ladybugs for lunch.
She would still be there, I
guess,
Eating worms and
watercress,
If only the ungrateful
critter
Hadn't chased my wife and
bit her.
Some insults are overlooked,
But not this one. My goose
was cooked.

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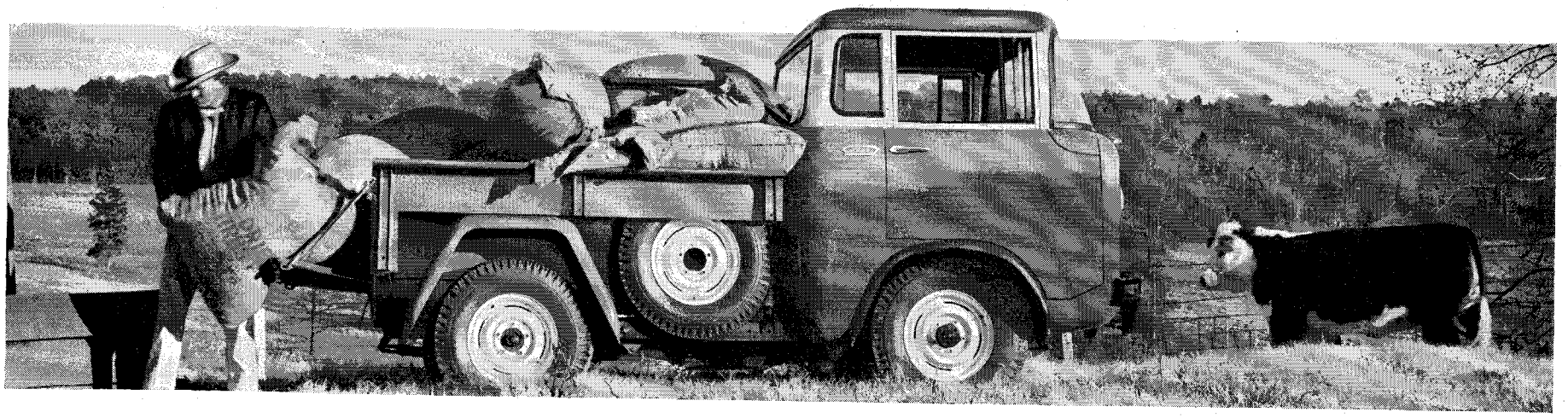

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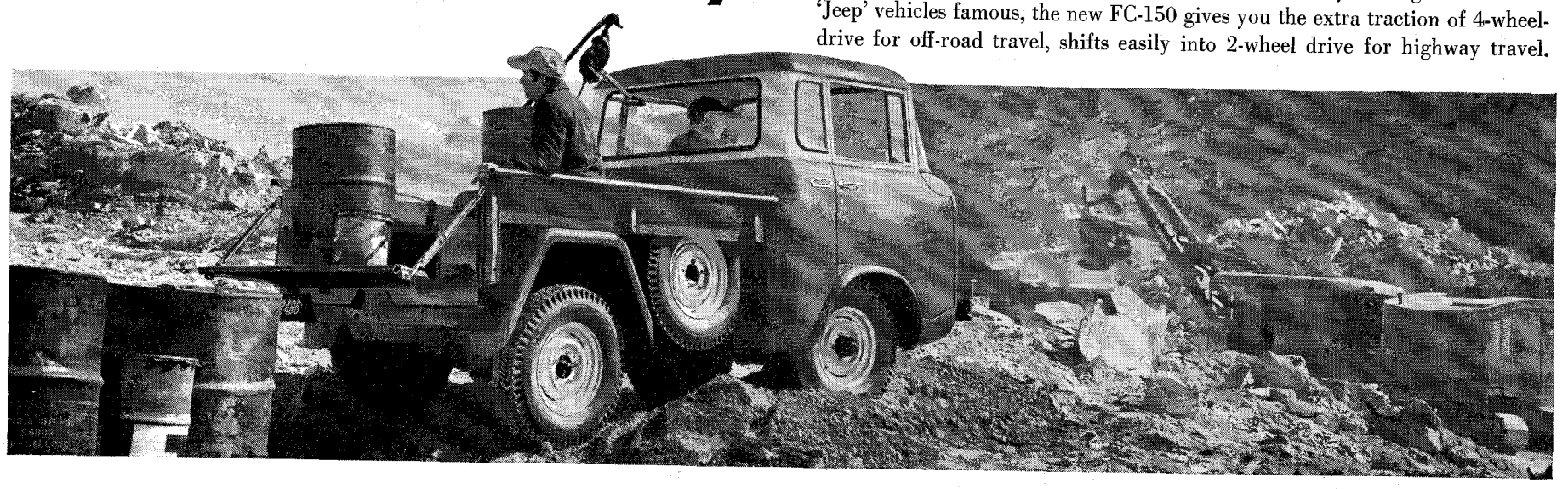

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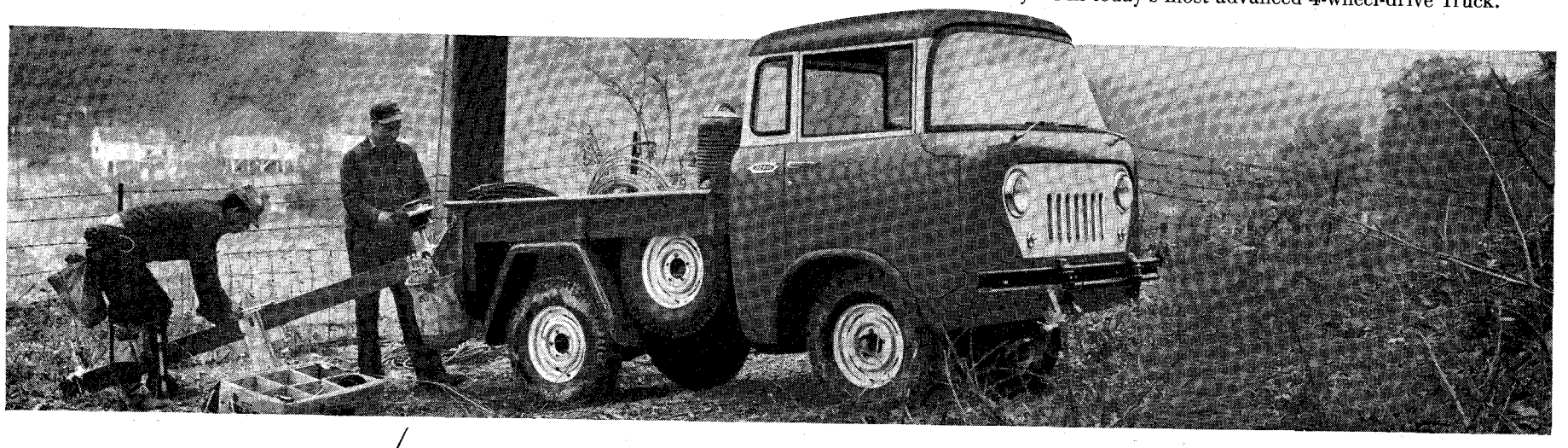

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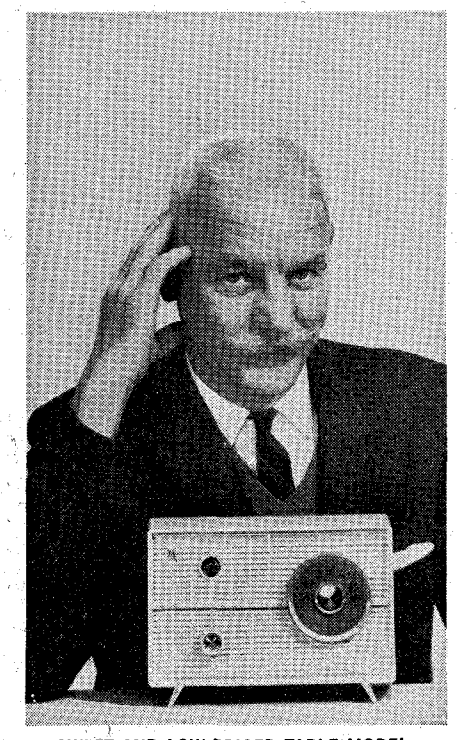

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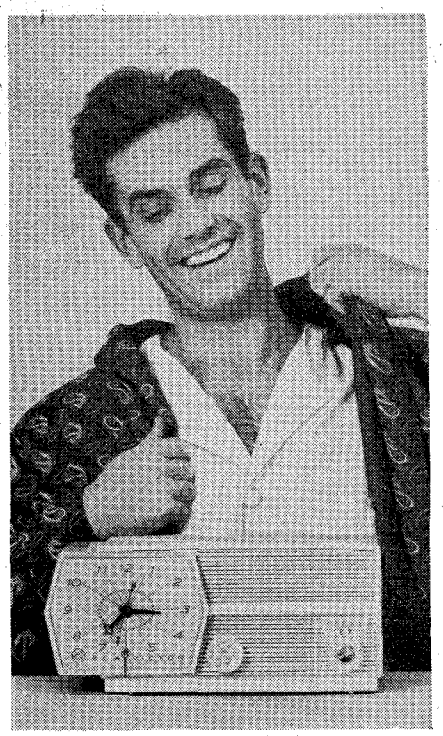

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(*Continued from Page 72*) obey the letter of the law, and they did it with suavity and good grace.

The mission of U.N.E.F. was simple and clear. It is the task of the United Nations, ultimately, to find some workable solution to the Suez Canal dispute, the vexing Arab-Israeli war, the Gaza nightmare and all that. But these U.N.E.F. troops are here for the one simple but very clear purpose of winkling the British out of Port Said, the French out of Port Fuad and the Israelis out of the Sinai Desert. Nasser even has the right to ask the U.N.E.F. to leave Egypt the moment they have restored the *status quo ante*. It is another question whether he would be wise to do so.

Right now, there is transpiring one of the most curious games of hopscotch the world has ever seen, a pygmy army taking giant steps. Whereas in Naples the U.N.E.F. troops were calling themselves "odds and sods," now, after a shape-up week at Abu Suweir, platoons had formed into companies, companies into battalions, and constant new arrivals gave the hope that soon there would be two mobile brigades, about 5600 bodies. Everywhere SNAFU was becoming S.O.P., and when U.N.E.F. began to move up, they were greeted and often cheered. Their strength was as the strength of ten, not because they were Galahads, but because they had behind them world-wide support, plus what Edmund Burke long ago defined as the powerful political force of "plain decent intent."

Who is the enemy these troops face? Well, out there at Port Said was Lt. Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell. He had had the misfortune to be the commander of the most ill-conceived British expedition. Standing amid at least 1500 Egyptian civilian cadavers, and asked for the umpteenth time when he was pulling out, Lt. Gen. Sir Hugh Stockwell, M.C., K.B.E., replied, "Say rather, we are executing a dignified and orderly withdrawal." Well, so be it, and one records that a corporal's guard of Scandinavians took up the white man's burden.

The French? One has to be a special student of French logic to discover how a Socialist premier of France, Guy Mollet, got elected on a program of "Peace in Algeria" and ended up parachuting Foreign Legionnaires into Egypt. But the French troops acted with military dignity, and they, too, withdrew in order.

The Israelis? Israel, the special ward of the United Nations, will find herself in an ugly situation indeed if she opens serious fire on U.N. troops. In comparison with the mature democracies of Britain and France, Israel's aggression was at least clear cut, and her case against Nasser a more valid one. Nasser had banned Israeli ships from the Suez Canal, despite the Convention of 1888 and a United Nations resolution of 1951. His excuse was that Egypt remained at war with Israel.

The Egyptians? U.N.E.F., by helping Nasser to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat, has made him the luckiest politician since the Defenestration of Prague in 1618, when the Czech emissaries were tossed from Hradcany Castle and landed in a soft dung heap. If there are serious shots at the blue helmets from Egyptian rifles, one hunches that they will not be on orders of the canny colonel, but from his three colleagues on the Revolutionary Council who are Moscow's men. Two of them hold troop commands and are eager to find an army small enough for the Egyptian Army to lick.

For the true enemy, the real ultimate foe of this U.N.E.F., is the Politburo in Moscow. The Soviets, too, made a disastrous blunder within the United Nations last November. They voted for U.N.E.F., partly to put the British and French in the doghouse, partly to take the world's eyes off blood-soaked Budapest and partly because they felt sure U.N.E.F. would not work. But now it is working, and here just possibly is the one weapon, the one symbolically effective force, that could be alert for a second Budapest. That the Soviet leaders already fear U.N.E.F. is perhaps the truest measure of its permanent worth. Already in the U.N. the Soviet bloc has switched its vote, and is refusing to pay its share for U.N.E.F. In the great showdown battle in the Middle East, they can surely be counted upon to try to make the world's first international army a desert casualty.

It's a long, long way from where U.N.E.F. troops are deployed today up to the Gaza strip, but there are most important reasons why they wish to get there. Gaza, a part of old Palestine, does not belong to Israel. Historically, it never did belong to Egypt. And there are 280,000 wretched Arabs there. These refugees are U.N. wards and need protection. It will take a long time for the United Nations to unravel this Arab-Israeli quarrel, but the presence of U.N.E.F. in Gaza should certainly quiet Israeli fears of what they call Egyptian aggression, and Arab fears of what they call Israeli aggression.

A permanent U.N.E.F. on Gaza, on territory ceded to the United Nations? Why not? If the painful birth of this prodigy army was a true miracle, statesmen of the world should think twice, and three times, before smothering the prodigy. U.N.E.F. needs a permanent base, a permanent cadre, a modern air base and its own troop-carrying planes. There will come a day, some future Budapest—or Warsaw or Berlin or Prague—when this army may be needed in a bigger hurry than the hurry that brought it into being and brought it here.

Can the GOP Win Without Ike?

(Continued from Page 30)

voting. An analysis of the returns in the larger cities—and ward by ward—shows that the old New Deal majority has been smashed beyond restoration. Far from being resolved the inner political contradictions which toppled the famed Roosevelt coalition from power in 1952 have been made more difficult to reconcile.

The drastic nature of the realignment registered in November has been obscured mainly because the old Democratic dominance is being replaced not by a simple shift to Republican ascendancy but by a revolutionary new development in American history—real two-party politics on a nationwide basis.

Didn't we have a two-party system in the past? Not really. In the past it has been a rare community which had two evenly balanced parties. The usual pattern was for one "normal majority" party to dominate, often to the point of having a political monopoly locally. The reason we had what we called a two-party system in the past was largely because the same party did not dominate every part of the country at the same time. If the South remained steeped in the antagonisms of the Civil War, stretches of the North were as one-sidedly Republican. Counterbalancing the populous Democratic blocs in the big cities were the

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Republican pluralities of the small towns and countryside.

Today, though, both the Democrats and the Republicans are being transformed into two truly national parties, with keenly competitive followings almost everywhere. As this movement gains momentum it is destroying the old citadels of one-party rule and turning more and more of the country into a politically doubtful battleground. This means a genuine two-party system throughout the land.

The most striking single feature of the 1956 election is this development: The succession of upsets in areas long considered "safe" for one or the other party. In Kansas, Iowa, Oregon and Missouri, the Democrats picked up congressional seats which they either never had won before or which they had not held for forty years. The Republicans, in turn, unseated one congressman and came within a split hair of toppling another in Jersey City, a city with an unbroken Democratic record since 1922. Again, if Democrats were elected governors in such "safe" Republican states as Kansas, Maine, Iowa and Oregon, the Republicans cracked the Solid South for the second successive time and shattered the solidarity of the Negro vote, under Roosevelt the old reliable bloc of Democratic voting elements.

Why did all these political ramparts, Democratic and Republican alike, tumble at the same time? That question must be answered before any worth-while judgment is possible of what lies ahead over the next four years. Many leaders in both parties act as if they believe that once Eisenhower is no longer a candidate the old norms of people's voting will reassert themselves. But last November's results show there is no "normalcy" for either party to return to. The nation is moving forward into a brand-new political era. Which party emerges triumphant will depend largely on which proves more skilled in adapting itself to the new forces reshuffling both parties.

A variety of influences is astir behind this new trend. A higher educational level has stimulated ticket splitting. One can also point out numerous communities whose political isolation has been broken down by population and economic changes. But more important than any one factor is the entire complex of forces, from our new global role in world affairs to the expanding power of government, which is making us ever more intimately interdependent.

This interdependence has generated a strange compulsion among voters. More and more, the electorate is coming to feel that the price of being taken for granted politically is too high. The voters now are exercising their bargaining power by showing that their votes are not in the bag for either party. Farmers fighting to hold their own, Negroes and white Southerners locked in bitter racial war, the rising middle class trying to guard against both inflation and depression, the millions of other voters torn in conflict between domestic and foreign policy—all seem to have decided that their interests can best be protected by dexterously balancing one party against the other.

This new political technique seems likely to dominate the next few elections. To get a better understanding of it, I visited four districts which upset traditions of forty years or more to send a Democrat to Congress. Three of the districts also went Democratic for governor, and state issues were a factor in their balloting. In Kansas, for example, Warren Shaw had won the Republican nomination for governor after a bitter primary fight with Fred Hall, the incumbent. One small-town hardware dealer told me, "After I heard what Shaw and Hall said about each other, I decided we needed some fresh Democratic air."

But in all four districts the main grievance was that with "farm prices sliding and costs rising," the farmer was prosperity's stepchild. This resentment was voiced in various ways. Some farmers, like P. F. Harbiger, felt "we've been too solidly Republican for our own good." In the Fifth District, in Southwest Kansas, many farmers opposed the Republican candidate for Congress because he was "a lawyer and a city man." The victorious Democrat was a farmer. In two districts the defeated Republicans—Dewey Short, of Missouri, and James Dolliver, of Iowa—had served in Congress for eleven and six terms respectively. "He was in there so long he forgot about us," ran a typical comment. Or, "All he did was pile up seniority; a new man might pay some attention to our problems."

In many counties this protest affected the races for local offices, electing Democratic officials who were hardly known. One Democratic Party worker in Oregon admitted, "We ran a crank just to fill our slate, never thinking he had a chance. He came within a couple of hundred votes of winning."

In every county I visited, farmers, like John Nelson, of Boone, Iowa, told me,

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When it becomes known that you have a tidy nest egg, a lot of hatchery experts will quickly appear.

MONT HURST

"I was ready to vote for Stevenson, but changed my mind after war broke out in Egypt." Others decided early in the campaign to use both parties to register conflicting feelings over foreign affairs and farm prices. I had, of course, covered many of these areas during my pre-election surveys. So, upon my return for the post-election survey, on which I am now reporting exclusively in this article, I was able to note where there had been eleventh-hour changes of heart among the voters.

The whole farm belt, of course, did not rise in political revolt. Generally, I found the Republicans strongest among those farmers who owned their farms clear of debt. Some farmers I interviewed, who had voted for both Roosevelt and Truman, shifted Republican as soon as they paid off the mortgage on their farm. In contrast the younger, debt-burdened farmers, who sometimes feel they are being pushed off the land, are turning Democratic.

Take the Otto Fischers, in Southwest Kansas. The elder Fischer voted for Eisenhower. His son went for Adlai Stevenson. When Otto Fischer moved to his farm in 1928 he built a cellar, thinking he would erect the rest of the house the following year. The next year brought the great depression. Thirteen years passed before Fischer was able to finish the house—thirteen years during which he and his wife lived in their cellar. Fischer recalls getting "one letter saying we would have to give up our land because we couldn't meet the payments. Then Roosevelt came in and saved us."

Today Fischer owns his farm free of debt and has a cash reserve in the bank. He feels no need for Government aid. In fact, he is worried that if prices are held too high it may be difficult to sell wheat abroad, and that other less efficient farmers will be kept in production to compete with him.

His son, though, has been farming for only five years. In debt for land and machinery, he can barely keep pace with rising farm costs. "We get nineteen cents a pound for the cattle we sell," he complained, "but if you go to buy it back at the store, you pay four or five times as much. Who gets the difference? The Republicans are for the big money. They're no good for farmers."

Father and son, in short, were voting for much the same thing—to hold on to their land. But their contrasting financial positions led them to conflicting decisions on how much Government aid farmers needed.

Another division among the farmers resulted from differences in the way the various crop areas have been faring. This consideration may shift from one election to the next, depending on price changes. In 1954, for example, the corn and hog farmers held stanchly Republican, while the heaviest GOP losses came in the dairying counties. By 1956, though, milk prices had stabilized and Eisenhower's losses in these counties were relatively small. Among hog farmers, though, price declines rankled deeply.

Through the main farm states Eisenhower's vote fell at least 10 per cent from 1952 in roughly 175 counties. Some of these counties lie in the drought belt. But most of them cluster in the Iowa corn belt and the wheatlands of the Dakotas. If this shift continues, the Republicans face a serious political problem in the years ahead. Some economists have contended that farm surpluses can be brought under control only if many smaller farmers quit farming, a view often credited to Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson. Yet some of the strongest centers of traditional Republicanism lie in areas of small farms.

But if the Republicans are threatened with further farm losses in 1958, the balance of urban voting has swung dramatically in their favor. In fact, it is this sharp contrast between the voting of farmers and city dwellers that demonstrates how complete has been the collapse of the New Deal coalition and the way in which a new alignment is taking its place.

Wherever one examines the voting returns, the same picture emerges: the Democrats growing stronger in the rural Republican strongholds; the Republicans gaining heavily in the hitherto stanchly Democratic cities. The pattern of voting which prevailed during the Roosevelt years, in short, is being stood on its head.

In Washington, for example, Eisenhower actually increased his 1952 plurality in Seattle by 4000 votes, but dropped 29,000 in the rest of the state. Similarly, in the counties which include Minneapolis, St. Paul and Duluth, Eisenhower lifted his 1952 plurality by 21,000, but fell 74,000 behind in the rest of Minnesota. Again, in Colorado, Democrat John Carroll won his Senate seat not in Denver but in the most Republican part of the state. Adlai Stevenson's plurality in St. Louis and Kansas City actually fell from four years ago and he would have lost Missouri but for an 11,000-vote Republican loss in the farm areas of the Seventh Congressional District.

The consistency with which this new rural-urban cleavage cuts across the country from coast to coast becomes more striking when the vote for Congress is studied. In seven districts the Republicans dropped at least 10 per cent from 1954. All are predominantly rural. In fourteen districts the Republican vote for Congress rose 10 per cent or more over 1954. All but one are urban.

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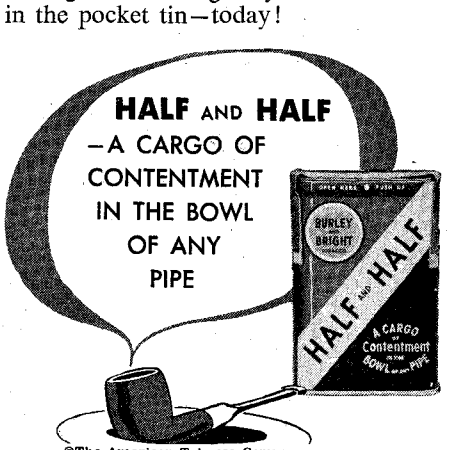

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This sensational cracking of the big-city Democratic majorities is a lasting change. True, Eisenhower's personal popularity and the explosion in the Middle East accounted for a good part of his showing. Also many Democratic voters stayed at home. In our twelve largest cities Eisenhower drew 49 per cent of the vote compared to 46 per cent in 1952. But this was accomplished by a drop of 642,000 in Stevenson's vote and a gain of only 43,000 in Eisenhower's tally.

Still, the effects of Suez and the low turnout cannot conceal the revolutionary change in political attitudes in the cities. The hallmark of the New Deal was the sharp line of economic cleavage, bordering on class conflict. These feelings that "the Republicans were the party of hard times" and of "Big Business" were not wiped out in the 1952 voting, but were merely subordinated to the angers stirred by the Korean war.

During the last campaign I set out to determine whether this old line of economic conflict still packed a decisive political punch. In thirty cities I systematically interviewed several thousand voters, many of whom supported Harry Truman in 1948 and switched to Eisenhower in 1952. Early in the campaign many voters talked of returning to the Democratic Party. Some protested "only the big fellows had their taxes cut." Others felt "too many small businesses are shutting down." Still, even when Stevenson's campaign was going best—before he raised the H-bomb issue—in not one of the precincts sampled was he winning back more than half of the one-time Democrats who had voted for Eisenhower in 1952.

That much more was involved than Eisenhower personally became clear. Stalwart Democrats invariably recalled the hardships their families had suffered during the depression. But, to the former Democrats who intended to vote for Eisenhower, the old New Deal slogans no longer hit home. "Since I was knee high I heard that Republicans had no use for the workers," recalled a Minneapolis truck driver who had voted for Stevenson in 1952, but was switching to Eisenhower. "That's not true any more. I can't see how working conditions could be better."

This fading of the New Deal's appeal in the cities looms as an even more serious blow to the Democrats when one looks at the growing suburban vote. In 1948, in the four key states of New York, Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, 37 per cent of the total vote was cast in New York City, Chicago, Cleveland and Philadelphia, compared to 9 per cent in the suburbs around these four cities. By 1956, these cities were accounting for only 30 per cent of the four-state total, while the suburban share had risen to 13 per cent.

In actual votes these suburbs increased their Republican plurality from 506,000, in 1948, to 1,029,000, in 1956. Over the same years, the Democratic plurality in these four cities sank from 896,000 to a mere 183,000.

It is clear that the big cities can hold their old political influence only by demonstrating an almost monolithic solidarity in their voting. But the same conservative expansion of the middle class which has solidified the Republican strength in the suburbs operates to divide urban Democrats.

One further reason why I feel that the Roosevelt coalition has been smashed beyond repair is the many voters who think of the Democrats as "the war party." Surprisingly large numbers of voters whom I interviewed cited the fact that both World Wars and the Korean war were fought under Democratic Presidents as evidence that "the Democrats always get us into wars." With many families this emotional identification seems as strong as the old depression-born charge that "the Republicans always bring hard times." Not until the Republicans came to office and went four years without a depression were they able to shed this handicap. It will be some time before the Democrats overcome the "war-party" stigma, unfair though it may be.

This "war-party" feeling runs strongest in areas which opposed our intervention in World War II against Germany and Italy and as an ally of Britain. Many of these former "isolationists" are of German, Italian or Irish descent and Catholics. In most cities Stevenson suffered his heaviest losses in predominantly Catholic wards.

To sense the full significance of this Catholic break one should remember that in the past, through much of the country, the Democratic-Republican cleavage was to an extent a division between Catholics and Protestants. In transforming the Democratic Party to make its chief appeal economic, Franklin Roosevelt eased the way for non-Catholics to vote Democratic. In turn, opposition to communism and disillusionments over Roosevelt's foreign policy have made it easier for Catholics to vote Republican.

Not only in the cities but in rural areas as well, it is among the former "isolationists" that Eisenhower has gained the greatest number of Republican converts. In these same areas I also found the strongest personal support for Vice President Richard Nixon and the least concern over the President's health. In contrast, the fear that "a vote for Eisenhower is a vote to make Nixon President" was voiced most often in Jewish neighborhoods. Through the country generally Eisenhower lost percentagewise from 1952 among Jewish voters. This shift showed up in my interviewing at the outset of the campaign and long before Israel invaded Egypt.

> Middle age is when you want to see how long your car will last instead of how fast it will go.
>
> RAYMOND DUNCAN

To sum up, the Republicans have become the majority party in presidential voting. If they can solve the farm problem this hold could be clinched for a generation. But even with some farmers in revolt, the Democratic majorities in the cities have been slashed so drastically that the Republicans must be rated as favorites to win the White House in 1960. The big "if" that could upset this forecast would be for the economy to tailspin into another depression.

In the battle for Congress, though, the odds still seem stacked against the Republicans. In five farm districts the Republicans won by less than 1 per cent of the vote and any of these seats may be lost unless the price squeeze eases. More important, the gains the GOP has scored in the voting for President are not likely to be projected quickly into the battle for Congress.

For one thing, the voting for Congress often has a different time dimension than that for President. Changes in population or economic status, for example, often operate like a slow-burning fuse. Nothing may happen for years while the fuse burns along. Suddenly there is an explosion and the congressional district is never the same politically.

Take one small lumbering community in Oregon's Fourth District, which last fall elected a Democrat for the first time in its history. Originally this town was christened Buckhead, honoring a local saloon which sported a huge pair of antlers over its bar. After the Civil War, the Women's Christian Temperance Union purged Buckhead of alcoholic influence and renamed it Sweet Home. As late as 1930, Sweet Home remained a bucolic community of 350 persons. Came World War II with its soaring demand for lumber and Sweet Home's population boomed to 3600 by 1950.

Curious as to what so rapid a population rise would do to a town's politics, I visited Sweet Home in the summer of 1950. Most of the newly arrived timber workers were Democrats from Arkansas and Oklahoma. They were so busy getting settled that few voted. But when I revisited Sweet Home last November I found an amazing change. The rootless frontier logging atmosphere of a few years earlier had given way to a new community stability. People who had never voted before had become active politically. In 1950 the Democratic candidate for Congress drew only 451 votes. But last November, Sweet Home's Democratic tally jumped to 750.

Scores of other timber communities in Western Oregon have had this same experience. By 1956 the registration of five of the seven counties in the Fourth District had shifted from a Republican to a Democratic preponderance. All five counties voted Democratic last fall. Not one had given a Democrat a majority for Congress since at least 1918. Most political observers no longer figure Oregon as "safely" Republican, but among the doubtful states.

But the most dramatic population movements, of course, have been between the cities and suburbs. Since the suburban congressional districts are overwhelmingly Republican, the expansion of their population usually represents so many wasted votes for Congress. At the same time, the better-income families migrating to the suburbs usually are replaced inside the cities by lower-income elements who are predominantly Democratic. In 1954, the Republicans lost the last of Detroit's six seats mainly because of such a reshuffling of population through the city.

To win and hold control of Congress, the Republicans must do more than capture the closely contested seats. These close districts account for scarcely 10 per cent of all the House seats. The Republicans must also crack one or the other of two blocs of "sure" Democratic seats—those in the South or those in the urban-industrial North, which, as it happens, are the districts with the heaviest Negro concentrations.

Can the Republicans do so? Before answering that question we must examine one other puzzle of the 1956 election—the way both the Negroes and white Southerners, in fighting one another, came to vote for the same man.

Nearly all the Southerners I interviewed saw little difference between Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson on the desegregation issue. This brought three different reactions. Some thought, as a civil engineer in Miami put it, "All things being equal, a man ought to stick with his party." But many more felt, "The parties don't mean anything any more," and decided to vote for "the better man." A painter contractor in Richmond remarked, "I've never been better off. If I have to travel the same way, I'll let Eisenhower do the driving."

Still other Southerners, though, felt as did one garage owner who exclaimed profanely, "Both parties have sold out the white man for the nigger's vote. It's time we stood up for the white man. Maybe if we hold back our votes they'll know we count too."

Curiously, this reasoning was not too different from that of many of the Negroes I talked with. "I felt guilty voting Republican," confessed one Negro in Chicago, "but the Democrats acted so sure of us. We had to show them."

In Houston, Texas, Negroes usually have gone along with labor unions and other groups in supporting "liberal" candidates. An election for new school-board members was coming up. Most of the leaders of the "liberal" coalition wanted to avoid the segregation issue, but Carter Wesley, who publishes several Negro newspapers in Texas, declared, "It's time to stand up and be counted."

Wesley insisted the coalition run a Negro as one of its candidates. When the coalition refused, a Negro entered the race independently. He was beaten, along with the whole "liberal" slate. After the election Wesley remarked, "We knew we couldn't win without liberal support, but we showed them they couldn't win without us."

Wesley, who backed Stevenson in 1952, also switched to support Eisenhower's re-election. When the Houston vote showed a rise in Negro support for Eisenhower from 10 to 34 per cent, Wesley copied the Negro precinct returns and mailed them to the White House. "If Negroes had stuck with Stevenson," Wesley explained, "our vote would have been taken for granted. Now both the Democrats and Republicans know they can't ignore us if they want our votes."

This simultaneous turn to bargaining politics by Negroes and white Southerners illustrates, of course, the mythical nature of the so-called "Democratic majority." Most Negroes and Southerners remain registered as Democrats. But each has his own definition of what the Democratic Party should mean—and apparently would prefer to defeat the Democratic Party rather than have the other's definition win out.

If this widening racial conflict is adding to Republican presidential strength, it is not easily turned to advantage in the battle for Congress. At this writing, the prevailing trends favor a continuance of the present uneasy party balance. Only partly can this be attributed to the rigidity of Southern politics. There are enough votes outside the South for both the President and Congress to establish a decisive majority in the country—if that is what people want.

But do they? The fact is, I believe, we are in transition from the old New Deal era, which is dead, to a new age which is loaded with uncertainties. To many Americans, a President of one party and a Congress of another seems a good way of guarding against the many things they fear—from possible involvement in war to being squeezed out economically. The very closeness of the party balance encourages different voting elements to adopt the technique of making each party bid for its vote.

The peril in this balance-of-power contest is that, in haggling among ourselves, we may spend our strength in appeasing domestic greeds, while denying the Government what is needed to defend our interests abroad. Perhaps our real problem is the quality of leadership we are to have in the years ahead. Will our political leaders guide the new party alignments so that we face up to the problems of national survival? Or will they bid against one another to "give the people what they want" and let our troubles pile up for the nuclear future? THE END

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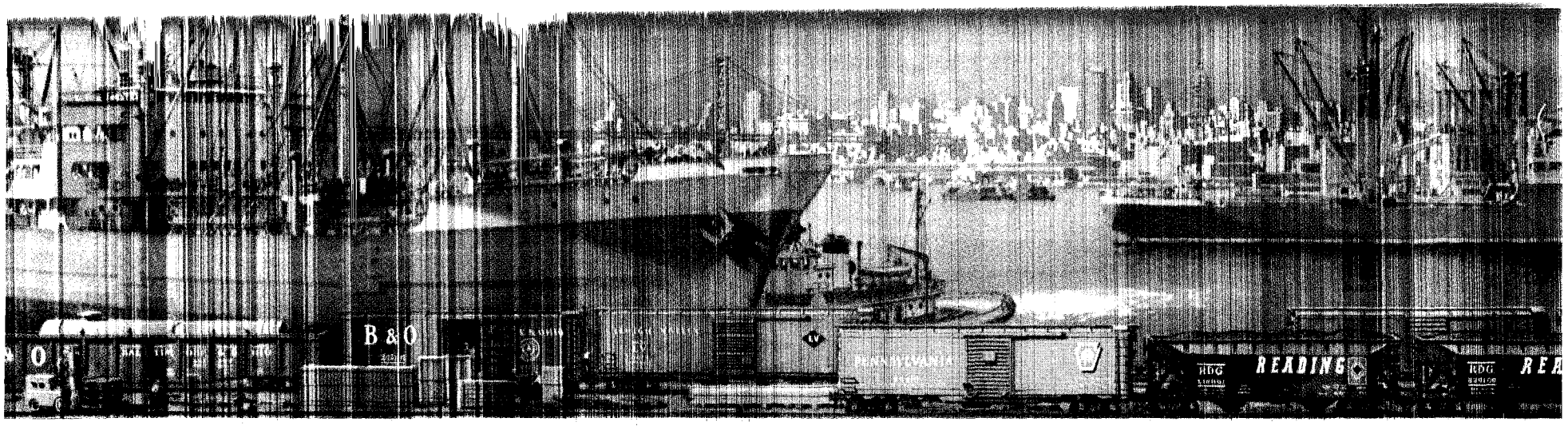

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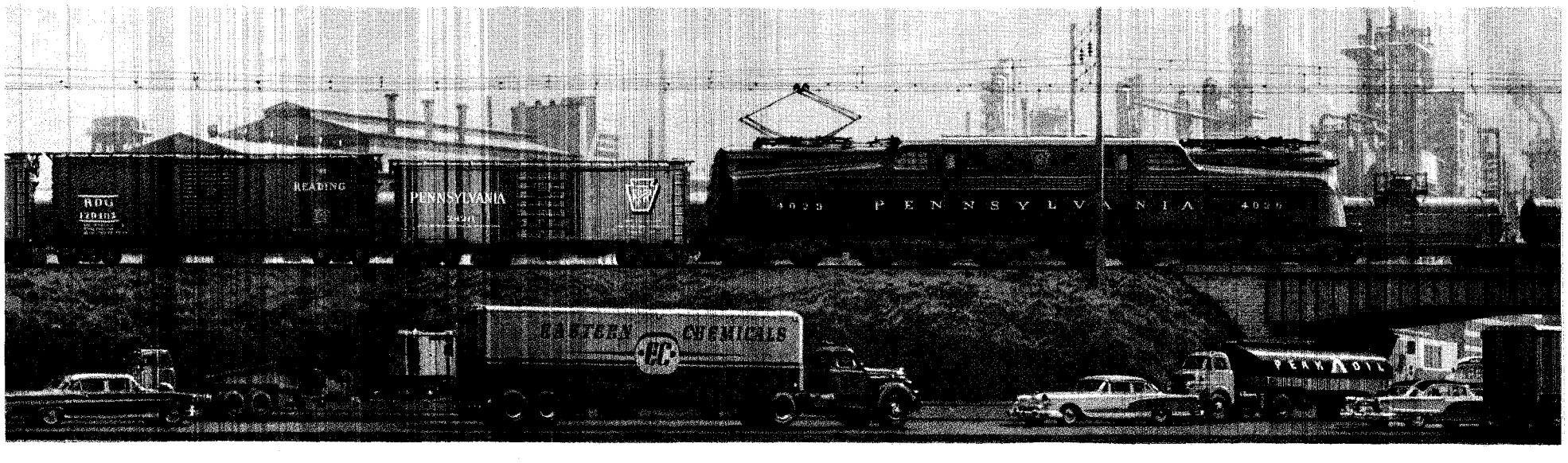

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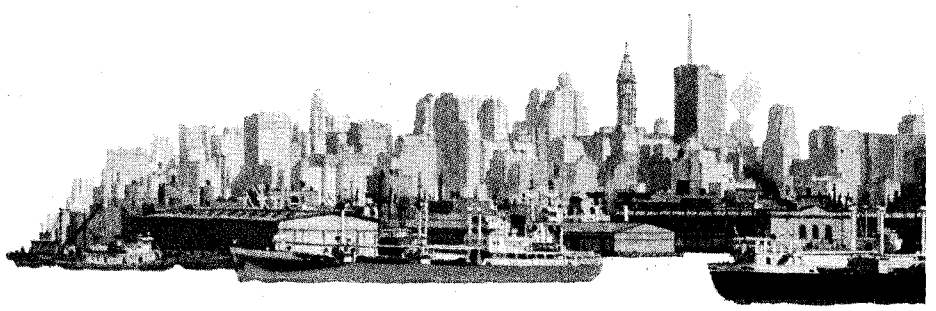

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Doctor's Assignment (Continued from Page 24)

taken of her on their last sailing weekend, in shorts and wind cheater, with a strand of dark hair blowing across her cheek. She was fifteen years younger than himself, and he needed much more of her youth than life allowed him. "It's our old friend and enemy, the Emir Mahmoud." He folded the Express at a headline and a picture halfway down the front page and tossed it into her lap.

"That old crook!" Clare said bitterly. "As if his life was worth saving!" She read the paragraph and looked up, puzzled. "It says the emir's doctors are 'concerned about his general health,'" she said. "I should think so, after the life he's led. Surely that's no reason why ——"

"Some well-meaning maniac took a pot shot at him a couple of years ago when he was on a state visit to Baghdad," Thirlmere grunted. "There's a splinter of lead the size of a date stone in his heart. Left ventricle."

"But he recovered," Clare frowned. "He's all right now, isn't he?"

"He's all right now," Thirlmere agreed. "Probably normal in every way—until that foreign body gets dislodged. Then he could pop off in half a minute. It means working right inside the heart—with hypothermia."

Clare nodded silently. She had been a nurse and understood enough of her husband's work to know that there were perhaps four—at most five—surgeons in the world who could do this operation.

"Why you?" she asked resentfully. "Why not Brock, or Manolescu, or someone from the Mahoney Clinic in Baltimore?"

He shrugged. "There seem to be reasons. Of course, I've operated on him before—a kidney job, when I was at G.H.Q. Middle East. He may have asked for me."

"Was it his legation that rang?"

"No. That's what's so odd. It was Scotland Yard, and I have to go to a meeting at the Foreign Office first."

Clare gasped. "What on earth have Scotland Yard and the F.O. got to do with it?"

"I don't know, darling. But this isn't merely surgery. It's politics—and perhaps big business too." Already he was taking off his tweed jacket, ready to change into a formal suit. "There's a telephone call booked from Cairo at half past twelve. If I'm not back by then, will you take it, Clare?"

"Of course. But, Godfrey, does this mean that you—that we can't ——"

He nodded. "I'm afraid so, sweetie. They've chartered a Viscount for me—three-thirty this afternoon. Be an angel and pack a couple of suitcases for me, will you?"

In a block of flats in a northeastern suburb of Bucharest, a small dark man of thirty-eight was preparing to go to bed. His hair was thin, his eyes shadowy, his face deeply lined. His movements, as he brushed his teeth and examined his face in a bathroom mirror, were those of a much older man.

He betrayed no surprise at all when he heard the doorbell ring abruptly. He merely called to his wife, who was in bed, "All right, Vera, I'll go."

The man standing outside was in his early fifties, upright and brusque. "Doctor Manolescu?" he murmured. "I need your help. May I come in?"

Doctor Manolescu inclined his head uncertainly. "Of course. You are from the State Hospital?" He stood aside to let the stranger enter.

"No." The man wore a neat, light gray suit and a raincoat hung carelessly across his shoulders. "I am Colonel Radea, of the Ministry of Public Security."

A flicker of fear crossed Manolescu's face, but he controlled it. "Shall we talk in my office?" he muttered. "This way, please."

Colonel Radea looked round the poorly furnished room and lit a small cheroot. He offered one to the little doctor, who declined it.

"Doctor Manolescu, I dislike disturbing you at night, and you may be sure I would not do so but for a matter of extreme urgency."

Doctor Manolescu watched Radea steadily. "What can I do for you?" he asked. "The prime minister is ill, perhaps?"

"No." Radea sat down and twirled his cheroot nervously between his thumb and forefinger. "It is the Emir Mahmoud. His medical adviser wishes him to undergo an operation to remove a foreign body from his heart. You are no doubt familiar with the emir's condition?"

Doctor Manolescu nodded. He was also familiar with the emir, whose little Arabian state, dotted with the tents of his people and the oil derricks of other countries, stood on a precarious inlet of the Red Sea.

"Some agent of the Western Powers tried to liquidate him in Baghdad a year or two ago," Colonel Radea went on lazily. Only the twirling cheroot betrayed his alertness. "He seems perfectly well and active, but he is not a young man, and his advisers feel that for his country's safety he should have the operation. Or rather, one of his advisers thinks so. The other does not."

Doctor Manolescu's brows went up. "What kind of advisers are these?" he said contemptuously. "They sound more political than medical. Surely there cannot be the slightest doubt that he needs the operation?"

For the first time Colonel Radea permitted himself a friendly smile. "Not the slightest doubt, comrade surgeon." The smile was switched off as Radea took a long drag at his cheroot. "The only point for discussion is whether that operation should be successful."

"Should be?" The surgeon stared.

"Yes. Tell me, comrade surgeon. About what proportion of these operations are successful?"

"Over seventy per cent nowadays," Manolescu said. "It's extremely difficult, of course. One has to remove a rib, and then ——"

"Yes, yes. That is your job, comrade surgeon," Radea interrupted. His face was tense despite the calmness of his voice. "My job is to tell you, quite bluntly, that if the emir were to survive this—crisis, it would be a political embarrassment to all of us." He paused. "You follow me?"

Doctor Manolescu saw very clearly what Colonel Radea meant. The emir, after flirting with both East and West, had sold out to the Western democracies. It was their oil wells that sprouted from the emir's desert, their army officers who advised the emir on military defense and trained his troops, their money that had made the emir the third richest man in the world.

When the emir died, he would be succeeded by his son, Rahman Hussein. Rahman was a very different proposition from his father. The emir had fought with T. E. Lawrence in the First World War, had believed in the English-speaking people and their mission to mankind, even though all Asia seemed to be rising against them. The Anglo-Saxons wanted oil, and could pay for it. They built their refineries, their weird tangles of polished pipes and retorts and cylinders, mile upon mile of them; built air-conditioned office blocks and gridded avenues of bungalows for their workers. But otherwise they let well enough alone. They did not stir up trouble in the bazaars or try to alter the Arab way of life.

This was not how Rahman saw things. He was twenty-four, educated at Harrow and the American University at Beirut, full of wild ambitions and resentments. He saw his people as a modern, marching state, living in cities around the desert oases.

His people would join other Arab states, fight holy wars against the Christian West with guns and tanks and jet planes. They would seize the oil wells, expropriate their owners, and one day drive all the British and Americans into the sea.

Doctor Manolescu looked at Colonel Radea for a full minute without speaking. At last he said tremulously, "You can't mean it. You can't expect a surgeon to ——"

"The state expects a surgeon to serve the state," Radea snapped. He added more kindly: "Even you, Doctor Manolescu. You are the victim of your own eminence, perhaps. You are the only surgeon in the world who can do this operation, I hear."

"Not true," Manolescu grunted. "There's Brock in London, and Thirlmere too."

"Yet it is for you that the emir's medical advisers have asked."

Doctor Manolescu gazed dully at a photograph of his wife and two children in a silver frame on his writing table. His body was rigid, his hands gripping the arms of his chair. Suddenly he burst out, "I won't do it! If you want to get rid of this man, why don't you have him assassinated in one of the usual ways? A bullet, a knife, a bomb, a neurotic student with woolly political ideals!"

Colonel Radea laughed softly. "Not reliable enough. Too untidy. It failed in Baghdad, remember. Doctor Manolescu, listen, please. What we are asking you to do is simply to use your professional skill to assist the course of nature. The emir cannot live much longer anyway."

"Rubbish," the surgeon said. "Who is 'we,' anyhow?"

The colonel spread his hands sadly. "I don't know. You don't know. We have orders from higher up. We don't ask questions. You know how it is nowadays."

Doctor Manolescu breathed in deeply. "You know that I could never think of doing what you ask."

The colonel's mouth curled into a smile of, it seemed, pity. "And you, Doctor Manolescu, must know what will happen if you refuse. You have been in a labor camp—or 'detention,' as it is called. You were a National Liberal in your student days, were you not?"

"I was."

"Well, then. The state has to use your wife and children as sureties. They would suffer, I'm afraid, if anything should slip up. Barbaric, of course, but ——" Radea shrugged. (*Continued on Page 80*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Pompous Colonel Bulge hated to see enlisted men idle. Idleness, he often said, was an enlisted man's worst enemy. In keeping his men busy, Bulge frequently detailed a squad to do chores at the home he owned across the road from the Army post. One day a Government inspector surprised the colonel while he commanded his troops as they mowed his lawn, weeded his garden and washed his car. To his horror, Colonel Bulge was charged in civil court with "converting to his own use" something "of value belonging to the United States."

"The labor of a United States soldier, like any other labor, is a thing of value," the prosecutor argued. "When Bulge used military personnel to do his domestic chores, he converted a thing of value to his own use."

"Let's be reasonable," Bulge's lawyer countered. "It has always been an old Army custom for the enlisted men to work at odd jobs for officers. It keeps the men out of mischief. After all, Bulge was only following custom."

If you were the judge, would you pronounce Bulge guilty?

• •

Guilty. Old Army custom or not, officers who order enlisted men to do their personal work projects are technically guilty of violating the law, the court ruled.

Based upon a 1955 decision of a U. S. Court of Appeals.

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(*Continued from Page 78*) "It's the times we live in."

Doctor Manolescu nodded wearily, no longer able to meet Radea's eyes.

"Your plane leaves for Cairo at seven-thirty on Wednesday morning," he heard Radea's voice saying. "They want to know at the hospital whether you will be bringing your own anesthetist."

Nineteen thousand feet above the French Alps, Thirlmere stared out of the window of the Viscount. The gentle, monotonous whistle of the engines kept him taut and alert. Usually he approached a major operation, however critical, with a massive calm, but this time there were new factors. This time he was a fine hairspring in a huge mechanism of international economic strategy.

Before and behind him sat nondescript men with neutral expressions on their faces; each one was a plain-clothes policeman. The only woman passenger was Sister Fratton, from St. Michael's Hospital, Blackfriars, where Thirlmere taught and practiced.

It was Sister Fratton who, seven and a half hours later in Cairo, came to his hotel room with consternation in her face.

"Sir Godfrey, are you working with Manolescu on this case?"

"Not that I'm aware of, sister. Why?"

He had taken a shower and was gasping at his window in the stifling humid heat of the September night, looking out at the crisscross, tapering masts of feluccas along the Nile curving against the moon.

"He's in Cairo," Sister Fratton said tensely. "In this hotel. I've just seen him down in the lounge."

Thirlmere mopped his brow and throat with a silk handkerchief. "Didn't know he was as close as that."

"Sir Godfrey, it's none of my business, I suppose, but there's something odd going on, isn't there?"

"There is indeed, sister."

"Manolescu's down there, talking to an Arab. I think it's Rahman Hussein, the emir's son."

"That would seem to fit in all right. You're sure it's Manolescu?"

"Quite sure. I remember meeting him when I came with you to the International Congress of Heart Surgeons at Stresa in 1953."

"Funny coincidence," Thirlmere mused. "I was sent for by Boutros Pasha, of the Zamalek General Hospital. Boutros said nothing about calling in another surgeon or even a second opinion."

"Then you didn't expect to see Manolescu here?"

Thirlmere shrugged. "I had a theory. A wild one, but I told the police. From what you've just told me, it seems I was right."

Sister Fratton was deeply troubled. "Why were all those policemen in the plane?"

He smiled. "I'm a V.I.P., sister. I rate an armed guard."

He had never seen her agitated before. "I don't understand," she said. "I'm frightened, Sir Godfrey."

"Frightened?" He gave a short laugh. "You're not one tenth as frightened as Manolescu is."

She looked at him blankly. "Why should he be? He's one of the world's greatest surgeons."

"Oh, he's not frightened for himself," Thirlmere said gently. "He's scared for his wife and children, back in Romania. He thinks they're going to be taken away from him if he doesn't pull this job off."

"If he doesn't operate on the emir successfully?"

"No. If he doesn't operate unsuccessfully."

"Unsuccessfully?" Sister Fratton, a woman of utter devotion and discipline, was not good at imagining naked evil. "You mean ——"

"I see that I'd better tell you, sister. You realize, of course, that I'm not supposed to, and that you're taking part in an international melodrama?"

"Am I?" The bewilderment on her face was touching.

"Manolescu has been sent here to botch the job," Thirlmere said mercilessly. "To see that the emir does not survive. To kill him." Her breast rose and fell painfully as she tried to grasp the idea. "So, you see, sister, it is essential that *I* should operate on the emir—and that I should see my patient as soon as possible."

Sister Fratton's face was working in horror. He had never seen her lose control before. "But—this sort of thing can't happen. Not in real life."

"It can happen anywhere east of Vienna," he said. "We'll go and see the emir first thing tomorrow morning."

In a private ward of the Zamalek General Hospital, the Emir Mahmoud sat enthroned in a chaise longue on a balcony out in the sunshine. His ancient eyes dwelt on the white houseboats tethered along the river for rich men's pleasure. He had heard that pashas and foreigners held parties on these boats, parties with European girls, making merry far into the night. He drew his eyes away as a young Egyptian nurse came into his room.

"Excellency, there is a Sir Thirlmere, from London, to see you. He says he is an old friend."

The emir's pleasure was signified only by a narrowing of his eyes. "I will receive him," he said.

Thirlmere came out onto the balcony, blinking in the sunlight, and made a clumsy salaam. "Peace on you, Protector of the Poor," he grinned. "Forgive my bad Arabic, but it's been a long time since I spoke it."

The emir searched his face for a long time before he, too, broke into a smile. "I did not expect you, Sir Godfrey. Sit with me, please. What brings you to Cairo?"

Thirlmere looked at him oddly. "You did not know that Boutros Pasha had sent for me?"

"No, my friend. I—I am an old man, and do not always know what is happening around me. My son told me he had sent for a famous surgeon who would cure me. He is educated in such matters." The emir shrugged heavily, for education of this kind meant little in the way of life to which he had been brought up. "He did not tell me it was you."

"Did you not think of me, O Great One, remembering that I had treated you when I was here during the war?"

The emir sighed and looked down upon his jeweled hands. "I thought of you, my English friend. I even mentioned your name to Boutros, but"—he shrugged again—"our Arab countries have not treated your country too well in these last years. I was not sure that you would wish to come so far to cure me."

"What have politics to do with healing the sick?" Thirlmere said softly. "What has nationality to do with friendship? Are we not blood brothers, excellency? Did we not mingle our blood in a glass and drink from it, out there in the desert, all those years ago?"

"It is true," the emir nodded. "But what in God's name am I to do with this other doctor my son has found?"

Thirlmere stood up and spoke tensely, "Is it your command that I operate on you, excellency?"

"It is my command," the old man said softly.

"You do not fear—any bad reaction from your son and his followers?"

The emir's eyes flashed and his fingers clenched nervously. "While I am alive, they will never dare to go against me. I am old and weak, but in my life is my power."

"Very well, O Powerful One. I will tell Boutros that I want to operate immediately. And do not worry about the other surgeon. I will deal with him."

Back in his room at the Semiramis Hotel, Thirlmere telephoned Sister Fratton and gave her full instructions for preparing the patient. He had had a word with Boutros, and an operating room at the hospital was being made ready. Then he found out Manolescu's room number at the hotel, and rang through to him, speaking in French.

"Thirlmere here, Doctor Manolescu. Do you remember me? We met at the 1953 Congress."

He heard a gasp at the other end, and a mutter of conversation in what he supposed was Romanian.

"I was delighted to hear you were in Cairo," Thirlmere went on genially. "Quite a coincidence, isn't it? I wonder if you could spare a moment to come up to my room for a drink? Apart from the pleasure of seeing you again, I have a rather difficult case on which I should value your opinion."

"Sir Godfrey, it is kind of you, but ——"

"I'll expect you, then," Thirlmere finished heartily, and replaced the receiver.

Ten minutes later there was a knock on Thirlmere's door. Manolescu entered with two men in light gray suits—two men so alike in type that they could only have been policemen.

To them Thirlmere said, "I wish to consult Doctor Manolescu privately. Would you mind waiting outside, please?"

Manolescu translated the request into Romanian. The two men hesitated, uncertain for a moment what to do. Clearly they had instructions to guard the Romanian surgeon with their lives, but had little idea why. After staring expressionlessly at Thirlmere for a couple of seconds, they turned slowly and retired.

"Do sit down, doctor," Thirlmere said easily. He regarded the tired-looking little Romanian with compassion.

"Doctor Manolescu, I want you to trust me." Thirlmere spoke very softly in French. "We have extremely little time, and what I am going to tell you may surprise you. I know why you have been brought here. I also know your—your difficulties at home in Bucharest. You are thinking of your wife, Vera, and your children, Magda and Marcu, aren't you? You are afraid for them?"

He paused, watching the effect of his words on Manolescu. The Romanian's face was gray and wretched, and one muscle in his cheek quivered uncontrollably. His hands were clasped tightly across his thin stomach.

"Doctor Manolescu," Thirlmere went on urgently, "I want you to prepare yourself for a shock. I think you will find it a pleasant shock. Knowing the circumstances of your life in Romania, it was necessary to act quickly and ruthlessly. Your wife and children are not in Bucharest any more. They are at this moment on a cargo boat bound for Istanbul. From there they will be flown either to London or here to Cairo, whichever you wish. They are safe, my dear colleague. Safe, do you understand?"

Manolescu tried to speak, but could only nod his bewildered gratitude. Presently he said, "You—your people knew that I would never have got back to Bucharest alive, then?"

Now it was Thirlmere's turn to be astonished. So the plan had been: let Manolescu kill the emir, and then kill Manolescu. And Manolescu—it was particularly gruesome—knew it. No wonder he looked so ill. His hands, clasped nervously across his stomach, were now clutching it as if in great pain.

"Will you examine me, please, Sir Godfrey?" Manolescu gasped. "I feel far from well."

"Have you been in Egypt before, doctor?" He made Manolescu lie down on a divan.

The Romanian shook his head.

"You had the usual inoculations before you came here?" Thirlmere asked. "Many foreigners suffer from stomach complaints on arrival in Cairo. Any vomiting?" . . .

Fifteen minutes later, Thirlmere flung open the door of his room and nearly fell over the two gray-suited men stationed outside.

"D'you speak French?" The men shook their heads. "German?"

"*Ja, ja.*"

"Good. . . . Doctor Manolescu is to be conveyed to the Zamalek General Hospital at once," he snapped. "For observation. I have spoken to Dr. Boutros Pasha by telephone. He has ordered an ambulance."

Down in the operating room the emir had lain unconscious for nearly three hours. Outside, along the Nile, the heat was unimaginable, the air a stifling blanket; clouds of flies were the only moving things. But in the room it was cool. Every electric fan in the hospital had been collected there, and a gale of chilled wind blew ceaselessly across the emir's body, which was packed round with hot-water bottles full of ice, and swathed in sheets soaked in cold water. Sister Fratton and an Egyptian anesthetist moved about in silence, taking the patient's temperature with skin thermometers.

"Eighty-six Fahrenheit."

"Lower still," the anesthetist said.

The doors opened noiselessly and Thirlmere looked in. "Everything all right? Had his lytic cocktail?"

Sister Fratton nodded. Thirlmere stared down at the body. There must be no shivering while he was working inside the heart. Zaki was a good anesthetist, the best in Cairo. Soon he would administer

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Any man who wins an argument with his wife has only himself to blame.

More children would disobey their parents if they weren't too busy to listen to them.

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more relaxant, nitrous oxide and oxygen by endotracheal tube. Thirlmere himself preferred venous cooling, tubing the blood out of the body to a cooling coil and back again. It made rewarming easier while closing the chest afterward. In his opinion, there was less risk of shock. Well, Zaki knew his business; it was up to him. Thirlmere went out to have another look at the X rays.

Twenty minutes later, he returned, masked, gloved, costumed, with his ghostly retinue of nurses and a small band of Egyptian medical students.

The emir's pulse, normally seventy-two, was now thirty-five. One heartbeat every second and a half. There was a rib to be removed, a human heart to be explored with human fingers, a heart still beating with weird slowness. Then the return to life, from a state impossibly near to death.

Thirlmere worked slowly, in utter silence. He had but to lift his hand, and Sister Fratton put into it or took from it whatever was necessary. At times there was no sound but the whirring of the electric fans, and the quick, tense breathing of a nervous student.

At the end of an hour it was over. Now Zaki took over once more, slowly warming the body again, taking skin temperatures, slowly removing the ice packs, switching off the fans, one by one. The pulse grew more frequent, but still with maddening slowness. Forty heartbeats per minute, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty ——

Only when Thirlmere was out of the theater, taking off his operating gown, did he feel a great weariness. He washed his hands, and they trembled slightly as he dried them.

"Sir Thirlmere!" A small and slender Egyptian nurse with huge black eyes stood before him, waving a piece of paper. It was a form printed in Arabic and French. He took it and read it.

"Doctor Manolescu is your patient, Sir Thirlmere?"

"Not exactly. I—ordered him in here for observation. How is he?"

"It is acute, sir. Doctor Boutros says will you please operate. There is a rush of cases, and all our surgeons are occupied for the next three hours."

Thirlmere sighed and lumbered to his feet. "Send Sister Fratton to me, please." Wearily he robed himself again. This was a job he could do in his sleep anyway.

Next morning he stood over Doctor Manolescu's bed while the house physician examined him. "How are you feeling, doctor?"

Manolescu gave him a tremulous smile. "Not bad, thank you. I am sorry that you were troubled by my trivial case."

"Nothing trivial about it," Thirlmere said. He nodded and smiled to the house physician, who scribbled something on the card at the end of the bed and discreetly withdrew. "Always a pleasure to whip out a friend's appendix," Thirlmere grunted. "Sorry you won't be able to return the compliment. Had mine out at school."

Manolescu's smile disappeared. He asked, "And the emir ——"

"He's fine. He'll live another ten years if he cuts down on eating and women."

Manolescu nodded uncomfortably. "He will find a difficult political situation when he returns to his country."

Thirlmere gave his patient a penetrating look. "I don't think he will be going home just yet," he said. "He will spend his convalescence here in Egypt. I gather it will be—quite a long convalescence."

There was despair in Manolescu's eyes as he muttered, "It was good that you were able to save his life."

Thirlmere went on looking at him steadily. "You would have done the same, Doctor Manolescu. No matter what it cost you."

Manolescu's eyes blazed suddenly. He raised his head a few inches from the pillow and gripped Thirlmere's wrist urgently. "Yes. I would have done the same. You do believe that, Thirlmere? You must believe it!"

"I have never doubted it."

The Romanian's head fell back again. "Thank you. . . . How long must I stay here?"

"A few days only. You will be able to join your wife and children in London in about two weeks' time. I take it that you don't want to go back to Bucharest?"

"No. No, I do not." Manolescu's eyes searched his face. "You mean this, Sir Godfrey? You are not just telling me to ——"

Thirlmere shook his head slowly.

"Thank God. . . . Forgive me. I have lived among lies for so long." Manolescu closed his eyes wearily. When he opened them again, they were as eager as a child's. "We shall be able to work together in London, perhaps?"

"Of course."

"And you will accompany me when I go there?"

Thirlmere shook his head. "You'll be in safe hands," he smiled. "But I'm flying home tomorrow. I broke off a short holiday to come here. I promised my wife a few days' sailing, and we're determined to have them."

Doctor Manolescu's brows arched solemnly. "People in England like to sail boats, I have heard."

"Yes." Thirlmere nodded. "They like to sail boats." THE END

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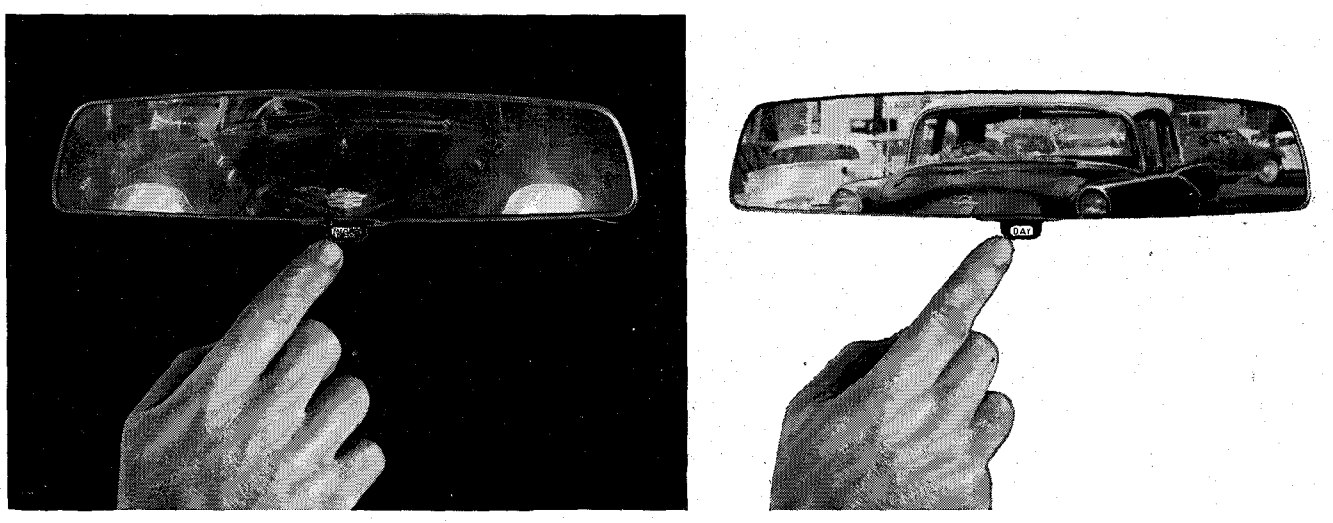

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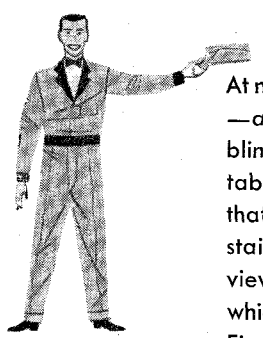

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Treachery at Rock Point

(Continued from Page 45)

been gambling for over the past three quarters of an hour.

"If we have luck we could bluff our way out," he said.

"How?"

"Can't tell exactly yet. But I speak their lingo."

Will glanced back up the coulee to see the two braves who had been sitting their horses along the rim now advancing slowly in this direction. There was nothing unfriendly in their action. They were simply curious and following a ritual that invariably marked the approach of strangers to their camp, though Will realized that to Kelso it must seem that the two had cut off their chance of retreat.

The squaws, also, were curious, for they had now stopped whatever they had been doing at the fire and were peering this way.

"We ride straight in," Will drawled, "just like we owned the place."

"Not me, brother!" Kelso had no sooner spoken than he was reaching out to draw his Winchester from its scabbard.

"Don't!"

Matt Kelso's hand froze within finger spread of the rifle's stock as Will spoke that sharp word.

"Want a bullet in the back?" Will asked roughly. "Get this, Kelso. Lay a hand on that rifle and we're good as done for. Now come along. We go straight on in, like I said."

He led the way on past Kelso toward the lodges, seeing that two men had joined the women. They were naked, except for breechclouts; they were unarmed. And Kelso, drawing alongside him, breathed in alarm, "There's two more bucks! Let's make a break for it before it's too late."

"Back into those two behind us? Unh-uh! Our only chance is to try and bull this through. And don't let on you're scared."

Kelso swore soundly, but made no further move to fall behind. In a few more seconds Will was reining his animal to a stand some thirty feet short of the fire as he impassively surveyed the squaws and the two men—and three small naked children who had run from the nearest lodge—standing on the far side of the blaze.

He ignored the yapping of the dogs and lifted right hand, palm outward, in the traditional sign of friendliness, noticing a swarm of flies buzzing along the line of a rope strung between two saplings behind the first two lodges. Slices of drying meat hung on the rope, which was high enough to be beyond reach of the dogs.

Speaking the language of these people, he asked, "The hunt goes well?"

The nearest of the men, graying and aged, nodded in understanding. He was thin as a rail, though his stomach was round and protruding. "The hunt goes well," he answered. "The spirits smile on us. Not in many moons have we feasted so much."

The dogs had quieted and wandered off to a pile of bones beyond the fire. Will noticed that as he asked, "The white man knows you are off the reservation?"

"The white man knows. He gave us guns and powder. All the summer he sell the beef while our women and children eat flour and corn and berries. Now we are ten mouths fewer for him to feed so long as we can hunt."

"You hunt with the long gun?"

At the man's answering nod, Will curtly told him, "Let me see your long guns."

The Piegan was puzzled and said humbly, "The guns are old and poor. There are times when they do not shoot."

"We look for stolen long guns, the ones of many thunders," Will cut in, raising his voice angrily. "Go! Let me see your long guns."

"There is only one among us. There are two more behind you with Walks-on-Snake and Lame Bear."

"Then show me your one long gun."

The old man turned away at once and jogged over to disappear inside the second lodge. And Kelso, who had been warily listening and watching, asked, "What does he say?"

Before answering, Will turned and peered back to see the two mounted Piegans patiently sitting their horses some fifty yards away. "He wants to know why we ride through their country spookin' away the game."

"Sore at us?"

"Plenty. If you don't think so, take a look back there."

Kelso glanced furtively to the rear, and when he faced around again stark fear was once more strongly etched on his rough features.

Seeing that, Will soberly told him, "Make one wrong move and we're done for."

Some people are no good at counting calories and they have the figures to prove it.

IMOGENE FEY

This moment the old man reappeared from the lodge. He carried a long-barreled, heavy Sharps rifle. Its stock had been broken and was held together by windings of brass wire. It was one of the old single-shot buffalo guns intended to be used with a pole, or rod, steadying its muzzle end.

As the old man came toward them, Will drawled, "Stay set now," and unexpectedly slid off his horse to the ground.

The old man's glance still showed a strong puzzlement as Will paced toward him. But he was wanting to oblige as he lifted the Sharps and said, "It is rusty and old. We do not use it."

"You have other guns hidden in your lodges. Guns of many thunders." Will's tone was brusque as he referred to the repeating rifles, like Kelso's, that were so highly prized by all Plains Indians.

Indignation tightened the old man's lined face. "I am a man of truth. I swear by my father's spirit and the spirit of my oldest son that this is our only other long gun."

Will could feel his pulse begin pounding in his head as, standing with his back to the threat of the Winchester, he prayed that the old man's fierce look would keep Kelso cowed and afraid to move a muscle.

He held out his hands, scowling severely. "Let me see the gun."

Will roughly snatched the rifle from his hands and, drawing back its hammer, wheeled around and lifted the weapon to shoulder, staring over its sights at Matt Kelso's face, gone slack with amazement.

"Reach, Kelso!"

Kelso's face purpled in rage as he saw how he had been taken in. His jaw muscles tightened and for an instant Will thought he was going to make a try for the Winchester. But the odds were against Matt Kelso. The persuasive power of the Sharps' big bore lined so squarely at him finally decided this. He let go the reins and, very slowly, lifted his hands outward and upward.

And Will, knowing he held an empty gun, came quickly around the fire, ignoring the guttural, excited talk of the Piegan squaws. He didn't let his breath go until, alongside Kelso's horse, he had reached up and drawn the Winchester from its boot.

Tom Knight returned to the spot along the river where the Belle had tied up for the night some five hours after he had left the packet to ride out in search of some trace of Will Speer. And, as he had expected, the stern-wheeler was gone, having moved upriver to load wood, as Hargutt had earlier agreed he would do.

The prospect of having to spend the next five or six hours idling here while he awaited the packet's return didn't appeal to Knight. He was too worried, too restless to relish the prospect of loafing. So he left the river behind him and rode straight into the south for perhaps two miles, a distance he judged would take him beyond reach of the many inlets and swamps, before swinging west to follow the distant line of cottonwoods and willows marking the big stream's twisting course. It was at about this time that Will Speer left the Piegan camp with Kelso securely roped to his horse.

Knight had had what amounted to no luck at all in his search for any trace of Will. He had made one discovery deep in the cottonwoods close to the spot where the Belle had spent the night, though without being at all certain of its having any sure bearing on Will's strange disappearance. What he had found were his two missing kegs, empty, lying in the brush, and two sets of fresh hoofprints that led him as far as the bank of a shallow creek half a mile to the east downriver.

He had been excited and wary on discovering no trace of the sign along the creek's far bank. Turning up along the stream, he had ridden three slow miles up its meandering course, searching for the lost sign along both banks. Finally a bleak and barren expanse of rocky ground stretching as far as a man could see into the south had stopped him. If two riders had intentionally hidden their sign by following the creek bed this far, it might take a man a week to discover where they had left this vast expanse of limestone wasteland.

It occurred to him that the two horsemen might have turned down the stream and into the Missouri, in which case they could easily have reached the far bank and lost themselves in the trackless region to the north. When he finally turned back, Tom Knight was as discouraged as he had ever been.

Now, in no particular hurry, he rode on, thinking back over the past several troubled days since Will Speer's return to Rock Point. The tall man's appearance from the dead, it seemed, had triggered a series of the most ominous events in all Knight's experience. Just what lay behind all this he had no way of knowing, though when he thought of Ned Oakes' indirect accusation this morning—of the man even daring to suppose Will could have had anything to do with the theft of the gold—his anger flared as swiftly as a too-full kettle coming to the boil. It wasn't in him to doubt Will Speer in the slightest degree.

Instead, he found himself doubting Ned, actually distrusting the man. Somehow, obscure though it was at the moment, he felt that Ned must be involved in what had happened aboard the Belle last night. He had more than his instinct to back this hunch. For Ned had offended him deeply and lost all his trust in having taken up with Grace Drew while at the same time pretending to be serious in his intentions toward Carrie.

It wasn't Tom Knight's way to interfere where Carrie and Ned were concerned. Nor was he so strait-laced that he couldn't halfway excuse Ned's furtive liaison. Yet when it came to Carrie marrying a man of such flexible principles, he knew he was somehow going to have to draw the line. How he could accomplish that without taking a flat-footed stand against Ned was beyond him just now. But he would if it came to a showdown. Meantime he could hope that Carrie's instinct would warn her she had made a wrong choice.

Last evening up there on the Belle's hurricane as he talked with Will he had touched upon something mighty close to his heart. Of all the men he had ever known—young men—Will Speer stood head and shoulders above the others. He had watched Will grow into manhood and he took the same pride in having shaped that growth that he did in knowing what a lovely woman Carrie had become.

Thinking of the two—of Carrie and Will—he could look back across the years and see how Will with his shyness had failed to interest Carrie, in contrast to Ned with his easygoing surface charm. It shamed him to recall that there had been a time when he himself had been deceived into being thankful that Carrie seemed to choose Ned in preference to Will. Perhaps Carrie and Ned and Will hadn't then realized that any choice was being made, but he had been strongly aware of it. Carrie, with her Eastern schooling, had seemed more suited to a man like Ned, whose manners and bearing and good looks were more subtly those of the gentleman than Will's were.

Now Tom Knight understood how very wrong he had been. Ned had turned out to be a weakling. In contrast, these past two years had matured Will to a surprising degree. Rough as Knight sensed those years must have been, Will had somehow come through them with a more lasting mark of being a real gentleman, of being a man, than Ned had ever possessed. There was an innate goodness and gentleness and integrity in Will that was probably beyond the understanding of anyone like Ned Oakes.

This is gettin' you nowhere—nowhere at all. So thinking, Tom Knight tried to close his mind to these perplexing imponderables as he scanned the river horizon hoping to see either the Belle's tall stacks showing over the trees or the smoke from her boilers. He was disappointed, and presently began looking up ahead as he wondered if Hargutt had taken the packet farther upriver than he had planned.

Something like two minutes later his idle glance picked out what he thought to be two riders coming toward him some two miles off to the southwest along a line of low, barren hills. At first a trifle surprised at sighting anyone riding this empty land, he presently lost interest. But after a few more minutes his interest in the two abruptly quickened. If he was right in thinking that Will had been riding one of the pair of horses he had earlier tried to follow up the creek, there was a remote chance that Will and the second rider had struck west out of the vast wasteland that had swallowed their sign. If they had, these two riders might have sighted them.

It was with that faint hope that Knight now angled toward the two men in the distance, who in a few more minutes would be passing him a mile or so away. He covered a lazy half mile without being any more interested in the two than keeping them within sight.

Then suddenly he noticed that one of the pair made a high shape in the saddle.

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And even as he raked his horse with spur, sending the animal on at a hard run, he roared a whooping shout of delight, bawling, "Will!"

At his hail he saw the two riders stop, look this way, then turn toward him. And now, at this lessened distance, he knew he couldn't be mistaken. The taller of those two was Will Speer.

He came riding up on Will and Kelso with his hawkish face slack in amazement and delight. Reining in alongside Will, he breathed incredulously, "Lord, it's good to see you, man! But who've you got here?"

"Some prison bait, Tom."

Knight took in the lengths of rawhide holding Matt Kelso's thick legs hard against the barrel of his runty pack horse and burst out laughing. He laughed uproariously until the tears began streaming down his cheeks. Finally sobering, he looked around at Will. "What about the gold?"

Will was riding Kelso's bay and he turned now to lay a hand on one of the pair of bulging pouches behind the bulky bedroll. "Right here and in that pack behind Kelso. Every ounce of it, unless our friend's got some hid away on him somewhere."

Knight reached out impulsively to take a tight hold on Will's arm and shake it. "Will, boy! We thought —— Hell, I don't know what we thought! Doesn't matter now. But just what the devil happened?"

Will told him—told him as much as he knew and everything he'd guessed. And as he finished, Tom Knight's stony glance settled on Kelso.

"Is this true, Kelso? About Ned and Danbo?"

"Not one word. He's talkin' through his hat."

A slow, chill smile touched Knight's hawkish face. He looked around at Will. "Ever try beatin' the truth out of a man, Will? Or did you ever try buildin' a grass fire and roastin' his toes till he'd talk?"

"Never did, Tom."

"Then you might as well learn how right now." Knight stepped stiffly from the saddle, motioning Will to join him as he stooped and began pulling handfuls of the long, tufted grama grass nearby. "So Danbo and Ned didn't have a thing to do with it, eh, Kelso?"

"I tell you he cooked it up by himself," Kelso blustered. "I never said it was them two."

"You will, man! About two minutes from now!"

Lyle Danbo, lying in his bed in his cabin, had heard the commotion down on the main deck shortly after sunrise and had rightly assumed that it had to do with Ned and what was missing from Crow Track's wagon. He had smiled, turned over and dropped off to sleep again. He didn't appear from his cabin until the middle of the morning, far too late for breakfast. He went on back to the galley and, giving the cook half a dollar, presently ate a plentiful meal.

Some twenty minutes after finishing his second cup of coffee he was strolling the cabin deck when Hargutt moved the Belle out from the bank and headed back up the river.

This puzzled Danbo. He was about to ask one of the other passengers about it when, walking around the forward corner of the cabins, he spied Caroline Knight sitting in a chair alone at the rail that overlooked the main deck.

"Morning, Miss Knight," he said pleasantly as he came up to her. He removed his hat as she turned and nodded an answer, afterward asking, "What's this we're doing, heading back where we came from?"

Carrie's answer was long in coming. She first considered telling him about Ned and the wagon. But then, not liking the man, she decided on an easier way and told him, "You'd better ask Ned about it. We're moving up a few miles to load more wood."

Danbo knew when he wasn't wanted, but made the best of it by saying cheerily, "These river captains never seem to know what they're about. Wouldn't surprise me at all if it takes Hargutt a month to land me at Bismarck." He tipped his hat once more. "So I'll go find Ned."

When he did find Ned down on the main deck after a five-minute search, his first question was, "How'd it go?"

"Not bad and not good." Ned scowled at the man and lifted a hand to the swollen side of his face then to mutter, "You came close to bustin' in the side of my face, Lyle. Wasn't called for."

"They believed your story, didn't they?" At Ned's hesitant nod, Danbo added, "Then let's say it was called for. Now how'd they take it when Speer turned up missing?"

Ned told him—told about Tom Knight having gone in search of Will. Ned was plainly worried, and ended by saying, "What if he tracks Will and your man? Then where'll we be?"

"If he catches up with them you may be shy a father-in-law," was Danbo's pointed answer.

"Knight may never be my father-in-law."

Danbo took this in with some surprise. "You and Caroline on the outs?"

Ned nodded. "Because I hinted that Will might have taken that stuff out of the wagon."

"Give 'em time and they won't think that's such a bad guess."

Ned's face tightened in anger. "I thought you said nothing would happen to Will."

Danbo at once saw that his cocksureness had betrayed him. His tongue had slipped in too boldly speaking his thoughts, and now he was trapped by his glibness. Nonetheless he made the best of it by saying, "Nothing will happen to him. What I meant was that it'll look bad for him for the next few days, till he can get the word back about what happened to him."

"You damn well meant exactly what you said."

Danbo shrugged, wearily asking, "Why put the chip on your shoulder for me, Ned? Haven't we brought this thing off?"

Ned gave him a final baleful stare and turned away without an answer to walk over to the main stairway and go up it to the cabin deck. Ned noticed Carrie sitting near the rail. Though he realized she must have seen him coming up the stairway, he hurried on back along the deck and took the ladder to the hurricane, where he could be alone and out of her sight. From there he watched the packet's wood crew working along the bank, felling and stripping tall thin-leafs. And later, when the cook's bell clanged on the deck below to announce the noon meal, he paid it no attention, not wanting to sit at the table in the saloon with Carrie and run the chance of further words with her.

As the afternoon wore on and by the time the Belle's high twin stacks started smoking with the stoking of the boilers, Ned was a thoroughly miserable man. The trip to Elkton and the horse ranch no longer held the promise of his being able to forget his worries and repair his damaged relations with Carrie. The girl had made it plain this morning that their affair was finished. And the prospect of spending the next week or ten days with her was becoming intolerable.

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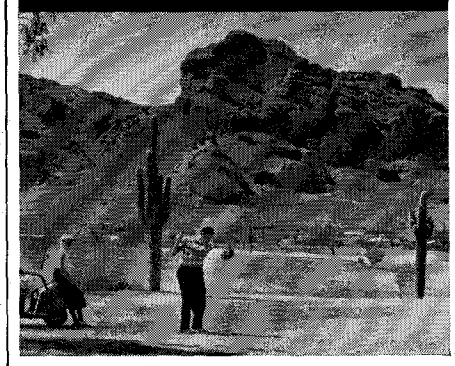

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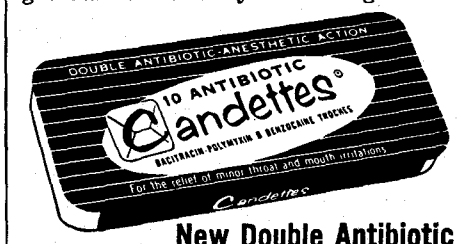

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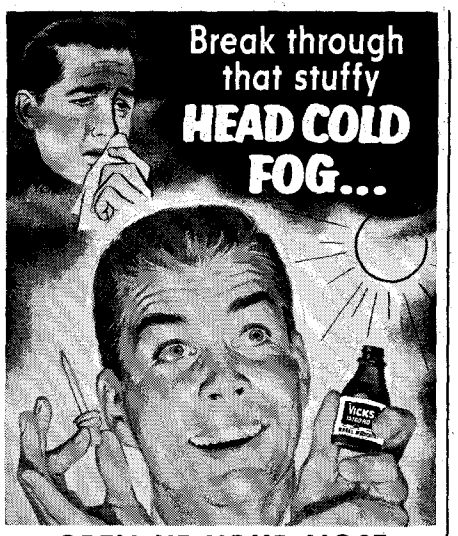

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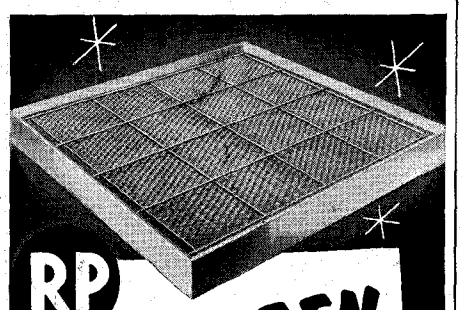

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Last night down there at the wagon his warped reasoning had led him to place the blame for his poor run of luck squarely upon Will. This afternoon his thinking was following much the same pattern. Will was the real cause for his misunderstanding with Carrie. If it hadn't been for Will he wouldn't now be in the position of having to defend himself to Carrie and Tom Knight. The man had created friction since the very hour he had set foot on the levee at Rock Point. Until his unexpected appearance, Ned's affairs had gone smoothly, very well indeed.

By the time the Belle eased out from the bank and got under way, Ned's thinking was taking a new turn. Danbo's implication that Will wasn't to come out of this alive had several hours ago roused him to instinctive anger. Yet, thinking of that possibility now in relation to how Will had meddled so disastrously in his affairs, his rancor and bitterness drove him to the grim hope that the gambler had in fact planned it that Will was never to be seen again.

If the man disappeared as completely and mysteriously as the gold that had gone with him, then the chance was practically nonexistent that he, Ned, would ever be suspected in what had happened down on the main deck last night. If that came about, then perhaps it wasn't so impossible to suppose that he and Carrie might ——

The hoarse blast of the Belle's whistle cut short his sordid ruminations. He was standing near the forward edge of the hurricane. And as the whistle sent a series of short, sharp blasts echoing out over the river, he turned and walked back to the wheelhouse, seeing Hargutt standing there leaning on the whistle cord, grinning broadly.

As he came up to the wheelhouse's open window, Hargutt took his other hand from the wheel and pointed into the south. "There they be. Your friends and one other man. Bet you ten to one Speer's turned up with that gold!"

Ned wheeled sharply about, scanning the horizon off beyond the willows along the near bank, his pulse hammering a hard alarm. He stared off across the broken hills for all of five seconds, saw nothing and finally asked, "Where? Can't see them."

"Here." Hargutt reached out of the window to hand him a foot-long brass telescope. "Off there ahead of that cap rock. They must've heard us. They're swingin' this way."

Ned snatched the glass from the man's hand and, spotting the rock formation he thought Hargutt meant, lifted the brass tube to his eye. For a long moment he saw nothing but a blur in the glass. Then, holding it steadier, he suddenly made out the shapes of three riders trotting their horses directly toward him, their images so plain that he could easily make out the puffs of dust kicked up by their animals.

The three were riding abreast. Will Speer's high shape was unmistakable. He jogged along beside a bareheaded man who sat loose in the saddle, head down. Riding on the other side of that man was Tom Knight, who now lifted an arm and waved in the direction of the river in obvious answer to the Belle's signal.

"Been takin' a gander off there every now and then," Hargutt said. "Now, if I can find a place to touch the bank, we'll have 'em aboard in short order."

Ned took this in while still peering at Will and Tom and the man riding between them. His thoughts were confused now, a cold apprehension was settling through him. Then suddenly he was seeing that third man straighten in the saddle and lift his head. He was looking squarely at Matt Kelso.

A numbing dread settled through Ned that moment. His thoughts ran riot for long seconds before gathering rage tightened in him and let him think halfway rationally. Matt Kelso! Danbo had tricked him. Kelso was Danbo's man, and Kelso hadn't left the country after the Leesville robbery, after all. Which meant ——

A coolness threaded Ned's nerves as he turned and handed the glass to Hargutt. "I'll take the word down to the others," he said. "How long'll it be?"

"To pick 'em up?" Hargutt shrugged. "They'll be anyway ten minutes gettin' here. It'll take me that long to find slack water and tie to the bank."

Ned turned quickly away toward the ladder leading below. Reaching the cabin deck, he hurried along it to the lounge's forward entrance, swung through it and on back to his cabin. He shut the cabin door behind him and quickly opened his suitcase, rummaging around in it until his hand felt the cool, hard handle of his Smith and Wesson. He jerked the gun from the holster and thrust it under the waistband of his trousers.

The unexpectedness of the Belle's whistle signal had emptied the lounge tables, and the long room was deserted as Ned crossed it and left it by its wide front doorway. As he came onto the deck he saw Carrie standing alongside her chair, peering toward the near bank.

Excitement was crowding him as he strode up to her, reached out and laid a hand on her shoulder and turned her about. Her oval face took on a look of chill aloofness when she saw who it was.

She was about to say something when he cut her short. "Carrie, this'll have to be quick and you've got to listen. That whistle was signaling Tom and Will. Hargutt sighted them off there about a mile away. Now ——"

"Will?" she cried softly. "He's all right?"

Her look of radiant happiness was a galling thing for Ned to have to witness. Yet he did his best to ignore it in the face of something extremely urgent. "He is. Carrie, they've got a man with them. It's Matt Kelso."

"Kelso?" She was incredulous. "How can that be?"

"Here's how. I've finally hit on the answer to all this—to who robbed the wagon last night and robbed both our stages. It has to be Lyle Danbo."

Carrie's striking face was slack in astonishment.

Ned gave her no chance to say anything, hurrying on, "Don't you see? Everything fits. Danbo was the man that recommended my hiring Kelso and Worts. Nothing had ever happened to our stages before those two came with the crew. By that time Danbo had made me his offer to buy into the outfit. I trusted him. He knew about every express box that carried gold. Do you see how it adds up? Now I could cut my tongue out for that slip I made about Will."

"You mean—Danbo let Kelso know when gold was going out? He ——"

"That's it exactly." Ned half turned now to peer down along the deck, his glance closely examining the scattering of passengers lining the rail. Danbo wasn't among them, and he turned back to Carrie to say quickly, "You and I are the only ones that know so far what all that whistling meant. I was up above with Hargutt when he sighted Will and Tom and Kelso. Now I want you to come with me."

He pulled his coat aside so that she could see the handle of the gun showing above his belt. "We're going to take care of Lyle right now. Arrest him. You're to hear what he has to say. If we wait, if he lays eyes on Tom and Will and Kelso, he could make a run for it and get away."

The girl's eyes were wide open in alarm. "But, Ned, how can ——"

"There's no time to lose," he cut in, reaching out to take her hand and pull her away from the rail. "Come along."

She let him guide her across and past the stairway to the far side. And as they turned down along the deck, Ned seeing only two people between him and the deck's end—neither of them Danbo—he told her, "He wasn't inside. So he's either up above or down below. Let's try it above first."

They took the forward ladder to the hurricane, Ned leading the way. The instant his head rose above the level of that upper deck he saw Lyle Danbo standing alongside the wheelhouse, back turned. He finished the climb, turned to take Carrie's arm and silently pointed toward the gambler.

Carrie took a tight hold on his arm and he reached down to push her hand away, saying softly, "Stay close to me," as he started for the wheelhouse.

He and Carrie were some thirty feet from the wheelhouse when either a warning instinct or something Hargutt told him made the gambler face around. His right hand held the brass telescope, and now he reached out and handed the glass to Hargutt, a slow smile touching his face as he tipped his hat.

"You've heard the news, I take it. Good news, isn't it? But isn't that Matt Kelso they've got with them?"

Danbo's unruffled manner only heightened Ned's seething anger. Ned this moment was looking upon a man who had coolly outwitted him, made a fool of him. And it was that deep chagrin blended

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with his mounting rage that made him cast aside all caution and say hotly, "Sure it's Kelso, Lyle. He's your man, isn't he? The one that helped you with the stage across in Leesville the other night. The one that wouldn't put up a fight when his stage was stopped last week with that box of Red Byrd's aboard."

Danbo was for once held speechless by hard surprise. And as he stood there staring incredulously at Ned, a voice calling from the river's near bank sounded across to them. It was Tom Knight who had hailed the Belle. Danbo looked beyond Ned and saw Knight, followed by Kelso and Will, pushing through a tangle of willows scarcely two hundred yards away.

Hargutt was spinning the wheel and turning the Belle's blunt bow in toward the bank then as Danbo drawled, "So you've found yourself a corner you can't crawl out of, eh, Ned?"

"I've put you in one you can't crawl out of, you mean!"

Ned's ego was bolstered by the sure conviction that the only weapon the gambler ever carried was a derringer, by a firm belief that Danbo couldn't possibly be expert in the use of the weapon.

The gambler's glance strayed briefly to Carrie now. "Miss Knight, your friend here has a loose tongue. But not loose enough to tell you all he knows. Get him to tell you about last night, about ——"

He was staring full at Ned now. He saw the man's muscles suddenly tighten, saw the fingers of Ned's right hand claw and stiffen. That telltale sign warned him of what was coming, let him anticipate the upward lift of Ned's right arm.

His own right hand slashed in under his coat with superb sureness and came out fisting the derringer. He had a full second in which to line the weapon upon the panicked Ned, a deliberate second in which to think what a fool Ned had been to approach him this closely, so that a miss with his short-range weapon was nigh to impossible. He even had the time to marvel at Ned's not lunging behind the girl. Then he squeezed the trigger.

The derringer's sharp blast pounded Ned backward, buckling at the waist. His eyes came wide open in disbelief and amazement. He stumbled hard into Carrie, who cried out, "Oh, Ned!" the instant his knees gave way.

He fell heavily to the deck, the gun spinning from his hand. His eyes were beginning to glaze over as Danbo stooped quickly and picked up his gun.

The gambler spun around then, calling curtly to Hargutt, "Get this thing away from that bank!"

Will had a minute ago sighted Carrie and Ned and Danbo on the Belle's hurricane. The packet was nosing in toward the bank as he turned to Tom to say, "When we get there, you keep an eye on our friend here while I go aboard."

"You're to wait for me, Will. We'll all three ——"

The sound of a gunshot from out on the river cut across Tom's words. Will looked out to the packet in time to see Ned crumple loosely to the deck. The Belle was fifty feet short of the bank, but still closing on it.

An instant alarm threaded Will's nerves even before he saw Carrie kneel on the deck alongside Ned, and Danbo walk quickly to the wheelhouse. Suddenly he made out the gun in Danbo's hand. Raking the barrel of his horse with the sharp-roweled spurs he had borrowed from Kelso, he ran on ahead of the others.

He had halved the distance between him and the Belle when the packet's wheel slowed to a stop, then began churning the water in reverse. The boat was still edging toward the bank, barely twenty feet out from it, and he rammed home the spurs again to send the bay horse on at a harder run. He leaned back against the reins as he came even with the stern-wheeler's blunt bow. It was inching outward from the bank now. He threw himself from the saddle, stumbled down the high bank and stepped into the mud. He felt his boots sinking into the mire and dived out into deeper water, feeling his right boot pull free of his foot.

A pair of roustabouts had seen him and were now running forward along the main deck. He struck out powerfully, closing on the packet's rounded bow at first. But then he seemed to be motionless in the water even though he was putting all his strength into the flailing of his arms. And finally, inch by inch, he saw the Belle drawing away from him and began feeling the weight of his clothes and Kelso's heavy shell belt and gun.

All at once a man's shape loomed above the line of the packet's squat hull and a coil of rope sailed straight out at him. He caught the rope, wound it about his wrist and felt himself pulled through the water. Then the roustabout was hauling strongly on the line to pull him closer. In five more seconds he reached up, caught a hold on the thick coaming timber and hauled himself out of the water. He sprawled belly-down on the splintered planks and lay a moment gasping, dragging air into his lungs. A hand roughly pulled him farther onto the deck, helped him to his feet, and he stared into the roustabout's unshaven face to say, "Thanks, friend."

"What's goin' on here?" the man wanted to know.

"Tell you later."

Will pushed on past, leaving a trail of water behind him as he ran for the main stairway, followed by the glances of upward of a dozen of the crew who had witnessed his being hauled out of the river.

Will, coming to the head of the stairs, lunged for the cabin corner on the riverward side of the deck and, a pace beyond, stepped onto the ladder leading to the hurricane. His first glimpse of that upper deck showed him Carrie kneeling alongside Ned's sprawled body, and, standing on the wheelhouse platform, Lyle Danbo. The gambler was peering off toward the riverbank, and Will had climbed from the ladder head and was reaching to his holster before the gambler noticed him and, lightning fast, lined the derringer at him.

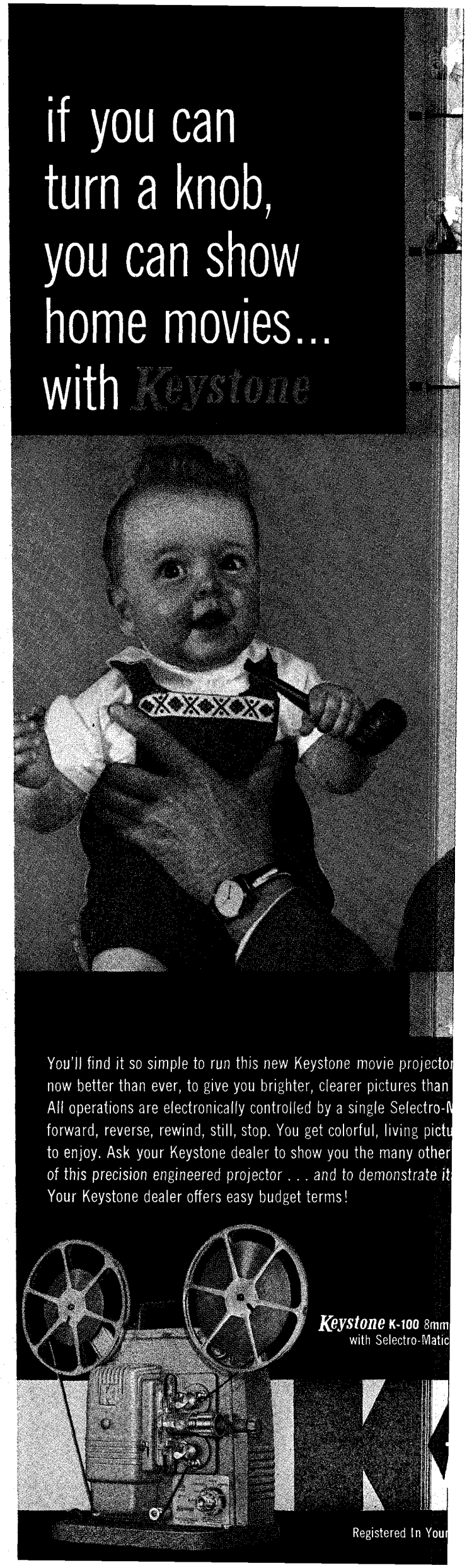
Will halted, let his hand fall empty from his holster. Even across this distance of perhaps fifty feet he could see indecision creep into Danbo's glance. And he suddenly knew the man was realizing that the range was far too great for him to be sure of his short-barreled weapon throwing its bullet true.

"Want to give it a try?" Will called. And now, deliberately, he let his right hand lift to the grip of the .44 once more.

The next instant he saw his mistake. For Danbo, smiling suddenly, arched his weapon around and into line with Carrie. The sound of Will's voice had made the girl turn. She was staring at him with a look of wide-eyed thankfulness thinning her alarm.

Yet now, as Will's dark face tightened in apprehension at the gambler's move, Carrie turned her head to see the derringer lined at her. Her face lost color then as Danbo called, "Don't make me use this, Speer!"

Those words took Will back to that morning when he had felt the same weapon's twin barrels touching the back of his neck in the stage office. Danbo had been a dangerous man then; he was even more dangerous now.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"Hargutt, move her ahead now! And fast!"

The gambler's words were crisp, toneless and deadly. A moment later Will heard the ring of the engine-room bell below and felt the pulsating throb of the big paddle wheel at the stern abruptly stop. Then, with Danbo still staring hard at Carrie over the barrel of the derringer, the paddle wheel's beat commenced once more, moving the Belle slowly ahead against the pull of the river's sluggish current.

Lyle Danbo coolly waited out a quarter-minute interval until the packet had gained headway. Then he all at once stepped down off the wheelhouse platform, saying crisply, "Hargutt, get out here!"

His glance briefly shuttled to Will as Hargutt appeared out of the wheelhouse. "Don't make a try for your gun, Speer," he said. And then slowly, watching Will, he began pacing backward past the texas along the deck. Ten paces took him to the hurricane's far back corner. He stopped there. And his gun arm slowly dropped to his side and he was saying, "You two make a fine pair. . . . Miss Knight, I've done you a favor. Shooting down that cur was a thing someone should have done long ago."

That moment Will saw Fred Hargutt's weathered face tighten in alarm. The Belle, with no one at the wheel, was yawing around broadside to the current. Will had perhaps a two-second awareness of what was happening before Danbo wheeled unexpectedly and leaped over the deck's edge. The instant his falling shape disappeared, Will ran back along the deck. Carrie was coming to her feet as he passed her. He was aware of Hargutt lunging for the wheelhouse door.

Hauling up short at the deck's edge, he gripped the handle of the .44. But then he hesitated, knowing that it wasn't in him to shoot a defenseless man, even Danbo, swimming for his life. He stared below now, seeing the roiled, foaming spot where the gambler's body had hit the water. It was even with the rounded stern of the hull, even with the boxed-in spray shield of the big paddle wheel. Danbo was nowhere in sight.

Suddenly the man's head bobbed to the surface a few feet out from the churning heavy planks of the wheel. Carrie came alongside Will that moment, taking a tight hold on his arm. He wanted to look around at her. But his stare was held fascinated as he all at once realized that the whirling blades of the big wheel were swinging around on Danbo.

He bellowed in hard alarm, "Watch out! Swim!"

Perhaps Danbo heard him, for now he struck out with both arms, frantically trying to pull himself clear of those whirling broad planks.

All at once the suction of that roiled water drew him backward and down.

Conservatives

Conservatives, the ones I know,
Would like to keep the status quo,
Conserving all things, while they live,
Save persons less conservative.

By Richard Armour

And Will quickly reached out to put an arm about Carrie and hold her head against his chest. He stood there bleakly watching, hoping for a glimpse of Danbo out beyond reach of the paddle wheel, turning Carrie away from the sight as she stood with her face against his wet shirt front. He could feel her trembling.

After a minute had passed, after Hargutt had managed to work the packet's bow around against the current, Will knew that they had seen the last of the gambler. For nothing but a creamy froth of muddy river water showed along the Belle's ragged wake.

The night was chill, the stars made a brilliant, delicate pattern against the ebony void of the heavens.

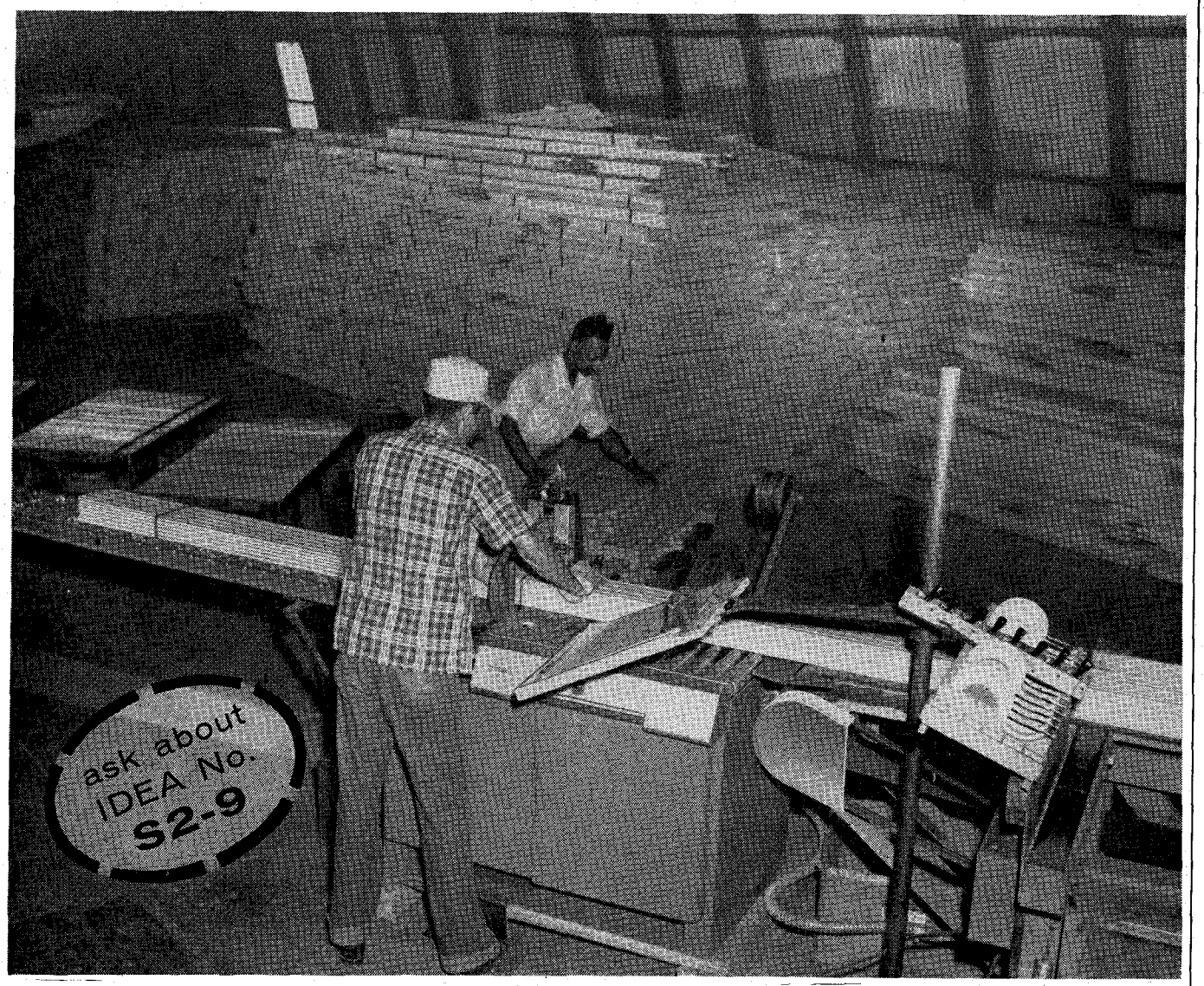
Will and Carrie stood between the Belle's high twin stacks along the dark expanse of the hurricane. The muted sound of voices drifted up from the saloon below and the broad expanse of the river was patterned in rippling bars of reflected lantern light.

Neither of them had spoken a word over the past five minutes. Yet now Carrie turned abruptly to Will and looked up at him to say softly, "Will, I did love Ned. You must know that. But it was the Ned you and I knew long ago, before ——"

He waited for her to finish. When she didn't, he gently told her, "That's the Ned I want to remember. They never come any finer. Never."

Something in his words made her put her arm through his and press it tightly to her breast. Then, a moment later, she swung around to face him, to reach up and run her hands along his cheek in a feathery caress as his arms came about her.

THE END



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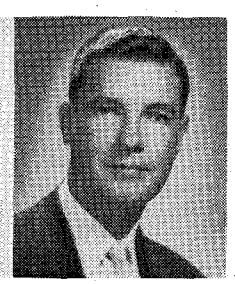

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Sudden Affair (Continued from Page 21)

"Equally I am sorry. For my shoes I was looking." She came closer, scanning him intently. "Did I wound you?" She looked quite distressed, her small hands now clasped in front of her.

He assumed a pose of mock collapse. "Mortally," he intoned.

She laughed and helped him to his feet.

"Your shoes. There they are," he said, pointing to two small white pumps beneath the seat inside the compartment whence she had exploded into his life.

But she was paying no attention. Instead, she seemed to be measuring him, standing close at his side, in an obvious attempt to see how tall she stood beside him. The top of her straw hat barely reached to the level of his shoulders.

"Where is it you are going?" she asked him.

He reached down and picked up the tiny pumps. "Here. Roskilde. I wanted to see the cathedral once more before I go back to America."

She put her hand on the gray flannel coat he carried on his arm. "What was the temperature in Miami last night?" she asked.

He swam in the warmth of her guileless eyes. "Huh?"

She closed her eyes. She seemed to flirt with a dream. "Whenever it is eighty-six degrees in Florida, I feel like this. Or Hawaii."

"Feel like what?"

She came to life again, snatched her white handbag from the seat inside the compartment, and pulled out a little green notebook.

She faced him. "Say 'Penelope,'" she said.

"What?"

"Say 'Penelope.'" Her slight accent made the word a song.

"Penelope," he repeated.

She shook her head, looked at her notes again. "Say 'Rory Calhoun.'"

"What is this?" he asked again.

"Say it."

"Rory Calhoun," he said.

She was studying that answer when a boat whistle blew, off somewhere to the right, near the docks.

The sound made her start. "The boat for St. Aalden!" she cried. She took one step toward the end of the car, then stopped, turned round and put her small hand on his blue shirt near the open collar. "Everyone has a word," she whispered confidentially into his face, "that is for him a microcosm. I have read it in a book somewhere." And with that she darted off up the aisle and out into the bright sunlight of the station platform.

He stood completely baffled in the aisle. "Of course," he said absently. "Why shouldn't everyone have a microcosm?" Then, as he saw her full white skirt disappearing in the crowd beyond the window, he yelled, "Hey, your shoes!"

By the time he reached the dock, the ferry had pulled away from the slip, so he ran back to the stationmaster and asked when the next boat would be leaving. He was told there was only one, that it made the round trip every half hour. There was nothing to do but wait for the next trip.

When he reached St. Aalden, three quarters of an hour later, he found it a tiny island—a low, rolling hill, really—sitting out a mile and a half off the coast from Roskilde. From the leeward side, it rises green and cool to its highest point on the north, and there it has been scarped sufficiently to have a short, shallow, circular beach much sought after by tired Danes on weekends in June, July and August. Enough people of means have built summer houses on the island to justify the operation of a village center—a café, restaurant, hotel, beach-wear shops, and the like—when the season is on.

The village itself is tucked in against the hill, built in a half-moon around a broad, open plaza which sits above a dozen courses of wide, curved concrete steps that lead directly onto the beach. On both sides near the ocean, the plaza narrows to a pleasant, ramped concourse that runs halfway back around the island, branching off here and there to rise in steps to the summer houses that dot the cliff above the tiny town.

Michael sat in the shade of the awning outside the café, sipping vermouth. He watched the children chasing one another across the plaza, old men sunning themselves in deck chairs, and the two blond giants who sat like wrestlers in their open robes at the table next to him, eying him inhospitably. He folded his arms and studied the pair of small white shoes on the table top before him. He had been sitting here for an hour, catching indistinct suggestions of her perfume, tracking mental images of soft shapes and sunny mists, and telling himself that he was crazy for having yielded to the unseasonable northern sun. He decided to leave, and when he stirred, the two blond giants stared at him from across the way.

"Waiter!" he called.

The old man with the frosty mustache and a face like a happy cooky jar came running, carrying his tray before him.

"Yes?"

"What do I owe?"

"You are not leaving?" The old man's merry eyes narrowed sadly. "But she will be here any minute."

"Who will be here?" he asked.

"Lisa," the other replied, lifting his eyes and adding something in Danish that sounded positively angelic. "In but two minutes she will be here."

"But how ——" he began, but before he could finish, she was there, swooping down like a golden dream between them. She had her hair in curled braids over her ears, and a robe of coconut white and gold wrapped around her small athletic body.

"You have kept him, Carl," she said, her eyes glowing, her hands busily unwrapping a bundle she had brought with her.

Carl blushed in sheepish modesty. "Was nothing," he said. "Kris and Grieg I had to help me if he should have tried to leave." It was obvious he idolized the girl.

"There!" she exclaimed, holding up a pair of pale-blue swim trunks. "Blue for his eyes. It matches, no?" She pressed the garment against Mike's face.

"Please," he pleaded. "You're bending the material."

Carl just blushed, then walked away, humming softly to himself.

She thrust the swimming trunks into Mike's hands and grasped his arm. "Come, before the sun ——"

He got up. "One minute, please, Jane. Tarzan would speak a word." He put his face close to hers. "I return shoes. I sorry I walk on instep. Now me go. Hokay?"

She smiled coyly, then pulled his face back to hers. "Those two men smiling at the other table. Do you see them?" she whispered.

With his cheek against hers, he turned to glance toward the two blond giants. They bowed cordially. "Kris and Grieg?" he asked.

She nodded slowly, her eyes closed, her sweet smell warm against his throat.

"You Tarzan," he said. "Me sick. Me come quietly."

It seemed it took them hours to reach the house above the beach, yet it was not more than a quarter of a mile from the village. It appeared she knew everybody on the island, and everyone seemed to know her.

The house proved to be no more than a large, glassed living room, flanked by bedrooms, with a kitchen and a bath behind. But the living room itself was a tiny universe: records, books, magazines, clothing, pictures, newspapers, cosmetics and jewelry were scattered about in wild profusion. Only the fireplace and the long sofa in front of it seemed permanent fixtures, and only the television set in a corner beside the fireplace seemed new. Most of the magazines and records were American, and most of the papers were covered with sketches, line drawings of heads, masculine hands and lean-looking acrobats who bore suspicious resemblances to Farley Granger and Rock Hudson.

He picked up some pencil drawings—quick sketches of the human hand.

"I couldn't remember how your hands would look," she said at his side. "Did I do them well?"

He smiled at her. "I don't know. I thought they were parts of a body. How do you know there's not a body here, if you never sweep?"

"I'm sorry. Kitsie went into town for the weekend. My aunt. She lives with me. She will clean it up when she gets back." She moved around him, small and quiet as a whisper, studying him. "Do you like to see a movie in the afternoon more than at night?" she asked.

"I don't know. I never thought ——"

She stopped before him, looking straight up into his eyes. "Do you sometimes feel sad enough about things that you would cry if you were alone?"

She suddenly seemed small and helpless to him. A tenderness was welling up inside him, making his heart beat uncontrollably. "I suppose so," he said with a curious urgency.

She moved closer to him—so close he could feel her warm breath against his throat, her fragrance like a pulse on his cheek.

"Can you hear my voice with your throat?" she asked softly.

"My heart stands in the way."

"Do you like the color blue better than the color red?"

"I have a theory," he said softly, and kissed her hair.

She put her arms around his neck. "In the morning," she whispered in his ear, "do you put the right slipper on first? Or the left?"

He slipped his arms about her tiny waist. "I really suffer from insomnia. I walk the floor all night."

"How do you think your voice sounds to others?" she asked, her own voice barely audible.

"Who's thinking?" he breathed, and, with that, kissed her long and tenderly upon the mouth. The world seemed to slip slowly away from him, rebounded on a distant shore and swept slowly back upon him.

When he released her, she stood off from him slightly, the light streaming in through the window like a corona from the sun behind her.

"It tasted like cinnamon," she murmured. "I thought it would taste like mint."

He called softly to her, "Lisa ——"

"That is the first time you have said my name," she said, opening her eyes. "What is yours?"

"What?"

"Your name?"

"Michael. Some people call me Ted. It's my middle name."

She took his hand. "Then I shall call you Bob."

He laughed and shook his head. "That makes sense. For, of course, my father's name was Gus."

"Go change your clothes," she told him. "I shall be on the beach, waiting." She moved toward the door, turned and shouted, "Last one in the water is a more or less!"

She skipped out and was gone in a breath. "A more or less?" he asked himself, scratching his head. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "What am I worrying about?" he said aloud. "I didn't say it. She did."

All the time they were on the beach, he seemed to be fighting a strange, mysterious urge to run. This was insane, he told himself, chaos piled on disorder, and something impelled him to wake up, get out, that it was all only a dream, even while a magic languor dripped slowly into his blood and bade him sleep.

They swam until almost dusk, and in her white, strapless suit she seemed even younger to him than when first he saw her. She was the color of honey, straight and firm, but yielding to roundnesses that seemed cleaved from soft-blown silk.

Her animation was her guile. She seemed so ecstatically alive, drinking in through every pore the sounds and smells and tastes of her pastel world. And her interminable questioning; there seemed to be nothing about him that she did not wish to know. Did he whistle? Did he think often of pain and death? Did his leg trouble him? Did he like smoked clams? How did he lie when he slept? And did he know who was the middleweight boxing champion of the world?

It was within one of these fusillades of questions that she said something which startled him as much as if a wave had suddenly broken upon them.

She was lying on her stomach beside him, her hands flat under her chin. "Would you rather marry me on the twenty-seventh day of September or the five of August?"

He raised his head and blinked. "The five of August?" he asked incredulously.

She turned over on her back, her hand shielding her eyes. "I suppose it makes no difference. If the sun is shining. Does it?"

"Chee-e-e-e-s-s-s!" he wailed and fell back onto the sand.

She took her hand from her eyes. "Will you?" she asked eagerly.

He sat up. "That's insane," he answered. "You've only known me a matter of hours."

She sat up to face him, a warm disillusionment misting her eyes.

"I know you since sixteen," she said quietly. "The day I broke my arm skating." She paused. "It was a Sunday. The sun was shining through the windows and the smell of autumn was in the room like smoke. We had fish for supper, and no one came to see me. I was so lonely, and my arm hurt so I could have bit a rose. Then I said, 'Lisa, there will be a great much of loneliness and pain before you can be happy.' I said that. And I decided."

"Decided what?"

"That a tall man with broad shoulders and narrow waist, who liked hot chocolate and had the stamp of tenderness on him, would someday come. And all the loneliness and pain would vanish ——" She trailed off, musing to herself; then suddenly and without warning, she leaned over and bit him sharply on the shoulder.

"Ruff-f!" she growled, and, scrambling to her feet, ran pell-mell past him toward the house.

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The feeling of utter bewilderment was on him again. He rubbed his shoulder and looked out toward the sea. "Well, Browning!" he shouted at length. "Don't just do something, you fool! Stand there!" . . .

They had dinner at the restaurant on the plaza, and afterward, when the stars came out, when the orchestra began playing under the awning on the sidewalk, the night became close as velvet, and they danced. He moved her through the smiling crowd in the open court as easily as if she were a bird in his arms. She nuzzled close to him and murmured contentedly, her long blond hair warming his cheek.

"You are happy?" she asked him.

"I don't know," he said seriously. "I've never felt so strangely in all my life. But when I think about it, I don't believe any of it."

"Do not think. Thinking is for cabinet ministers, not lovers."

"I must think. I have spent a great deal of time in unthinking. And for once, at least until today, my life assumed an order. I thought I could see for once where life was going. As if I finally had control of it."

"Don't leave me, Michael. I have waited so long."

"I must. I have been disordered all my life. A man cannot live only weekends and holidays. There is a great virtue in order."

"And what is it, this order?"

"A job. Work. Belonging to a system in life. Belonging to someone."

"Belong to me. I shall love you until the cows come home. Though I have not any cows."

"Be serious, Lisa," he implored her.

"You are too serious, Michael. Here, kiss me. I have saved a spot especially." She offered him her cheek.

"Don't, Lisa." He stood off from her. "It's getting late. Come. I'll take you home."

For a second, he thought she would cry, she looked so hurt. Then breathlessly, almost desperately, she said, "Michael, I need you. Can you not understand? I need you."

He seemed to melt in the intensity of her gaze, and an obscure helplessness seized him, a helplessness which he could only identify with the sweet yearning he had felt earlier at the beach house. He shut his eyes, in an attempt both to avoid the hurt in her glance and to dispel the gnawing confusion rising inside him.

The melody of her laughter broke the spell, and he opened his eyes, blinking. "What's so funny?" he asked, startled to see her bright, unhurt again.

"You shall have to sleep in Kitsie's pajamas."

"But I can't stay the night. I must be back in Copenhagen by morning. My ship leaves day after tomorrow. Monday."

"You cannot," she said with finality.

"Why not?"

"They will not sell you a ticket on the boat."

"Not more friends of yours?" he asked despairingly.

She shook her head. "Relatives," she replied.

"I'll swim."

She shook her head once more. "It will rain too hard for swimming."

And it was true. He could not buy a ticket for the boat; the hotel would not sell him a room, and if he seriously entertained thoughts of swimming back to the mainland, he was thwarted by a tremendous downpour just after midnight. He sat with Carl and Kris and Grieg under the awning of the café until the rain began to slacken, listening to their account of this strange, soft, golden creature who had invaded his life so thoroughly.

Her mother had died while Lisa was still young, and her father had built a fortune in utilities and construction. She had been to America twice, once when a little girl, and again within the year just past. Since her father's death she had lived with her aunt, who had once danced with a troupe at the New York World's Fair. The girl had given most of her inheritance away, to hospitals, to schools and churches, and to anyone who just happened to need it when she chanced upon him.

"She once bought for me a goat," Carl said wistfully. "She thought I had need of company in the winter."

"And for me a skiff," Kris added. "She said the young ladies would more quickly wish to marry if I had a boat."

"She has not thought of herself once in five years," Grieg concluded. "Just dreaming. Smiling. Holding within her some secret. Waiting."

"To go to America, perhaps?" Michael asked.

Kris smiled. "That is no secret. I think she has wished that for a long time. To go to America."

Michael rose, thrust his right hand out from under the awning. It had stopped raining. The moon was skidding out from behind a cloud and stars glowed like coals in the western sky. The world seemed to be settling back into its proper place, and deep within him, Michael also felt a strange new order asserting itself. He thought of something she had said, *I need you,* and the phrase grew into him like a warm pulse, repeating itself over and over again. And suddenly life seemed grand once more, significant and unperplexing, clear as the rain-washed night. Disorder was order because she was there, giving meaning and substance to everything; and a job on the faculty of a college in Indiana was the beginning of a dream to be shared by two.

He thought of having her all to himself, not for a day or a weekend, but for every day, always. He felt the familiar tenderness radiating through him, like a welcome fever, clogging his throat, and he longed to touch her cheek, to feel his mouth against her soft hair. In that instant he knew what he would do.

He started out across the empty, pool-spattered plaza.

"You are not leaving?" Kris asked anxiously.

"Yes," said Michael, hesitating.

"If you like," Kris said dejectedly, "I will take you back in the boat."

"I won't need the boat," he replied.

"You are going back to the house, then?" Carl asked expectantly.

He turned around and faced them. They were all sitting forward in their chairs, eagerly awaiting his reply.

"Oh, go get your ears pierced, you gypsies!" he shouted, starting off toward the section of beach where the house was built.

"Aie! Aie! Rory Calhoun!" they shouted in unison behind him, three times, and then broke out into happy, raucous song.

The sofa was too hard, the pajamas too short, and his sunburn ached badly, but his sleep was the sleep of the just. He had dreams of golden domes and pure blue skies, soft incense and sunny bays, and when he woke, his cocked left eye perceived her sitting Indian fashion in her white robe, small as a child's hello, on a table top behind him. Her hair was brushed back in a taffy-colored pony tail, tied with a black velvet ribbon, and she watched his every movement, seemed to listen for his every breath.

"How long have you been sitting there?" he asked her.

"But five minutes. I did not know you had come back."

He stretched and yawned, then turned his head back into the pillow, gurgling happily. "But you were certain I would. You left the pajamas out and the door unlocked."

"You pout when you sleep," she said.

"Were you really so certain I'd come back?" he asked.

"Oh, Michael!" she cried, and came round to sit beside him on the floor. "I was so sure you would never come back."

He reached out and traced his fingers over her soft face, along her cheek, her small, soft nose, her delicate painted lips. He pulled her face close to his.

"You've been crying," he said.

"I was so desolate," she answered. "I just knew I had done everything wrong."

"I think these little differences of opinion are what make an evening really stimulating, don't you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The tenderness welled up inside him again, warm and full. He kissed her.

"Will you take me to America with you?" she asked.

"I'm not sure," he teased.

"Why not, Michael?" she asked earnestly.

"I am not sure I can bring myself to marry a girl so unambitious that she would consent to be the wife of a poor Indiana professor."

She pressed her head close. "Oh, Michael! That's nonsense. I shall be the richest wife in Scranton, ever."

"But Scranton is in Pennsylvania."

She laughed. "So there! In two states I am the richest wife already. I ——"

"What's that noise?" he interrupted.

"Noise?" she asked, raising her head.

"Outside. There's something going on outside."

They both rose and hurried to the window. Sure enough, there below, on the concourse next to the beach, was assembled what appeared to be the total populace of the island of St. Aalden. Up front, resplendent in fresh white terry robes, and armed respectively with drum, trombone and tuba, were lined Kris and Grieg and Carl. The tuba gleamed brilliantly in the morning sun, and everyone in the crowd seemed to be smiling and waving at them.

Lisa smiled, too, and waved to them through the living-room window. It was evident that she was supremely happy. "Oh, Michael!" she exclaimed. "They approve of you! See how joyous they are!"

Suddenly, on cue, and putting their best discords forward, the entire assemblage broke out singing I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover.

Michael winced under the blast of the tumult. "Is that the only song they know?"

She squeezed his arm. "Only two songs have they ever liked from an American phonograph record, and they must love you to sing like this at all. For someone special they will sing the song from the other side of the record too."

"What's that?"

The din was swelling now, and she could not hear. "What?" she asked.

"The other song," he shouted, "on the other side of the record! What is it?"

Just as she answered, the congregation outside struck the last dissonant note of Four-Leaf Clover and her small voice rang across the ensuing silence: "The Big Brass Band From Brazil!"

"Oh, my aching cuticles!" he wailed.

And so, because they approved of him and because he was something special, they sang the song from the other side of the record. But luckily, they started off toward the village as soon as they began, waving and blowing kisses, with Carl punctuating their affectionate effusions with labored snorts from his embattled horn. When Lisa smilingly drew the curtains, the song was already only a thin vapor on the morning air.

He took her in his arms and kissed her hair. "Who's the three-cushion billiard champion of the world?" he whispered.

"Your toes are wiggling," she answered.

"How can you tell?"

"I'm standing on them," she said.

"Oh," he said, and kissed her on the mouth.

"Michael? Will we have children?"

"In Technicolor."

"How many?"

He kissed her again. "What?"

"Children."

"So who can count?" he asked of no one in particular, and with the echo of The Big Brass Band From Brazil still pulsing softly in his brain, there settled upon him the most disordered happiness he had ever known in his life.

THE END

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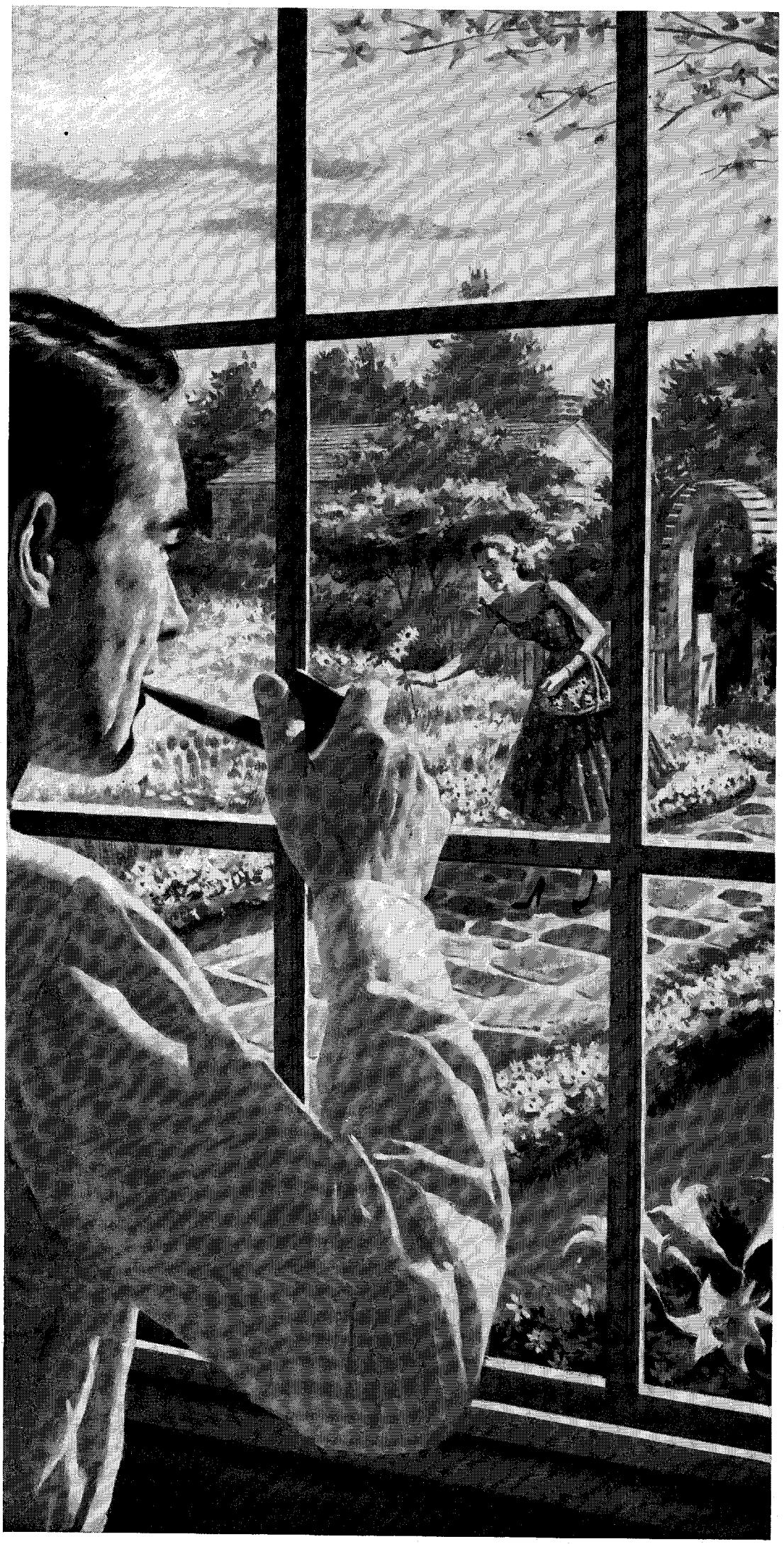

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Man-Eater (Continued from Page 29)

its grip and his knuckles struck the burred end plate.

"Damn this wreck!" he said, reaffixing the wrench. "Damn the banks!"

"Why all the profanity?"

The voice, tomboyish, came with the slowing hoofbeats of Virginia Hines' mare. He went on wrenching the nut, pretending not to hear. The hoofs were stirring the red dust a few feet away. He tried to keep his eyes on the underside of the truck. She dismounted, and a giant wrench gripped his temples and turned his head toward the pair of jodhpur cuffs. The ankles were trim, the whipcord and leather snug around calves that swelled gently. Imagination could sketch the rest of her, and he felt like running to hide. She dropped to her knees and tilted her oval face below the running board, looking straight into his eyes. She was on the windward side, and the clean perfume of her pony-tailed blond hair abridged the smell of lubricating oil. She didn't need lipstick.

"Jan, get up. A safari car is coming up the road."

He went on turning the wrench. "Never mind. It's Wyett and a client. They came here yesterday to shoot those two cattle killers. Fired the shots half an hour ago. Only three. They must have seen both lions. Guess they don't bother with safety shots. You'd think Wyett would know better. He knows the trouble we've had with half-killed cats."

Virginia rose and faced the farm gate. Jan cast the wrench and gripped the running board with his fingers, moving from under the truck in a single, long pull. He was unaware that Viginia watched him. He was unaware of his high-cheekboned, straight-nosed handsomeness. Later, with his eyes nine inches above Virginia's, he was unaware of the slight tremble in the corner of her mouth. He felt like a warthog before a leopard, and knew that there was grease on his shirt front and that he wanted to reach out and tug her against it. They both turned to watch the car.

"It was the client's rifle," he said. "Maybe he's one of those one-shot, one-lion types."

"Oh, what a nice new power wagon! He must be rich!"

They walked to the car as it parked just inside gateposts bossed with the skulls of buffaloes shot by Jan. Jim Wyett got out stiffly, limping. He looked ill. Facing Virginia, he smiled. "Miss Hines, this is Mr. Fred Barton. . . . Fred, shake hands with the prettiest girl in East Africa."

Jan, curious, walked around to the tail gate. A big, short-maned lion lay on the car floor. He came back quickly to the front of the car.

"Nice lion, Mr. Barton," he said. Then he faced Wyett. "Where's the other?"

"What other? This one was alone," said Wyett.

"Why the three shots?" asked Jan. It was an impolite question and he knew it.

Wyett looked tired, but answered, "The first was a miss. Over an eyebrow probably. He moved and stood for another shot. Then Barton flattened him and put in one more shot for safety. Fred did all the shooting; he's good."

Wyett limped around to unhitch the tail gate. He told the skinner to get his knives. "Not worth mounting," he said to Barton, "but he'll make a good rug."

Jan would have stopped then, but Barton, who had listened quietly, now spoke. "I'm ashamed of that shot. I held for his head at thirty yards. And then I nailed him easily farther away. I don't know what went wrong."

Jan suddenly felt suspicious. This was his farm and he knew this lion never hunted alone. He spoke to them both. "Are you sure there weren't two?"

Wyett was no longer smiling as he answered, "As sure as common sense allowed."

"You picked up the spoor by a dead zebra?"

"Yes."

"What did the ground look like?"

"All tracked up, but the pug marks were all the same size," Wyett sighed.

"How much was eaten from the carcass?"

"One bellyful, no more. The haunch and half a flank. Hyenas hadn't begun. Vultures had just settled. The ground was dry, but no loose dust. No blood. Tracking was hard." The old hunter wiped his forehead, flung the hand down, and his voice suddenly boomed, "Young man, if you're hinting I'd leave a wounded cat, you're getting too damn big for your diapers!" Then he calmed and spoke in a tired, fatherly tone, "Jan, can't a man beg a cup of tea without filling out a damn questionnaire? I shot lions before you were born."

As Jan led them to the house he tried to think reasonably. The farm hands had seen this lion a hundred times, always with a lioness as big as a male. The tracks might look the same. And last night two cats had roared over the kill. It was the old story. A fancy safari. A damned trigger-happy millionaire. And another sick lion running loose on the farms.

Inside the house, Barton's appreciative gaze wandered over the mahogany-beamed ceiling, the furniture of a lighter wood, the glass-fronted case of rifles, and a huge tusk standing in a corner, its patina burnished a hundred years on the live animal.

Jan's mother was sitting in the rear of the room, at a desk cluttered with the letterheads of Barclays Bank, Motor Mart and Patel's Duka. She rose and led them to the tea table. The boy arrived with a large teapot and bottles of cold beer.

Wyett was pale. He leaned back in his chair and waved aside the beer, which had been brought especially for him. His lips quivered against the rim of his teacup and everyone recognized the routine East African complaint of malaria. Jan's mother called for a thermometer and read it at a hot hundred and three degrees. He was led to his bed in the guest rondawel and dosed with quinine. Jan's mother, in the broad Scots accent of the whisky-loving doctor in Arusha, prescribed "thirty grams of quinine, bed rest and a week's abstinence from the evils of drink and lion hunting." When they came back to the tea table they saw the herd boy, and Jan almost ran back to get Wyett, to show him this first product of his damned carelessness.

The herd boy stood near the kitchen doorway, next to the frightened cook. His right arm and shoulder had been raked by the claws of a lion. The wounds had clotted, but a lot of blood had been lost. His small blanket was caked solid. Jan grabbed the medical chest off the sideboard and shouted for the cook to prepare a bed out on the veranda. While his cuts were being sprinkled with sulfa, the boy talked in labored gasps.

An hour ago, higher up on the slope, he had walked close to a lioness. She had risen from the knee-high grass and knocked him down. He lay still and she moved slowly away. She was near the herd, but she did not kill a bullock. When she was gone, he got up and walked to the house. The lioness was newly blind in one eye with blood and a piece of bone showing.

Jan handed the bandages and drugs to his mother. The boy's skin was losing the frightening, ash-gray color. With no tourniquet to fix, she could finish the job. He turned and told the second cook to gather kit for a week's safari.

"I'm going after the lioness," he said.

"When?" asked Barton, standing by.

"As soon as the kit is ready. Half an hour."

"May I come?"

Jan looked down at Barton. *My heaven,* he thought.

"This is a foot trip. A hard walk."

"If I hold you up, Wyett's boys can guide me back."

"All right. Get two of Wyett's crew to carry your things."

Jan went to the guncase, removed the .470 Purdey double, rodded the oil out of the barrels and tried the locks. He took six cartridges from the drawer, slipping each in and out of the chambers and examining the primers for undue age before he put them in a leather belt pouch. Then he put on his flop-brimmed hat and walked out onto the rear compound, where six porters and the second cook were packing their head loads.

Barton came out, carrying his .375. Two of Wyett's bearers followed with bedding and cartridge bag. The porters, glowing ebony in the heat, bustled. Soon the last one lifted his head load.

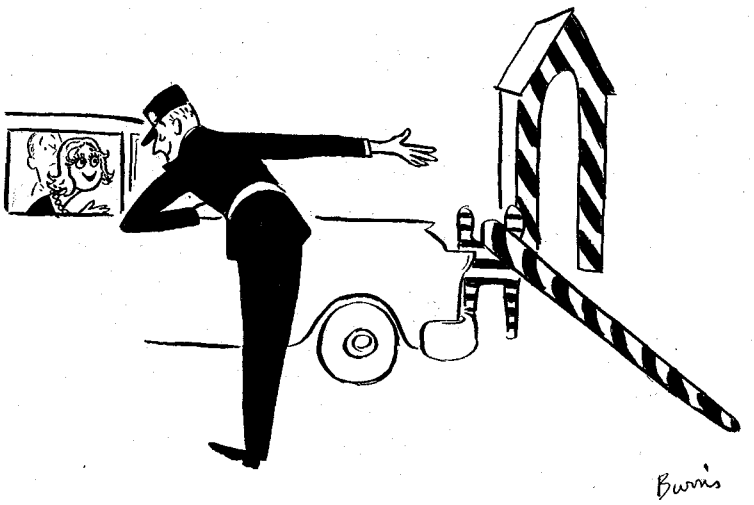
"Let's go," Jan said, and they moved off in the unmilitary ant file of the nineteenth-century safari.

Jan was in front, with the double rifle, followed by his gun boy carrying a small headload. Barton and a gun bearer followed, with the remaining porters in charge of the kitchen boy strung out behind. The second cook brought up the rear, to hurry stragglers. The loads, made up in neat packets and boxes, had been planned by Jan for other safaris. Two of the boxes were tin-lined, insect and waterproof, holding the staples of rice, sugar, flour, salt and tea. Other loads contained a tent fly and billy-cans for an unluxurious week in the bush.

After half an hour of strain and stiffness, as his breathing deepened and his leg muscles relaxed, Barton began to enjoy the walk. The air of the East African plateau had a distilled crystal quality. The sun was bright and hot, but the breeze stirred through the scattered acacias and it felt cool in the shade. The column of porters was a good-humored chatter mill, their staccato Swahili interspersed with resonant laughter. The hat brim of clouds around Kibo Peak had thinned, and Barton enjoyed the most inspiring sight west of the Himalayas—a clear view of Kilimanjaro. He admired the plenitude of game—duiker, warthog and giraffe right on the farm. He looked at the broad-shouldered lad walking ahead, saw the relaxed swing of his legs, the young flexibility of spine, noticed the oblique, deadly slant of rifle across one shoulder. Barton thought, *If he really wanted to be mean, he could have walked me to exhaustion by now. Maybe he's everything Wyett and the game warden said—the best young hunter in East Africa. But I hope he's not always so damn self-righteous.*

Now they moved onto a rocky shelf, untraversable by motor car, then through a thick patch of bush. Barton saw they had reached, more pleasantly, the same point to which the rattling safari car had brought him yesterday. The zebra pasture was near. They halted where a small water pool formed in the rocks.

Jan selected a campsite under a big acacia and they sat down for sandwiches



The Perfect Squelch

We were driving across the Austrian border from Munich to Salzburg to purchase a few souvenirs for folks back in the United States. In the car with us was an overpowering Southern belle of the breed who believe feminine charm can open locked doors.

"Passports, please," the border guard said in good English as we halted.

"Ooops, Ah'm afraid Ah completely forgot mine, honey!" the Southern belle called out in a rich drawl. "Ah must have left mah passpo't at the hotel. What can Ah do about it?"

"Go right through, madam," the guard said generously. And as the charmer beamed at him, he added:

"Your passport is right in your mouth."

Bill Danch

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and tea. In a few minutes a tracker, whom the chief herdsman had put on the trail early in the morning, came out of the bush and said that a lion was in the cover just above them. Barton marveled at Jan's unfatigued response. He sprang from his relaxed back rest, reaching for his rifle. Barton achingly picked up his own rifle and followed.

They spoored half an hour, circling back toward their camp on an increasingly hot trail. It was getting dark. Suddenly, not far above the water hole, Jan and the tracker tensed, halting on the near side of a break in the bush. Jan crossed the open space, crouched and peered into the thornbush beyond. He hesitated for a moment, then returned to bring Barton forward, creeping quietly, to see a sleeping lion.

Barton enjoyed the intimacy with nature, watching the huge cat lying belly up, paws kneading the air in dreams of suckling cubhood, the very symbol of mammalian relaxation. It was not the lion they were after. Jan guessed this one belonged in the game reserve. Barton thanked Jan, who nodded curtly. Not more than a dozen words had passed between them.

The short walk to camp was casual, with pauses to watch an ostrich over a newly hatched brood, and a pair of duiker standing like curious sentinels under a euphorbia. Barton enjoyed the evening camp routine. Baths were taken behind a canvas screen, standing in a two-gallon washbasin with a cup to lift and pour. Lathering with homemade soap, he watched the char dust of the burned grass erode from his relaxed, naturally exercised body, leaving the skin with scrubbed, vibrant cleanliness. Then, on a folding camp table with safari boxes for seats, they dined on roast impala fillet glazed with strips of bacon, fresh oven-cooked dark bread, and rice seasoned with red peppers. In the early moonlight they watched the clouds around Kibo Peak assemble like the game herds below. There was practically no conversation.

Dawn, clear, bright and bone-cold, brought news of the wounded lioness. A Kikuyu woodcutter—another member of the alerted spy net—reported she had killed three miles back toward the farm. A large goat had been eaten on the spot at dusk. The lioness had a wounded right eye and was large.

Jan called a porter and a tracker, bolted the rest of his breakfast and picked up the big double. Barton removed his .375 from a canvas case.

"Sure you want to come?" Jan asked. "Heavy dew last night. Trackers will move fast, and I don't intend to slow them."

"If I may," said Barton.

At a hunter's pace they reached the kill in an hour. The remains of the goat were just outside the *boma*. The marks showed the lioness had fumbled, losing grip twice while the goat still kicked. She was getting weak, Jan thought, and unless this meal picked her up, she might slump into habitual man-eating. Jan and the tracker skirted the corral. Soon they found a scratch, then a flattened grass tuft with its dew smeared, then, following the alignment between the two, a tumbled grain of gravel which led to a full healthy pug mark. Ten hours late, but they were on well-defined spoor. With the wound she might be lying up close.

Jan now was second in line, rifle ready, with one tracker leading and the other at Jan's heels. Jan's eyes were raised, leaving the tracking to the natives. The lioness might charge on sight. Or, with greater deadliness, she could set an ambush that would make his rifle useless. A short .38 special revolver had been taken from the cartridge bag and belted at Jan's side. At grips, with luck, it could be fired into her chest.

The cover began to thicken. The rifle was kept ready, eyes scanning front and sides. He gestured impatiently to Barton, warning him to watch flank and rear. Barton readied his rifle, glancing sideward and rearward. The pace was hurried but silent, with the hide sandals of the natives, the tennis shoes on Jan's tough feet, and Barton's corrugated-crepe soles quiet on the ground. Barton was conserving his middle-aged strength, breathing deeply and gradualizing his stride. When they paused to unravel the spoor he would lean or squat to relax.

In an open grass field they lost the spoor. They cast in a widening circle, the trackers searching competitively for a few minutes. Jan, curt and imperative, called them back and jabbed a spear into the ground at the end of the known spoor. Then systematically, in widening circles, they searched all around. Barton kept out of the way, and Jan never seemed to look at him. The pickup, on ground gone over twice, was a flake of blood on a grass blade, a little scab an ant was dragging away. The scab was softened by dew, but it reddened the grass blade freshly, and a few yards farther along they found a small spot of urine. Into ominously thick cover, then out again and up the steady, panting incline of lower Kilimanjaro, the spoor led on.

For a while the trail was straight, the slanting sunlight marking depressions in the grass. Jan's lips moved quietly as he recapitulated the lioness' movements, noting here a long stand, here a crouch, here a pause to decide a turn. She had

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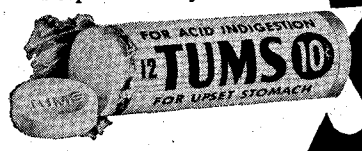

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behaved as if in strange country—perhaps she was the wrong animal. The trackers watched for blood, and found no more. If she continued uphill like this, they would be led into impossible hillside thicket.

They were, and the trail became nothing, hopeless. The axis of a dry stream bed seemed a logical continuance and they followed it blindly. Near its end, in dense thicket, they heard a low, short growl. Ahead a tawny flank appeared in the mottling leaves. Jan raised the big rifle, waiting for a chest-cavity or spine shot.

Lion and men stood crystallized, the nerves tautening like violin strings. Jan continued at aim, feeling his heartbeats surge like an orchestra when the baton moves in a long, sweeping motion. He thought of the term—crescendo—and the word would always remind him of a feline head profiling past his rifle sights. He took quick aim, but saw the fore sight slip off the shoulder as the trigger gave.

Instinctively he recovered from the roaring shove of the big double, knowing the brute, ill-hit, would pivot and charge. The barrels returned from upward arc to dead aim, and the cat, its spine shattered, tumbled at his feet. It had bounded twenty yards while he snap-fired the second shot. Instinctively he broke the rifle, ejected the smoking brass, and drove in the two rounds clasped between the fingers of his left hand. Before the breech clicked shut he heard a shout behind and an outsize lioness with an injured right eye, leaping from side cover, crashed into his chest.

The rifle went flying rearward, open and useless. Jan, driven earthward under the lioness, threw his left arm forward across his throat. He grabbed sideward at the revolver. His elbow struck a rock, numbing his right hand to the wrist. His head hit something hard. While white teeth nuzzled and jockeyed at arm, windpipe and jugular, he fought off unconsciousness. He knew he would never reach the revolver. Dreamily he reasoned that it could just as well be back in the factory stockroom.

Then he heard a crack like a hippo whip in his ear, coupled to the blast of a rifle. Then another, and the weight on top stiffened and then relaxed into something soft, heavy and wet. He felt it move again, and heard a voice, crisp and military, saying, "Help me move it! Come and help! Come! Come!" Then he blacked out.

Barton, tugging at the dead lioness, was afraid he had shot Jan too. He had measured Jan's upraised arm, the slanting ground, the writhing of lion and man, and the erratic path of an expanding bullet through flesh and bone. The lion's head had been too low, too near Jan's face. To shoot was a hard decision, even for a man who lived by hard decisions. Now, still unassisted, he rolled the lioness off. Jan's unconsciousness and the anonymous mass of blood were making him sick with fear. The natives, frightened of lions and of being near a dying white man, slowly emerged from trailside cover. They looked on while Barton unbuttoned Jan's shirt and searched for bullet wounds.

"Thank God," said Barton, and Jan, hearing him, rolled his eyes.

"Don't move," Barton said. "There may be a fracture. I thought I shot you. How do you feel?"

"All right. No. Awful."

"Let me raise you from the shoulders. Stop me if you feel pain."

"I can raise myself."

"All right, but slowly."

Jan pulled himself to sitting, and then, bracing with his good arm, bent his knees and rose shakily to his feet. No broken legs or arms, and the bite had missed the large artery in his arm.

"Take a deep breath. Slowly," said Barton. "Any cracked ribs?"

"Don't think so."

"Good. Sit back down. Let me knot this compress and sprinkle the bite. This stuff is better than permanganate." He put the sulfa into the cuts, noting the healthy clotting already beginning. He made a sling out of his belt.

"A car can get within three miles," said Jan. "I'll send a boy to the farm. Can I walk?"

"Probably," said Barton, now the recognized leader of the party, "after a while. You're not losing much blood and you're not in shock. We can take it slowly. Send the boy and drink this water."

... ...

Auction at the Hillside Farm

By RACHEL MACK

One by one, they slip away
To scatter on the winds of chance—
Table and chest and painted tray,
The soup tureen, the stand for plants—
Nucleus, gene and chromosome
That once combined to make a home,
Separate now and never to be
Again a single entity.

The sun slants low across the earth;
It's almost over; people start
Leaving, each with his purchased part,
But the sweating auctioneer's shout
From the high front porch cannot drown out
The sigh of death, the cry of birth.

... ...

Halfway down the hill, leaning on Barton's shoulder, Jan turned to the remaining tracker, speaking in Masai. The tracker turned back up the hill.

"What's this?" said Barton. "We may need him."

"He's going back for the lion skins. Hyenas might get them. You want the one you shot, don't you?"

"Not that much. You may pass out."

"I'm all right. And you should have that skin. I've never shot a lion off a man, but if I do I'll want the souvenir. Only two miles to go."

Suddenly both men felt emotional. Barton was thinking: *That arm must be hurting. Through discomfort he thinks of others. He was kind to show me that sleeping lion. And glory, he's fast with a rifle. No one else could have got in that second shot. This lad has savvy. They were right.*

Jan was thinking, too, *What a fool's error, worse than Wyett, taking two lions for one, shooting fast in tight cover, risking other lives—and owing mine now to this tough tenderfoot.* He looked at Barton and their eyes met. There was no tenseness in his face, and it reminded Jan of his father. They didn't try to communicate the feeling. The silence now was as deep as the hostile quiet before. It was a beautiful, red-orange sunset. Jan's arm was beginning to throb. He hoped Jim Wyett's fever was down.

They met the car at dusk, at an appointed landmark, an outcrop of volcanic rock. Jan's mother and the doctor were waiting there, and Jan had moved less than twenty feet into the small clearing from the cover when his mother, running like a girl, reached him. She touched his red, caked shirt and gasped.

"Not mine," he said, trying to grin.

"The lioness?"

"With a lion. I shot the lion by mistake. Then she jumped me. Mr. Barton killed her in time. Only half a bite."

Doctor Stuart, the Scotsman his mother had mimicked yesterday, helped him into the car and sat beside him.

"Good field job," he said of the sling. "Nice open wound. Good clot. Like the herd boy. Sulfa? Wonderful, modern chemistry. The hospital for two days, Jan. New sister there, prettier than Virginia. Now this bandage, mummy style. Now let's have the good arm—the needle, a little pain killer. Fine. Some penicillin, and two days leering at the new sister, and you'll be back in the firing line."

"Only two days?" said Barton, speaking for the first time. "Can he go on safari in two days?"

"Make it a week, and he can wrestle another lion."

"Good," said Barton. "I'd like to take him south for kudu and sable."

Jan looked up suddenly, then shook his head. "I'd like to go. I know the kudu herd near Kibaya and another at Kijungu. But I can't leave the farm."

"Can you leave on premium white hunter's pay? A six months' trip at ten pounds a day and expenses? You can hire a foreman for three quid. And as a bonus I'll give you this power wagon."

"But I'll need a professional license. I don't know if the warden will let me have one."

"That's all arranged. Do you think we drove all the way to Tengeru to ask the Game Department for two mangy lions? Jim talked to the warden. The application is typed and approved. All you have to do is go in and sign it. Jim's leg is getting worse. He wanted to take you on as Number Two right away, but you had to be so damn hostile."

Jan breathed deeply. In the relaxing glow of the hypo—understanding now why there were drug addicts—he felt he could stand no more happiness, not the fulfillment of one more minor dream. But he could. Virginia was waiting at the house. It was partly the hypo, but this time he felt relaxed near her—even inside a sudden embrace that ignored the blood on his shirt and the pain in his arm. On the moonlit veranda, after the others had hurried into the house, he stroked her hair with his good hand.

In bed that night his thoughts moved, for a while, from Virginia. To make up for this he'd lead Fred Barton to the finest trophies in Africa—that old kudu patriarch near Kibaya, a big sable bull farther south, and—if Barton wanted—they'd go west for a try at the Crown Prince, a giant tusker who had outsmarted three generations of hunters. And he'd try to be a worthy understudy to Jim Wyett, listening to his campfire stories, learning about the Kenya forests where Jim was an expert on bongo and giant forest hog. In a few years the old hunter would have to face retirement; maybe he could make this easier.

THE END

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We Made the "Impossible" Tour

(Continued from Page 33)

was completely bedecked. Men returning from small farms on the mainland, a mile or so away, came to bring us mangoes, pineapples, bananas and avocados. At the village nearby, *cayucos*—dugout canoes—were pulled up on the sand, filled with fruit, coconuts, fish and lobsters. The houses, built on stilts, were of palm fronds and cane.

We had a supper of avocados, limes and coconuts. Feeling that we had stumbled on a paradise, we weren't anxious to leave. But the violent storms called *chocosanos* were expected within a month, and we had a long way to go. We had come 10,000 miles since leaving Circle, Alaska, in June, 1954. Now it was May, 1955, and there were still 10,000 miles to our journey's end, Tierra del Fuego. I set the alarm for an early departure.

Between scratching sand-flea bites and listening to sudden thunder, we didn't sleep well that night.

In the morning the *alcalde* paid us a visit. "You can't leave today," he said. "The sea will be rough until the change in the moon."

We didn't take him seriously. The sky was threatening toward Colón, but it was clear ahead, so we decided to go on. Waving good-by, we poled over the reef and headed into a channel between the island and the mainland. The jeep began to plunge her bow into the waves. I closed all the hatches and started the bilge pump. La Tortuga began rolling heavily.

I aimed for a rocky point a mile away, but the rising wind was too strong for La Tortuga's low power. And then I learned she had another limitation. This was the first time we'd had to run the jeep at full throttle with all hatches closed. The engine-temperature gauge was climbing to the danger point. I knew we would never clear the point before the radiator boiled. We couldn't go on.

When I turned around the jeep had the wind pushing against her square stern. She fairly flew back to the island. That afternoon a Navy plane flew over on a routine patrol. I warmed up the handie-talkie radio we had borrowed from Coco Solo Naval Air Station.

"Hello, Angel; this is Turtle. We're staying on Isla Grande until the local weather prophets say it's O.K. to leave."

We set up a more permanent camp in preparation for the storm the *alcalde* said was coming. A large nylon tarpaulin became a sun shelter and an excellent catcher of rain water. We made a windbreak for our paratrooper stove, gathered a pile of coconuts to quench our thirst, and relaxed in the shade of the tarp. With a few books to read, plenty of food, and crystal water to swim in, we lived an idyllic existence for several days.

Rains came in the afternoons, like waterfalls. In fifteen minutes we would catch enough in the tarp to fill two five-gallon Jerry cans, a gallon jug and all the pots and pans, with enough left over for luxurious rain-water baths. The sky was filled with thunder and lightning each day, but the *alcalde* said the real storm was yet to come.

One afternoon a fishing boat took refuge in the cove near our camp. The captain hailed us in English to come aboard. Helen and I swam out to his craft. That was when Captain Parker, of the Sea Horse, uttered his gloomy prophecy. It's worth repeating.

"I don't wish ya any bad luck, kids," he said, "but you'll never make it. No, sir, I've got ten to one bet ya won't make it."

After that, our island paradise took on a new aspect, despite the *alcalde's* daily encouragement: "Tomorrow will be better, and when it's calm one can go to sea in the shell of an egg."

But tomorrow was always bad. The men of the village told us of people who had disappeared among the islands of the San Blas Indians, and cautioned us never to stop on an inhabited island. As for uninhabited islands, we must never stay more than a single night. They warned of dangers ahead. "Don't put in at Cuanga, be careful opposite Escribanos, and circle the reefs near Porvenir."

We had been on Isla Grande almost a week when children playing near the jeep sang out, "*Ya viene! Ya viene!*" (Here it comes! Here it comes!) The long-awaited storm was upon us. A gust of wind ripped our tarp from its poles. The palm trees bent over, lightning glared from the blackened sky, and torrential rain fell. I rescued the tarp, and we climbed, dripping, into the jeep.

The storm raged all that day and the next. The following day dawned clear and the sea had subsided. Villagers came to say good-by, bringing flowers and fruit, and we eased over the reefs, headed for Colombia, 225 miles away.

La Tortuga was performing beautifully, rolling a bit with the smooth swells, but otherwise very stable. Presently we heard a drone in the sky. Through the glasses we could see the dragonfly shape of a Navy helicopter. I got out the handie-talkie and heard: "Hello, Turtle; this is Angel. Where are you?"

I recognized the voice of Chief Karls, one of the Coco Solo pilots. "Make a forty-five to starboard," I said. "We're about a mile away."

The helicopter changed course. When it was hovering over us, the side hatch opened and a paper bag was lowered on a string right into the hatch of La Tortuga. Inside was a news magazine with a story about our Panama Canal passage, and written in the margin was "Good luck—Mrs. Karls." I heard Chief Karls on the radio: "Look on the back cover."

Helen turned over the magazine and laughed at a steamship advertisement: "Getting There is Half the Fun."

We gave Chief Karls revisions in our schedule, signed off, and watched the dragonfly whirl back toward Coco Solo.

The weather was good all day. We made twenty-one miles in six hours, stopping for the night at Playa Chiquita, on the mainland. The next morning there was a steady drizzle, but the wind was light. We left early to reach Porvenir, twenty-five miles farther south.

Up to this time we had had no difficulty conversing with the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the coast. But from Porvenir on, we would be in the territory of the San Blas Indians. They speak Cuna, an Indian dialect. We would have to use signs, unless we found a native who had worked in the Canal Zone and learned some English.

Our route would take us among more than 300 Indian islands. During more than four centuries of isolation, the San Blas tribes had acquired a reputation for hostility. The last outbreak came in 1923, when the Indians rose against the Panamanians and massacred some 200 officials. A treaty was signed, promising no Panamanian intrusion beyond the island of El Porvenir, and giving the Indians the right to self-government.

The persistent drizzle stopped about noon, and a wind shift turned long swells into short, choppy waves. With the

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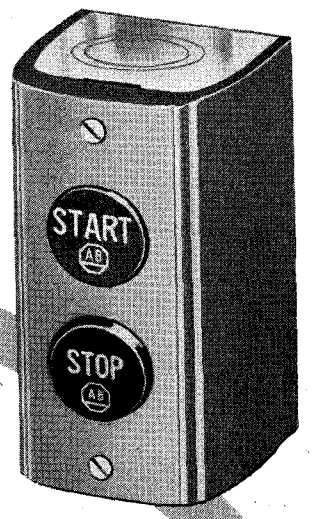

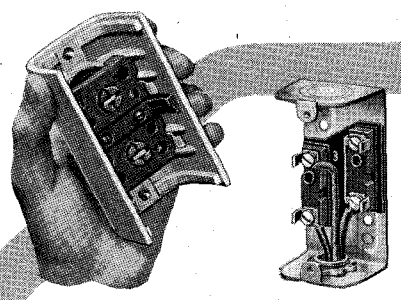

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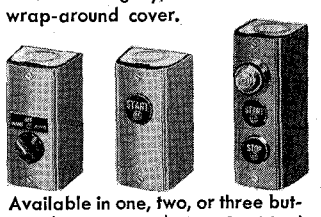

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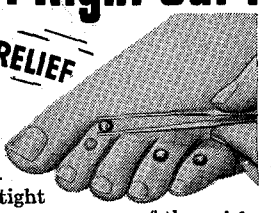

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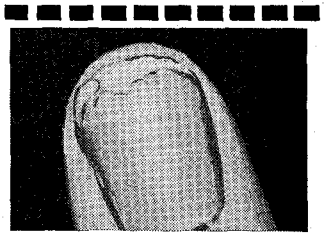

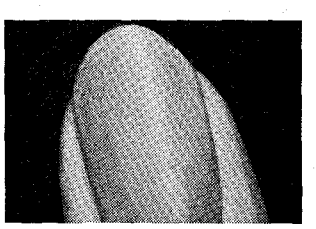

taken once a day, one envelope (115-120 grains), in fruit juice, bouillon or water. It is a food factor that does it. For full details mail a post card to Knox Gelatine, Johnstown, N. Y., Box SO-7.

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change in the sea the jeep pitched violently. Helen scrambled through our medical supplies for seasickness pills, and we each took a tablet. La Tortuga had her bow submerged much of the time, so I engaged the power-driven bilge pump. It brought up only a little water.

After eight hours we were still pumping at intervals, and apparently had dry bilges. But the jeep seemed more sluggish than usual. It was not until water seeped through the floorboards that I realized we were slowly sinking. The bilge outlet, I discovered, was clogged. For the next two hours Helen and I took turns at the hand pump.

When we reached the dock at Porvenir, three uniformed men signaled us to drop anchor. But the beach was clear, and I had to get ashore to fix the leak. Dragging a harvest of seaweed, La Tortuga struggled up on shore, where the three men had increased to a dozen. Most of them were armed. I introduced myself and asked permission to spend the night.

A short, pompous fellow in a soiled white suit said, "I am the secretary to the administrator, in charge in his absence."

I groaned inwardly. "Excuse me, your excellency," I said. "With your kind permission, we would like to spend the night and continue through the San Blas Islands tomorrow morning." I produced a letter of introduction given us by the governor of Colón. "Perhaps this will explain our presence."

A uniformed man with a pistol on his hip stepped forward. "You have to have my permission too. I am the captain of the police."

White Suit read the letter and, with a sneer, handed it to the captain, who carelessly stuffed it in his pocket.

"You can stay there," White Suit said, indicating the far end of the island.

Porvenir was a narrow strip of sand and coral with a half dozen wooden buildings set among coconut palms. By the time we were encamped, the sun was low in the sky. The voyage from Playa Chiquita had taken ten hours, and except for a few crackers, we had eaten nothing all day. Now our appetites returned, and we cooked a dinner of canned spaghetti and meat balls.

As we were putting things away we saw black *cayucos* skimming under sails from dozens of nearby islands. In a few minutes we were hemmed in by a horde of chattering Indians. Giggling women touched Helen's clothes and her hair and pointed at her red lips and the zinc oxide on her sunburned nose. Helen was just as fascinated by their getup. Heavy gold rings dangled from their noses, and four-inch disks of hammered gold hung from their ears. They wore knee-length skirts and loose blouses on which they had appliquéd bits of cloth in orange, purple, fuchsia, yellow and blue, over scarlet backgrounds.

Inside La Tortuga, Dinah growled at the commotion. The jeep was surrounded by Indian men wearing felt hats, nondescript pants and necklaces of barracuda teeth.

They kept their distance until Helen took Dinah out, and, with a gesture, invited them to inspect the jeep. Screwing up their courage, they touched the tires, twirled the propeller and peered inside, clapping their hands gleefully.

About eight that night, the crowd thinned sufficiently so that we could go to bed. The next morning I inspected the hull for the leak. The trouble was in the packing around the propeller shaft. A few turns of the packing-gland nut fixed the leak, but it took a little longer to remove the wad of Dinah's hair that had clogged the bilge-pump screen. She had been shedding steadily for two months and her hair had sifted through cracks in the floor boards.

We were anxious to leave Porvenir, but each time I asked White Suit for clearance he stalled. He was just as evasive when I asked him to return the governor's letter, which was addressed "To Whom it May Concern." We had been instructed to carry it with us all along the coast. That afternoon I cornered White Suit in his office.

"It's Saturday," he said sullenly. "My office is closed. You'll have to wait until Monday."

The next day, a trading boat bound for Colón steered into the channel and we were able to buy enough gas to fill our tanks. The trading boat was cleared with no delay, even though it was Sunday, so I knew that White Suit was just being difficult. I threatened to radio Colón. Our handie-talkie wouldn't transmit much farther than I could shout, but he didn't know that. We could go in the morning, he said.

Monday dawned bright and clear. White Suit came through with the necessary clearance and returned the governor's letter—crumpled and with a cigarette burn through it. With no regrets, we left Porvenir.

The twenty-seven-mile run to our next stop, the island of Nargana, was in protected water between the mainland and a string of islands. At our regular three knots we cruised past island after exquisite island, emeralds set in silver sand against a backdrop of turquoise water. To our surprise, we were met at Nargana by a young priest riding a motor scooter. Padre Kolb had spent twelve years among the San Blas Indians since leaving Pasadena, California.

"You're just in time for supper," he said.

Padre Kolb told us that a trading boat was due the next day; it would bring gasoline for the mission, which we could buy instead. I was beginning to be concerned about fuel. Beyond Nargana, the trading boats called only at Ailigandi, forty miles ahead, and at Obaldía near the Colombian border, over 100 miles away.

When the boat did not arrive the next day, Padre Kolb sold us twelve gallons from his reserve and offered to speak of our need to the captain of the Rio Indio, which would be making a run to Obaldía that month. With our tanks topped off, we could just make Obaldía in calm weather.

Wednesday morning we headed in bright sunshine for Ráton Cay, twenty-one miles away. After a few hours dark clouds began to form in the mountains to our right. The water became choppy. I closed the front hatch, reduced speed to keep the engine from overheating, and engaged the bilge pump.

Five miles from Ráton Cay the wind shifted and blew directly from the mainland, where the clouds had mushroomed into a black canopy that filled the horizon. Then the blackness dropped over us like a sack, cutting off all sight of land.

Somewhere to our left lay a chain of reefs called Spokeshave. To our right was the mainland, fringed with coral, and in between was Ráton Cay. The compass on the dash was whirling. If we tried to grope our way to Ráton Cay, we were liable to run straight out to sea or go aground on the reefs. The only thing for us to do was to sit tight. I pointed the bow into the storm and kept it there with just enough power to maintain steerageway.

The wind rose to a gale. I gripped the wheel and struggled to keep the jeep from turning broadside to the waves. Helen was extremely calm. On her lap was the little Armed Forces Prayer Book that Chaplain Cyril Best had given us in Panama. It was open to the Navy Hymn:

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep.

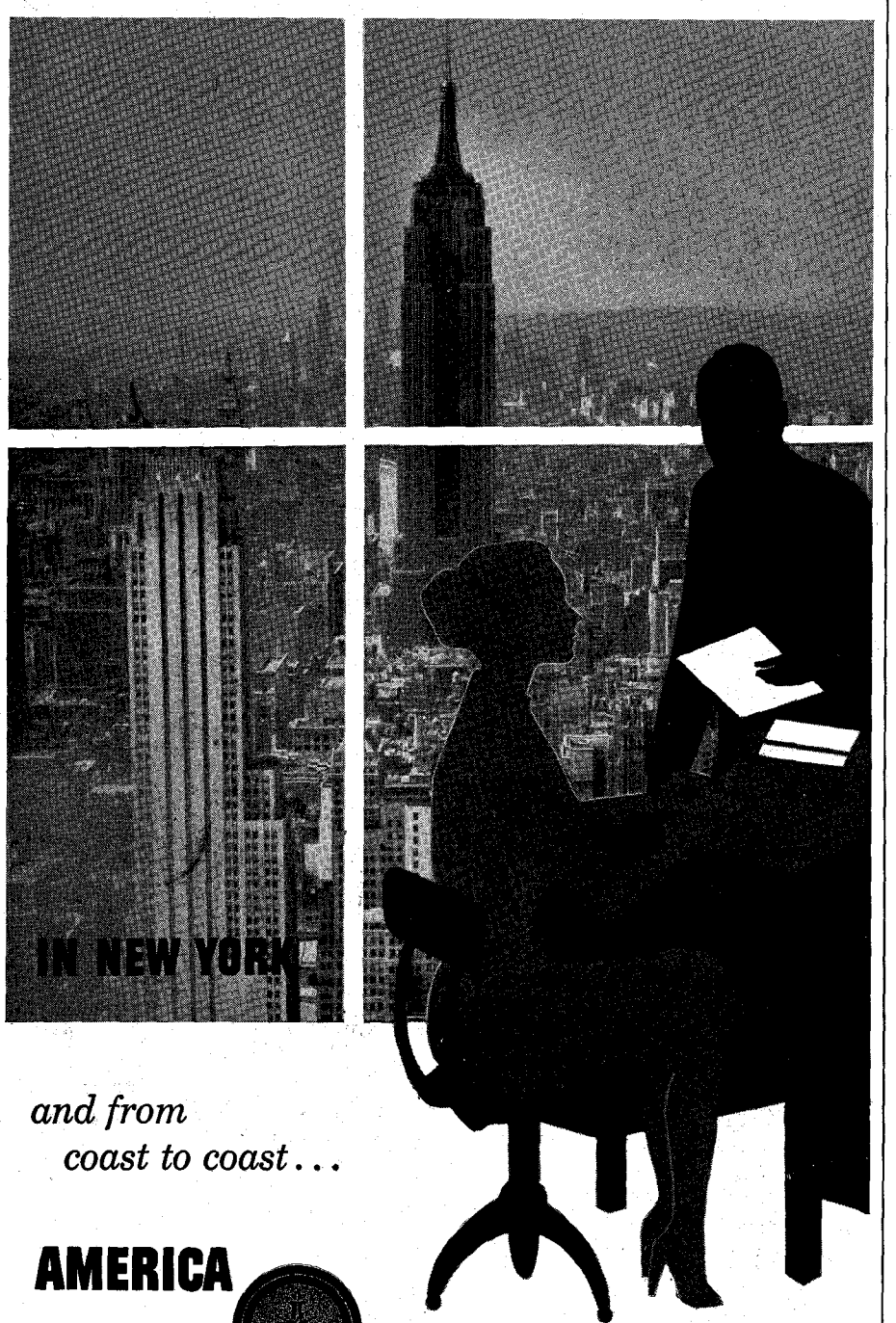
For more than an hour I kept La Tortuga pointed into the gale that shrieked over us. The jeep shuddered each time a wave crashed down, and I wondered how the glass windshield could withstand the tons of water. Except for flashes of lightning, everything was as black as night.

With the thunder came rain. The wind let up a bit and the waves calmed. Helen spotted the faint outline of an island on the horizon.

I groaned. "If only we had a good compass! We could take a bearing before we're socked in again."

Helen said, "We have a compass—a spare. Remember?"

She fumbled through the cabinets and came up with the small box that Commander Bookhamer had given us in Coco



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Solo. I had just a moment to take a reading before the island disappeared again. Blindly following a compass course, we went on. After a blackout of two hours and fifteen minutes we sighted Ráton Cay through the rain and poled our way over the reefs to the beach.

Except for a lone cat, the island was uninhabited. We picked wild bananas and coconuts for supper. Later the moon sent streaks of silver through the palms; it was a tranquil, starry night. Helen was about to crawl into her bunk when she saw flashes of light a few hundred yards from shore. We made out the dim form of a *cayuco* with four or five Indians in it.

"What are they doing?" Helen asked nervously.

"Oh, probably hunting for lobsters." I wasn't so casual as I tried to sound. "Let's be quiet and maybe they won't discover us."

Helen sat still a few minutes, and then climbed over the seat to her bunk. Her foot hit the horn button and the silence was blasted by a sound never heard before in the San Blas Islands. The lights on the *cayuco* vanished.

"Well," I said, "if they didn't know before that we're here, they do now."

A few minutes later I heard a noise nearby, and switched on the headlights. They disclosed the cat eating the remains of Dinah's supper. As the lights went on, the *cayuco* shot across the water toward the mainland as if demons were in pursuit.

The next morning we headed down the coast and landed on the island of Ailigandi. We waited there for three days, hoping for calmer seas and enjoying the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Iglesias, leaders of a Protestant mission. Doctor Iglesias is a San Blas Indian educated in the United States.

On the second day the Rio Indio arrived with a drum of gasoline for us. I filled our tanks and asked the captain to leave the rest for me at Obaldía. The thirty-five gallons remaining would get us from Obaldía to Turbo, Colombia, where we could leave the sea and proceed by road.

There was a rumor on Ailigandi that a canoeload of Indians had been attacked by a sea monster near Ráton Cay. Fleeing for their lives, they had paddled all night to reach their island of Ustuppo. Their chief called a general assembly and the men told their story: how a monstrous shape had crawled from the water, roaring horribly, with people in its mouth, and with eyes flashing like lightning. One of the elders, a man much respected for his knowledge of tribal lore, stood up and described the legendary giant sea turtle which their ancestors said would one day come to devour the people. "The sea monster has come," he proclaimed.

But we soon learned that the sea monster of San Blas was really our jeep, La Tortuga. Oledebiligini, high chief of all the San Blas Indians, explained what had happened when he paid us a call from Ustuppo. He was a short, stocky man wearing shapeless trousers and a pink shirt. As he spoke, Doctor Iglesias translated.

"When a messenger said there was a strange machine on Ailigandi that swam in the water and walked on land, and that there were people inside, I knew that you were the 'sea monster.' Now my people are no longer afraid; they want to see and touch your *Yauk Temar* so that they will enjoy a full life in heaven. They will not work—the men will not go to their farms on the mainland, the women will not go to the river for water—for fear that you will pass while they are gone. I have come to invite you to make Ustuppo your home for as long as you wish to stay."

I saw no connection between our visit and heaven, but I promised to stop by. When word spread that we were going to Ustuppo, there was a protest from nearby Achituppo: "Why should the people of Ailigandi and Ustuppo have more in heaven than the people of Achituppo?" their chief asked. I couldn't answer that question, so I asked Doctor Iglesias.

"My people," he explained, "believe that what they have in this life they will also have in the after life. So they try to see and do everything they would like to see and do in heaven."

Anyone who touched La Tortuga could expect to own an amphibious jeep in heaven, so we received many invitations to stop at islands along the way.

It was a short run to Ustuppo, and we made good time considering that we stopped at Achituppo en route so that the people there could touch the jeep. At Ustuppo a crowd waited on the beach to greet us. The men scattered at first when La Tortuga lurched onto the sand. Following slowly behind Chief Oledebiligini, we drove between brown huts with the whole populace around us. The men were excited; the women were terrified.

Inside the council hut, a cane-and-thatch structure more than 100 feet long, the islanders crowded to hear their chief

... ...

Cold Proposition

Dad takes a cold shower
Each morn on the dot.
The rest of the family
Have taken the hot!

By F. G. Kernan

... ...

welcome us. Oledebiligini reclined in the hammock from which all official business was conducted. As he spoke, an Indian who had once been in the Canal Zone translated.

"I regret that I cannot speak your language, but this man (the interpreter) shall be at your disposal. If you wish anything, just ask. You are among friends."

And we were. We were free to come and go, and always we were met by smiling faces. It was difficult to believe that these were the people who had gained such an evil reputation over the years. We had taught Dinah to put out her paw in response to the greeting "*Ak an ai.*" After one day in which she obliged at least half the islanders, she retired to the jeep with a case of politician's cramp.

Ustuppo was one of the largest of the San Blas Islands, about the size of six city blocks. Almost 2000 Indians lived there in crowded bamboo and grass huts. Like the other inhabited islands, it was less than a mile from the mainland. There was no fresh water on the island, nor anything growing except a few palms. Still, people preferred to live there, crushed together, where they were safe from the spirits of the trees, rocks and animals that haunted the mainland at night.

Pushing on from Ustuppo, we covered the forty miles to Puerto Obaldía, near the Colombian border, in two long runs. There we found our gas waiting for us. Obaldía was out of San Blas territory, a sleepy little Negro town of a few hundred inhabitants. The one white resident, the storekeeper, said he had heard a Panamanian newscast about us. We were described as German nationals and millionaires. We thought it rather amusing, until he warned us that revolutionary trouble was again brewing in Colombia, and that some places were decidedly unhealthy for two people reputed to be rich. Guerrillas were being supplied with arms by gunrunners operating in the water between Obaldía and Turbo.

We spent a full day at Obaldía, inspecting and servicing the jeep. Then, with our tanks filled, we left for Punta Goleta, twenty-four miles away.

Bahia de Goleta—"Heavy swells with crests which break in nearly six fathoms have been observed. In heavy weather the swells pile up and may be dangerous." So say the Sailing Directions published by the United States Navy. But we didn't have a copy when we approached for a landing. The bow pointed down, and La Tortuga began riding the front of a comber. We surfboarded toward the beach, yawing and swaying.

When we climbed out, Helen looked green. "I thought you said there was no surf on the Caribbean side."

I had no reply. I was getting used to having my theories go astray.

The next morning we headed out through the breakers toward the first mouth of the Rio Atrato. It was a desolate coast. Beyond a narrow beach was a wall of driftwood and dead brush, pushed against the edge of a jungle. There were no habitations of any kind, and it came as a shock when we passed an island and saw a nondescript vessel nestling against a cliff. About fifty feet long, her gray hull was uncared for; there was no flag or identifying mark. Black diesel-oil fumes suddenly belched from her stack and she swung our way.

"Run up the American flag," I told Helen.

Flooring the accelerator, I pointed La Tortuga for the shore; we couldn't outrun them on water, but on land we could leave them far behind. We hit the beach with all four wheels churning, the propeller still engaged, and a stream of water pouring from the bilge outlet. Weaving between fallen trees, we drove four miles until we were stopped by the muddy banks of the Rio Atrato. There we waited, with the jeep concealed behind a pile of brush. Several hours later we saw a trail of black smoke heading across the Gulf of Darien.

With a sigh of relief, Helen said, "Storms, reefs and gunrunners. Believe me, I'll never go to sea in a ship that doesn't have wheels."

That night a *chocosano* hit. Were we glad to be ashore! The wind shifted from north to south, and lightning split the sky. Rain fell until almost morning, and when the sun rose another cloud was forming in the mountains. We decided to stay put another day. For breakfast we halved the usual ration. Our month's supply of food was almost gone.

Later in the day we sighted a distant Navy patrol plane, but we were unable to make radio contact. That night it stormed again. The following morning was clear, and we started on the next-to-last lap.

Turbo, Colombia, lay less than thirty miles across the Gulf of Darien, but it was thirty miles of mudbanks and strong currents from the Rio Atrato. We dodged masses of vegetation being carried out to sea, and came ashore for the night on a black-sand beach. A patrol plane found us, and I notified the pilot that with good weather we would land at Turbo the next day. "So long, Angel," I said, "and thanks."

The next morning we were greeted by a beautiful orange sunrise and a calm sea. We took off through gentle surf and pointed La Tortuga toward Turbo. A little before noon we hit the beach. Thirty days of island-hopping had brought us 250 miles nearer our goal.

Editors' Note—The fourth in this series will appear next week.

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Boxing's Human Windmill

(Continued from Page 25)

and Max Baer, who burlesqued and belted his way to the heavyweight crown.

These earlier fistic characters performed only before fans who were willing to pay their way into arenas, but Jackson, thanks to television, has become a household favorite from coast to coast.

"Jackson don't know what he's doing," says Harry Wiley, trainer of Sugar Ray Robinson and one of the more astute handlers, "but he does it perfect."

"He does everything wrong," says Hymie Wallman, a manager of fighters, "but it comes out right."

"Hurricane Jackson," wrote Red Smith, syndicated columnist of the New York Herald Tribune, "fights like a swarm of gnats, a cloud of mosquitoes, a visitation of wasps. He doesn't knock people out. He drives them mad."

Jackson's manager, Lippe Breitbart, admits, "He may not be a fighter up to the standards of the critics, but he's a fighter women and children like. He gives them a little jitterbug, a little Indian war dance, a little rumba, and he wins at the same time. Why teach him? This freak and this clown is a good fighter in his own sense. He knows how to confuse the best of them."

It is true that Jackson has either blown down or stultified all but three of his opponents in the three years since he became a main-event fighter. Light heavyweight Jimmy Slade outmaneuvered him twice in three bouts, heavyweight Nino Valdes stopped him once on a technicality, and heavyweight prodigy Floyd Patterson—now world champion—outpointed him over twelve rounds last June. However, Jackson has won a grand total of twenty-nine bouts, thirteen by knockouts, while losing only five and drawing in one. More importantly, he keeps coming back from his occasional setbacks to send shivers through serious boxing buffs as they realize that, before this year is out Jackson will probably fight for the heavyweight crown.

When Jackson dropped the Patterson bout last summer, it was generally surmised that he was now out of the picture. In the process of shaking down the division, however, the International Boxing Club matched Jackson with Bob Baker in another nationally televised twelve-rounder at Forbes Field, Pittsburgh, on September twenty-sixth.

Although Jackson had outpointed the ponderous Pittsburgh pacifist in Madison Square Garden in February, Baker nevertheless entered his home-town ring that night an eight-to-five favorite. Waiting for the opening bell, Jackson went into his familiar trot routine, then waltzed out to spend the first two rounds flexing his muscles and examining Baker from all sides. In the third round, to the delight of the crowd, he took the wraps off his double uppercut. This is the two-handed shovel punch that Jackson calls his "kangaroo," and it is as ineffective as it is unconventional.

During the next three rounds Jackson appeared to be a skipper becalmed, frantically tacking first to starboard while attempting to circle Baker at a half trot, then putting over to port. Finally his sails filled, possibly with the breeze stirred up by his own efforts, for he began to move. In the seventh round he bounced eight straight right hands off Baker without a return. In the eighth he began landing with hooks, and now, with the bone in his teeth, he finished strong—dancing, double-jabbing, flapping and slapping.

In the opinion of eight of the eleven press-row observers that night, Baker had piled up enough of an early lead to win. Two of the three officials, however, having wrestled with the problem of how many light cuffs equal a solid punch, voted for Jackson. Thus this singular young man was once again in line for a crack at the heavyweight title.

Jackson is as unusual outside the ring as he is in it. "One day in camp," relates Whitey Bimstein, who, with Freddy Brown, trains Jackson, "I see him walking toward town. He's with a sparring partner I know is all right, so I let him go. After a while he comes back with a couple of kites. There wasn't much wind, but he runs up and down the road with the kite, and when he couldn't fly it he tore it up. Then he tried the second one, and he gets mad and tears that one up. The next thing I know he run away. Where did he run? He run into town and bought four more kites and run back. When he couldn't fly them, he tore them up too."

Jackson's handlers all testify that he resists the normal staples of a fighter's diet, preferring large quantities of tangy stuff like ginger ale and frankfurters and catchup. Jackson himself says, "I like to eat scrap food, just anything. I don't like no steady food, just mixed-up food."

Whitey Bimstein states the accepted rule of thumb for handling Jackson. "I don't argue with him. Give him his way and you can shut him off another way."

In February of 1954, however, they were unable to shut him off from the microphone on the small bandstand at the Long Pond Inn, at Greenwood Lake, New York. At that time Jackson was attempting to master the guitar to accompany himself singing songs of his own composition. Also training at the inn were Archie Moore, already the light-heavyweight champion, and Paddy DeMarco, then on his way to the lightweight title.

After several days, Moore fled. DeMarco stuck it out, but complained, "I don't know whether I'm getting ready for a rodeo or to fight Jimmy Carter."

Jackson's most damaging loss, previous to his defeat by Patterson, came in his bout with Nino Valdes on July 14, 1954. In the weeks leading up to it, Jackson was specific in his claims of the destruction he would visit upon the Cuban.

"I'm gonna chase that man up on the roof," Jackson told sports writers. "Then I'm gonna chase him back down in the cellar."

Three days before the fight, however, he disappeared from Greenwood Lake. Cotrainer Freddy Brown explains, "He asked me if he could ride a horse. I thought he was kiddin'. When I said no, he went off in a sulk. The next thing I knew, he was gone. I called New York and he was in Stillman's, working twenty rounds."

The afternoon of the fight, Jackson nearly walked out all over again. "We're up in the hotel," says manager Breitbart, "and he had a nephew there. So Jackson got into an argument with him, and the nephew picked up his bag and was gonna leave. So Jackson picked up his bag too. He said he wasn't gonna fight. So I said, 'You can't do this to me. I made you.' It didn't do any good, so I gave his nephew five dollars to stay, and then Jackson was all right."

In the second round that night Valdes floored Jackson twice with solid punches, then forced him to the floor a third time with what most of the working press and other onlookers deemed a shove. It was declared a knockdown, however, by the referee, who stopped the bout in accordance with the rule that calls for the cessation of hostilities in nontitle bouts after a fighter has been knocked down three times in any one round.

At this point it appeared to many observers that Valdes had punched himself out. They surmised that, had the bout continued, the inexhaustible Jackson, who runs twenty miles daily, and then often works twenty rounds in the gym, would have come on to surround and finally submerge the Cuban.

"It was these lousy shoes," said Jackson later, tears in his eyes. "I kept slippin' all over the place."

When Jackson was held to a draw by Shirley Pembleton after winning his first six professional fights in 1952, he blamed it on a steak he had been forced to eat that afternoon. He had the same explanation of his lone defeat the next year by Bert Whithurst. When he was outpointed by Jimmy Slade on April 26, 1954, he accused his mother.

"My mother beat me," he said. "She kept tellin' me when to go to bed. I told my mother I'd lose, and I'm glad I did."

"Thomas don't mean that," his mother said. "Thomas was never a bad boy and he don't want to hurt nobody. I understand Thomas."

Others who have come to understand him agree with her. When Jackson entered P.S. 44 in Rockaway, Long Island, New York, at the age of ten, he was placed in an ungraded class for retarded pupils. He remained there for six years. In that time he received a satisfactory mark only in speech. He never learned to read, and only since becoming a boxing celebrity has he learned to write his name.

"We had a hell of a job showin' him," says Whitey Bimstein, "but now he writes more than that. He writes, 'Best Wishes. Tommy Hurricane Jackson.'"

Manager Breitbart has an apter insight into Jackson than might be expected. "It's like when Tarzan was brought out of the jungle. Tarzan was lost, yet Tarzan was a magnificent man. He could do most anything. I would say that Hurricane Jackson lived in his own jungle."

Jackson couldn't master formal schooling, yet he learned to drive a car when he was nine. He has been known to repair a television set, and to fix his .22-caliber rifle when the sporting-goods store where it was purchased suggested that it be returned to the factory. His jungle was the congested sandspit on the Atlantic Ocean that is the Rockaways. His friends were smaller children, the drivers of the Green Bus Line and the pastor and parishioners of St. John the Baptist Church. He saw as his enemies the children of his own age, who taunted him, and the school officials who wanted to imprison him in their classrooms. From these he hid under the boardwalk at the beach, in the ruins of vacant houses and on buses.

The records at P.S. 44 show that, in one school year, Jackson was absent more than one third of the time. At that time Mrs. Georgia Jackson, widowed mother of three older sons and four daughters, was operating the Jackson Lunchroom at Rockaway Beach and working there sixteen hours a day.

"Thomas 'bominate school," she says. "The teacher kept comin' to me, and I went in one day and sat there in the class, and it were torture. The teacher say to me, 'You make out you're leavin', and see what (*Continued on Page 98*)

Next Week

The GOP Must Reform
A Special Report by Joseph and Stewart Alsop

So I Went to Jump School
A Pentagon Colonel Turns Paratrooper

Mickey Mantle Incorporated
A Baseball Star's Remarkable Business Career

IN COLOR He's Tough on Kids
An Ex-Prize Fighter Designs Playgrounds

Trigger-Happy Territory
Through Bandit Country on a Jeep Tour of South America

Ambush at Blanco Canyon
A New Serial by Donald Hamilton

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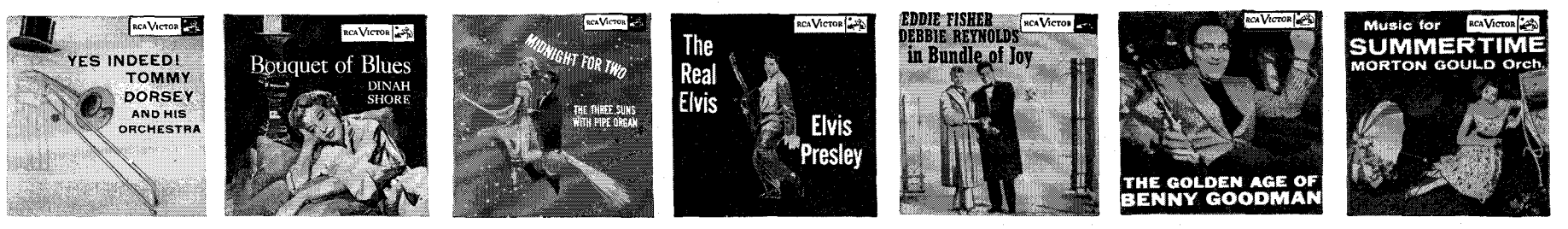

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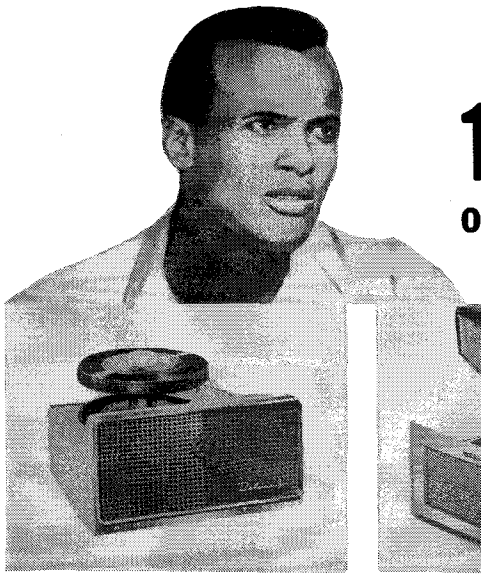

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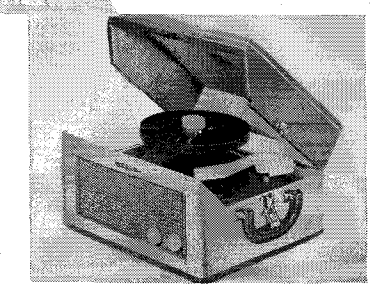

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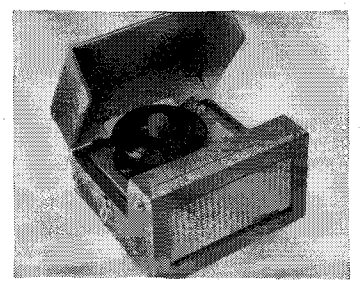

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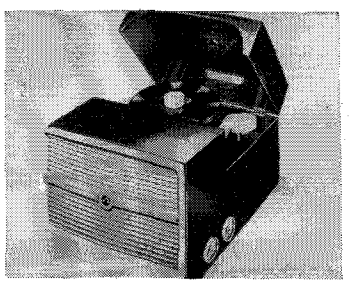

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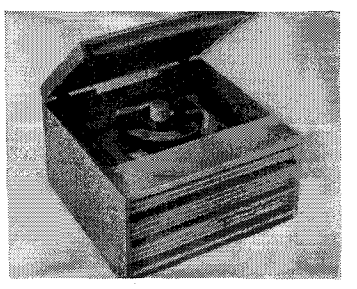

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(*Continued from Page 96*) happen.' I went out and stood by the door, and soon he come bustin' out. I take him to a psychology doctor, what they call. People tell me to go to this doctor, that doctor. I took him to a brain doctor and he say there's absolutely nothin' wrong. He say that some people don't like education, that they get their education in their own way.

"Thomas just wouldn't sit there like other children. He would never mix with other children, except very small children. I think Thomas was ten when he go down to the Green Bus Line and take a bus out of the parking lot and get him a load of children, and the detectives found him on Eighty-Second Street, drivin' it, with all the kids jumpin' and laughin' in it."

Jackson was born on August 9, 1931, in Sparta, Georgia. His father, Owen Jackson, a sawyer, died about three years later. Georgia Jackson, who is now fifty-four years old, came north in 1939 to work as a domestic, and a year later she sent for her children. Two years ago, out of the profits of Jackson's fights, she was able to buy an $18,000, nine-room, white-clapboard house in a quiet residential area of St. Albans, Queens. There the fighter lives with his mother and one sister.

"Now it's the same with the children here, whites and colored alike," Mrs. Jackson says. "When Thomas is in camp they keep comin' here and askin' when he be back. When he come back after a fight, every child tell every other child, and he goes out in front in the street, and he conducts the boxin' matches and takes them in the car for ice cream and plays the harmonica for them. He give his last dollar to kids; a man he wouldn't give nothin'."

Jackson was sixteen when he decided he wanted to become a fighter. This ambition came to him on the night of December 5, 1947, when Joe Louis successfully defended his heavyweight title against Jersey Joe Walcott in Madison Square Garden.

"I got the feelin' for it when I seen it on TV," Jackson says. "The next day I started. I go to Frank Ushry, the barber in Rockaway, where I get my haircuts, and I tell him I like to be a fighter and how I get started? He said, 'I take you to a place where you get started.'"

This was the Police Athletic League gymnasium in Jamaica, Long Island. Jackson went on to have twenty amateur fights, of which he lost two, getting to the quarter-finals in the light-heavyweight division of the Golden Gloves his first year and the semifinals his second year.

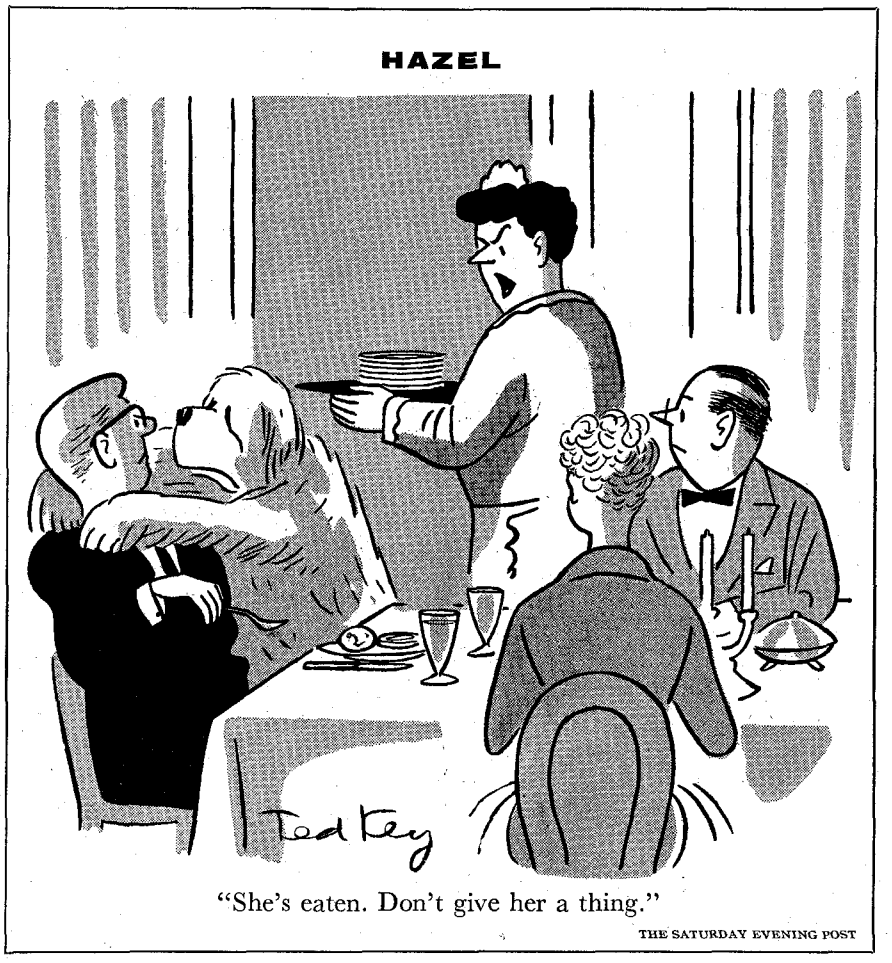
In the amateurs he was handled by Frank Leonetti, then a bus driver, but now night supervisor of the Rockaway Division of the Green Bus Line. "I knew him as a kid because he used to come to ride with me every day," Leonetti says. "He used to run from the other kids, so I thought he was yellow, but it was a case of he didn't want to get into trouble. The same in school. He felt out of place in a class with kids half his size, and he pleaded with me time and time again to give him private teaching."

When Leonetti turned Jackson pro in 1952, he took him to Lippe Breitbart, a furrier who has been interested in boxing for forty of his fifty-three years. Breitbart once ran the Williamsburg Gym in Brooklyn, and has managed dozens of fighters. Breitbart agreed to give Leonetti a third of the managers' third of Jackson's profits, and then gave another third to Sammy Golden, who had been in boxing for a half century when he died in 1955. It was Golden's duty to handle the details of Jackson's training.

Golden got Whitey Bimstein and Freddy Brown to work on Jackson. "The first time I looked at him he didn't look like anything," says Brown. "He punched with his hands palms-up. The reason I liked him was we used to put him in with good fighters and he did good. After four rounds he'd walk out like he didn't even work. I said, 'This guy don't even breathe. This is the makings of a good fighter.'"

Marty Sampson, a light heavyweight of the 1930's who now works as a chief aide at Stillman's Gym, calls Jackson the best-conditioned fighter in the business. "He never stands still in the gym, and he takes punches like it's nothin', and he don't hurt you back. He boxes small guys and big guys, and never hurts nobody. He's a very good sparrin' partner for kids, the kindest there is."

After fourteen professional fights in and around New York, Jackson fought his first main event on January 25, 1954, and came to national attention. He stopped Rex Layne in six rounds in a bout televised from the Eastern Parkway Arena in Brooklyn.



"She's eaten. Don't give her a thing."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Before the Layne fight, Breitbart had publicity photographs of Jackson taken by Ken Walmsley, a New York photographer. Walmsley suggested that Breitbart think of a fighting name for Jackson to be included in the captions.

"So I said, 'The Rockaway Beach Tornado,'" the manager recalls. "Walmsley said, 'No.' I said, 'The Rockaway Beach Windmill.' Walmsley said, 'How about The Rockaway Beach Hurricane?' Then on the show cards for the fight, Teddy Brenner, the promoter, made it Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson."

Following the Layne fight, Brenner matched Jackson with Clarence Henry, who, in seven years and forty-two fights, had beaten men like Jimmy Bivins, Bob Baker and Bob Satterfield. When Jackson windmilled to another decision, Brenner next put him in with Dan Bucceroni, then the world's third-ranking heavyweight. At ring time Bucceroni was a 12-to-5 favorite.

"That day Jackson was very nervous," says Breitbart. "I took him to the Gypsy Tea Kettle on West Fiftieth Street, and there's a woman there named Jessie, and she reads off his tea leaves. Jackson didn't know one thing from another, but he knocks out Bucceroni in six that night, and they should have stopped it in five."

That fight made Jackson. When he walked through Bucceroni's best punches to raise lumps on the Philadelphian's face, open a cut over his right eye and club him into exhaustion, the boxing world realized that, ludicrous though he might appear, Jackson was a serious threat.

Confronted now with success, Jackson's three managers inaugurated a quarrel that lasted for four months, or until Breitbart bought out the others. For Jackson, fame presented other problems.

Freddy Brown explains simply, "He discovered girls. He likes to train at Stillman's and it's good for him there, but now, for three weeks before every fight, we got to get him into camp where we can watch him."

"I don't like it here," Jackson said recently at Ehsan's, a training camp near Summit, New Jersey. "I feel like the world cavin' in on me here. I like to feel free. Here it make me feel blank.

"I liked it better at Greenwood Lake. I used to go mouse huntin' there with my twenty-two," Jackson said. "It was easy for me. I shoot 'em everywhere. I shoot 'em on the tail. I shoot 'em on the foots. It's easy to hit 'em because they got no jump. They go silent and straight. I can hit 'em as far as I can see 'em."

Brown says they switched from Greenwood Lake because "there was too much life there." He points out that the problem of keeping the fighter amused is aggravated by the fact that Jackson can't read. Manager Breitbart adds, "I wish I could find him some kind of gadget he could twist his brains on."

Jackson's only diversions at Ehsan's are watching television and playing pitty-pat with Brown or his sparring partners. Pitty-pat is a card game in which the players merely match cards into pairs. When he is not thus occupied, Jackson may go for hours saying little or nothing.

While hiding in a black mood, he can be less than friendly in resisting discovery. In his dressing room at Stillman's one afternoon he ordered away Sidney Fields, author of the Only Human column in the New York Daily Mirror, and Frank Graham, sports columnist of the New York Journal-American, who is one of the most respected and beloved sports writers.

"This is a hard guy to be buddies with," says Brown. "You could be a buddy today, but not tomorrow. He likes to mingle for an hour. You got to suffer with him. You got to go to bed when he goes to bed, get up when he gets up and walk when he wants to walk. Then he feels he ain't sufferin' alone. When it comes down to everything, though, the fella ain't got a bad heart."

Recently Jackson was asked, "What do you like best about being a fighter?"

"Just the fights," he said. "I like the fightin'. The rest I don't like."

This was demonstrated dramatically in Ezzard Charles' dressing room in the Cleveland Arena in August of 1955, shortly after Jackson beat the former heavyweight champion of the world for the second time. As Charles sat there recovering from near exhaustion, his right eye swollen shut, Jackson came in, leaned over Charles and said something the others present could not hear.

"Just take care of yourself," Charles answered, "and keep trying. You've got a lot of ability that most fellas haven't got. Put your heart in it."

"But I don't want to be a fighter," Jackson said, tears in his eyes. "I fight because there's nothin' else I can do."

Freddy Brown says that Jackson seems downhearted after every fight. "Maybe it's the church, which tells you you shouldn't hurt your fellow man."

The church has been Jackson's refuge since he was a small boy. According to the Rev. Joshua Jackson, pastor of St. John the Baptist Church, the fighter is still a regular attendant when not in camp. His mother sang in the senior choir when they lived in Rockaway, and he was a member of the volunteer choir.

"I quit the choir because they start fussin' too much in rehearsal," Jackson says. "I don't like the fussin'."

In his dressing room before fights, Jackson is extremely nervous. Either Breitbart or Bimstein reads the Bible to him, and before he goes into the ring he kneels in prayer.

"When you read to him he sometimes wants you to hold his hand too," says Breitbart. "When you stop for a breath, he says, 'Amen.' I don't know how he knows where you are in the Book, but if he has to get up to shadowbox, he know. where you should start again when he comes back."

While it might be possible to portray Jackson as a pathetic figure being used by the fight game, it remains that in the past three years he has cleared, after expenses, more than $60,000 for his end of his purses. It is difficult to imagine him making as much money in any other form of endeavor.

"I ain't gonna fight long," Jackson has said. "I'm gonna quit soon's I finish payin' for the house. I just want to stay home and go to church and things and pray."

"Listen," says manager Lippe Breitbart, "I was telling him one day about how old-time fighters used to fight sixty rounds. I told him that, to do that, some of them used to pull wagons behind them when they did their road work. He said he'd like to do that. I said, 'Look, if you get a chance to fight for the title, I'll get a wagon in camp and you can pull it on the road.' He said, 'You mean, like a horse?' I said, 'Sure.' He said, 'Good. I'd like that.'"

"And if he becomes heavyweight champion," says Freddy Brown, "he'll like that too." THE END

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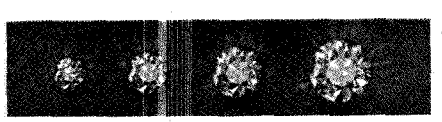

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Keeping Posted

Helen and Frank Schreider and Dinah, between excursions.

What's Next for the Traveling Schreiders?

Now that young Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schreider are safely back in California after their fantastic amphibious-jeep trip to the tip of South America (page 32), they have drawn a couple of deep breaths and decided to take a trip around the world in a thirty-foot sailboat. They are amateurs at sailing, but their attitude is: so what? They have long yearned to live permanently on a boat instead of in a house. Presently, fortified by funds from their book on the expedition (which Doubleday publishes this spring), from the Post series based on the book, and from probable sale of their expeditionary movies, they'll have that boat. And sometimes there will be junkets ashore, such as an already planned archaeological exploration into Central America's jungles. Now, why don't we all plan our lives like this?

Momentarily, the Schreiders live in the California house of Helen Schreider's parents, where their jeep, staggering back from South America, just managed to carry them before it sort of sighed and collapsed, kaput, under a motherly walnut tree. There, friends came to view the deceased vehicle with awe. However, when Post photographer Sid Avery recently phoned for an appointment, Schreider hastily glued his beloved machine together, and suddenly it was prancing around like a two-year-old.

Meanwhile, nine-year-old Dinah, the amicable dog which made the South America run, too, is lazy these days—except if somebody walks toward the jeep, when she comes alive and turns on a let's-go expression. "She was a wonderful traveler," her boss reflects. "Never even got seasick."

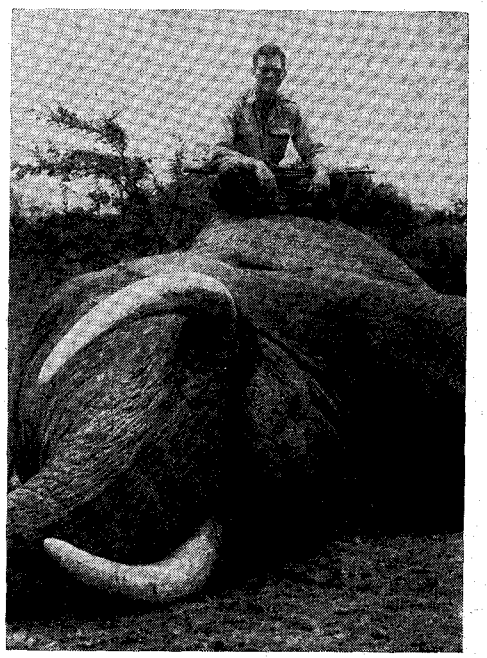
Speaking of going to sea brings to mind that Schreider, while he was a World War II Navy enlistee, had one tour of combat duty and felt no special desire for any more. He was an electronics technician, peering into the radar as the submarine Pargo went through minefields into the Sea of Japan on a cruise during which she bagged 10,000 tons of enemy shipping. One day the Pargo sweated out an awful depth bombing by the Japs, then, after she surfaced, got the word that it was V-J Day.

He Knows How to Shoot More Than Elephants

Let's explain that John B. George, who seems in such a relaxed humor atop the elephant in the photo, earned that mood before the photography occurred. One of his hobbies is big-game shooting in Africa's Tanganyika, and "I never hunt with another gun present."

This man, whose birthplace is Ravanna, Missouri, has used a gun in infinitely more serious ways than hunting. An Army volunteer, he served in the infantry from '41 through '47, including the Guadalcanal campaign and a stretch with Merrill's Marauders in Burma. When he packed away his uniform, he was a lieutenant colonel. Thereupon he had a go at Princeton University and twenty-one months later was graduated A.B., summa cum laude, with the Atwater Prize in politics. These days, George is executive director of the Institute of African-American Relations, which strives to strengthen cultural ties between the indicated people, a valuable enterprise indeed. Sometimes, in a downhearted moment, George finds himself wondering if this planet wouldn't be equally attractive without mankind, "at least the complexities of man's more civilized manifestations." He isn't downhearted often.

After publishing much nonfiction about guns, infantry tactics and hunting, recently George took it into his head to try just plain fiction. On page 28 is his very first attempt.



NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Mickey Mantle, Incorporated"

How a country boy, shown here with songstress Teresa Brewer, turned himself into an astonishingly profitable one-man business that sells lots of things besides the Mick's ability to manufacture home runs.

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